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The Quest of a Cow

By Edward Mumford.

" 'Mr. Jones,' I began, 'we have a baby who has given us some trouble, and the doctor wishes to keep him on an even diet. No ups and downs, you know. The same richness every day. Do you see?' "

Perhaps after all we knew too much. With never a clinical thermometer or a sterilizer, both Roxana's grandparents and mine raised families of a round dozen or so, and with less than a twelfth of the fuss that we made over our one infant. If they were sickly there were hot flannels, and mustard, and paragoric; and when those failed—well, it was an over-ruling Providence, and who should gainsay it? Perhaps that was the better way. But even our grandparents felt anxious over their first babies. This was our first baby, and I thought a good deal of it.

I had devoted much time and thought to that baby. I once calculated that altogether I had coaxed into him, through rubber nipples that collapsed at every other suck, not less than one thousand bottles of food, or something like seven thousand liquid ounces, administered chiefly between the hours of eleven p.m. and six a.m. The calculation was made, I remember, about dawn on a cold December morning, but I believe it to be substantially correct. I also considered myself something of an expert in preparing his food. I could measure the barley-water to a teaspoonful and put it in with my eyes shut; and I always woke up at precisely the psychological moment when the gas had to be shut off or the whole thing would be spoiled. In fact, I had taken my full share in the raising of that baby by hand. I must, say, therefore, it grieved me to have Roxana speak as she did.

It was one hot night in June, when I came home tired out. I had brought the absorbent cotton, and the nursing bottles, and had told the doctor about the cough and the temperature, and the rash on the back; but I had forgotten to speak to him about the milk. Roxana looked at me reproachfully.

"Oh, Sylvester," she said, and turned up her eyes and laid down her hands with that gesture which means "How can a woman get along when she has to depend on such stupid things as men?"

"And I told you the very last thing," she added. "You know how important it is. The child is not well at all. He hasn't gained but an ounce this last two weeks. You know how anxious I was to hear what the doctor thinks about it."

"About what, Roxana?" I asked, as patiently as possible. I could make allowances for Roxana.

"Why, about the milk supply, Sylvester. We discussed it so fully, I was sure you understood. Just as the doctor was leaving last Thursday he said something about feeding the baby on milk from one cow. I didn't quite catch it, but I know what he meant. The thing is to keep the food as even in quality as possible. It ought never to be over sixteen per cent. cream. You know he has said that often, Sylvester. And I have been looking at it today, and I'm sure it's too rich for him. It's perfectly awful on his poor little stomach. And you never asked him about it!"

Roxana's lip trembled, and her eyes filled. "Why, really my dear," I began, soothingly, "I didn't understand I was to ask about it. And if it had been important don't you think he would have mentioned it? I told him about the cough and the—"

Roxana pushed away the arm I was trying to put about her. "Oh," she moaned, "I just knew you would forget it. You don't care, that's what's the matter. Nobody cares for that poor little thing but me."

"Oh, come now, Roxana," I protested. "That's pretty strong, isn't it? And as for this one cow idea, I never heard anything more ridiculous in my life. I shall expect to hear next that the doctor has prescribed pigeon's milk."

"Oh, how can you?" burst out Roxana, tremulously. "He never suggested such a thing, never. But that's the way. Make light of the whole thing, do. You don't care if the child dies. You don't love him one bit. No, don't tell me you do. You never brood over him as I do. You never worry about him. All the burden falls on me!" And Roxana hid her face in a silk portiere, and wept.

I might have reproached Roxana. I might have reminded her that I had walked that baby on an average two hours a night for the past week or so, in order that she might rest. I might have recalled to her the glorious ride in Perkins' new auto which I had refused only the afternoon before, so that I could come home on an early train with the boracic acid and the sugar of milk. But I didn't. Instead I found her something less expensive and more comforting than a silk portiere to wipe her eyes on, and I drew her down in my lap. For I knew very well that Roxana was not herself by any means. The baby had been ill nearly a month, and we were both pretty well discouraged. I may also have been a little piqued

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at Roxana's lack of consideration. At any rate I made up my mind then and there that I would attend to the matter of the milk before I went to bed that night.

Our milk came from the dairy farm of one Jones, not far away. I walked over to the place immediately after dinner, while Roxana was putting the baby to sleep. The dairyman was just coming out of his cow-stable, with a pail of milk in each hand. I introduced myself and said I had come to ask a question about the milk.

"Why, it's all right, ain't it?" inquired Jones. "I guess it's clean, ain't it? I'm very pertickler about my milk," he added, as he wiped a grimy finger on his overalls and skimmed off a potato bug which was beginning to fear it would not be rescued. "I guess there's no cleaner milk than mine anywheres," he declared with evident pride.

I didn't dispute it. That was not what I had come for. The science of pediatrics is not to be taught to any dairyman in one lesson. "Mr. Jones," I began, "we have a baby who has given us some trouble, and the doctor wishes to keep him on an even diet. No ups and downs, you know. The same richness every day. Do you see?"

"Uh huh," replied Jones, genially; "ye want to take a pint or so more cream, and if she runs thin put in some to bring her up, hey?"

"Well, no," I replied. "The doctor seems to think it can't be done that way. You see the protieds in the milk—but you probably do not know about the protieds."

"No," said Jones firmly, "But I know there ain't nothin' like that in my milk. Cleanest milk in the county, if I do say it myself." And he ·fully fished out a straw the potato-bug had clung to.

"Well, never mind about that," I said soothingly. "But see here; the idea is to give the child milk from one cow right along, instead of feeding him the regular mixed supply from the herd. How about it? Can it be managed?"

Jones looked me over a moment, then burst out laughing. "Milk from one cow," he hah-hawed. "Well, that beats the Dutch. What ye goin' to do if she runs dry? Now ain't that the limit?" His coarse derision nettled me. "Perhaps we may safely leave that to the doctor," I said, coldly. "His business is treating sick children. Perhaps he knows as much about it as we do. Just now my business is buying milk, and yours is selling it. You know what I want, Mr. Jones; can you supply it?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so," he said. "No offence meant, and none took, I hope. It'll be some extry trouble. I'll have to keep a special can for you, and all."

"I'm paying you eight cents a quart now. Will you serve me from one cow for ten?" He wanted twelve, but we finally agreed at eleven cents; and then he showed me the cow. He told me her stock and the story of her life, which did not interest me. I interrupted him with, "Is her milk rich?"

"Rich?" said Jones. "Why, you don't need to skim that there cow's milk. It's all cream, that's what it is."

"Then I don't want that cow," I remarked. "We don't want rich milk." Jones looked hurt. Finally I picked out a healthy looking young animal. She was red, with white feet. I do not know what stock she came from; but Jones assured me that every drop of my milk would be from that cow—that it would be put into a special can for me immediately after milking. "And you can bet it'll be clean," he called after me as I left. "None of them things you mentioned in it, you tell the doctor."

When I got home Roxana had gone to bed, and a gentle rhythm proceeded from her room; so I did not speak to her until the next morning. She was mixing the baby's food at the time. I told her I had seen the milkman. "My dear," I said, "I want you to dismiss from your mind all worry about the milk. I am going to make it my business to look after it myself. You will get the milk just the way you want it. It will cost a little more, eleven cents, in fact; but if it helps the baby it's worth it. I did not mention the potato-bug. If Roxana was to stop worrying about the milk the sooner she began the better. Besides, I knew that milk was all strained, anyway.

Roxana vouchsafed me a gentle smile over the graduated measuring beaker she held in her hand. "H'm h'm," she murmured. "Let me see, two ounces of barley water, and three—no, three and a half of the milk; yes, that's so good of you, dear; and two teaspoonfuls of cream there. Special cans, did you say?—and fill up to eight ounces with clear water. Oh, would you mind putting a little salt in those bottles, Sylvester, while I am doing this; yes, just a pinch to each; and cork them with cotton. Can you wait this morning until I take his temperature? I want to tell the doctor. The rash is gone entirely. I'm sure it's a bad sign, going so suddenly that way, don't you think so?" She might have been a little more gracious about it, I thought, after all the trouble I had taken. It wasn't like her to be ungrateful. It seemed almost as though Roxana had not heard or had not understood what I had done. But I wouldn't make too much of it myself.

Whatever the cause, the fact is that the baby began to get better. His color came back, and there was once more some fun in weighing him. I was willing to admit that there might be something in the one cow theory, after all. For several reasons I did not say so to Roxana. I thought it was better to quietly and steadily watch the milk supply than to raise the question for discussion. Everything went well for two weeks. Then one day the baby had a set-back, and I came home to find Roxana utterly collapsed and wishing she was dead. I inspected the milk carefully and went over to see Jones.

"Mr. Jones," I began, "I suppose the milk is all right; but my wife is very anxious about the baby again. I hope we are still getting the milk from the same cow as before."

"Sure," said Jones. "Ain't no doubt of it. Special fine that milk is, too. Nothing better on the farm. What's the matter with it?"

"Well, I said, "it looks different to me. Perhaps not richer, but yellower."

"Well, that's the way with them Jersey cows," responded Jones, "always gives that there yeller milk. Most folks likes it, though."

"Jersey?" I interrupted. "Why my cow wasn't a Jersey."

"See here, don't you s'pose I know a Jersey when I see one?" It struck me there was a suspicious defiance in his tone. "Mr. Jones," I said, suavely, "I haven't a doubt of it. But I see your man going into the stable there; may I ask him to show me the cow he is getting my milk from?" Jones looked rather taken aback, but led the way to the stable. "Jim," he said, "show Mr. Cadmus that there cow he gets all his milk outen."

Unfortunately for Jones the man did not catch the wink that went with the words. "Why," he replied, "for a while there he was gettin' it from that there red cow. But since yer sold her to Dallenbeck we been takin' it mostly from these here Jerseys. You said the gen'leman was pertickler, and these is good cows."

I cast one withering look at Jones, and turned to the man again. "Where does this Dallenbeck live?" I inquired.

"Why right up here on the State road; near the Eagle Hotel."

"Does he sell milk?"

"Sure."

I told Jones what I thought of him, not stinting myself in the use of some satisfactory adjectives forbidden in polite society. Then I sought Dallenbeck.

I had no trouble in coming to an agreement with Dallenbeck. He had heard about me from Jones. It appeared that Dallenbeck was my man.

It didn't make no difference to Dallenbeck how people wanted their milk. Doctors was liable, it appeared, to git bit with these here fool notions, and you had to humor them. Dallenbeck believed in humoring them, and then if things went wrong, why, there you were. Certainly I could have the milk from the red cow. It would be a little trouble, of course; well, twelve cents a quart was low considering he'd have to attend to all of it himself.

But Dallenbeck appeared to be honest, and when I had agreed with him at thirteen cents I thought I had the milk problem settled for a time. But this proved a vain hope. One evening not long after I was called from the dinner table and found Dallenbeck on the piazza. He said he wanted to do the square thing, and he just came around to say he'd have to sell that cow. She ate too much and gave too little milk, any way. But the fact was he needed ready money, and he would have to part with her. He thought his cousin over in New Jersey would take her. I began to see the point. The baby was getting along finely, and Roxana had forgotten for some time to wish she was dead. I was anxious not to break the charm. I offered to pay Dallenbeck for a month's supply in advance if he would keep the red cow; and he brightened up at once, and went away with the money in his pocket.

"What did he want to see you about?" asked Roxana, when I came in.

"Oh, about the milk bill."

"Why, Sylvester," said Roxana, reproachfully, "you told me it was paid."

"So it is," I returned.

"Eleven cents is an awful price, though," quoth Roxana. "Don't you think so?"

"Outrageous," said I.

"I don't see why you ever agreed to pay Jones any such price as that. But his milk is so good now I hate to change," Roxana went on. "He sends another man with it now, though."

"Yes, I thought it was another man," I observed, with discretion.

It seemed to me afterward that I spent the better part of the summer in following up that red cow. When she was indisposed I paid for a veterinary surgeon to prescribe for her. She was lost once, and I scoured the country for the most of two afternoons on a bicycle helping to find her. In August, Dallenbeck's affairs, as might have been expected, came to a crisis, and he was sold out by the sheriff. I restrained a strong impulse to buy in the red cow and pasture her on the back lawn, so that I might know where to look for her. Dallenbeck's hired man, Murphy, bought the cow for a song. When the sale was over I looked for Murphy to come to an understanding with him. As I went through the house inquiring for him his voice came up to me distinctly from the back porch.

"Yis," he was saying, "an' cheap, too."

"But what do you want with her?" asked somebody; "she's no great milker."

"Ah, let me tell ye, byes," rejoined Murphy, and I could almost hear the twinkle in his eyes—"it's not so much the amount of milk she'll give—though she's not so bad, neither. But ye see, they's a felly down the road here a bit who's been pretty near crazy about this here cow; has a sick kid or somethin', and he'll pay two prices right along to get all his milk from this one cow. He give Jones eleven cents a quart, and Dallenbeck got thirteen. What d'ye think of that? I used to hear him talkin' to the old man. 'Now, Mr. Dallenbeck,' he'd say, 'you're sure I'm gittin' it from the one cow?' 'Sure,' says the old man, tippin' me the wink. 'An' it's all handled in me own cans?' 'Av coorse,' says Dallenbeck, 'that's what yer payin' extry for, ain't it?' An' then when the felly went the old man'd say to me—'That's easy, Murphy,' he'd say, 'Jest fill his can outer the reg'lar supply, as usual.'"

"What," said one of Murphy's listeners, "didn't he get milk from the red cow at all?"

"Red cow nothin'," said Murphy. "That there cow's went dry six weeks ago!"

I turned around and went home. Before night I had made an arrangement with another milkman, and I did not insist upon one cow.

I did not think it necessary to tell Roxana. The boy was getting chubby and rosy, anyway; and the perfect confidence which should exist between man and wife is best preserved by judicious silences. But it happened that Roxana's sister visited us about that time. Her baby also had been bottle-fed, and troublesome.

"I don't know what to try next," she declared. "My doctor thinks, though, that the milk is too uneven. We think of putting the baby on milk from one cow."

"Oh, no," expostulated Roxana, earnestly. "You know," she continued, "that idea is quite exploded, quite. The fact is that milk from the herd is much more even than from any one cow; the inequalities balance each other, you see. I thought of trying that, but my doctor wouldn't listen to it."

I gazed at Roxana, and drew a long breath. "My dear," I asked meekly, "may I ask when did the doctor say that?"

"Why, last June," said Roxana. It was when the baby was so sick. There was one night, Lulu, when I was nearly distracted, and I raked poor Sylvester over the coals for not asking the doctor about the milk. And the very next day I telephoned him myself, and he told me to keep on with the regular mixed supply. Why, surely you remember that night I carried on so, Sylvester."

"Yes, Roxana," I replied. "I remember it."

Dolly

By Edna Mason

When Dolly wears her garden hat
The flowers come out to see,
But no rose in all her garden
Is half as sweet as she.
On fairy feet she trips about
Among her flowers, in and out,
And Dolly's neat and Dolly's sweet,
And, — well it's naught but folly
To try and tell what Dolly is,
For Dolly is — just Dolly.

Dear Dolly in her garden hat
Is sweetest of the sweet,
Her eyes are blue as violets,
She's dainty and petite
Demure, she asks, will I tie
Her hat strings in a "butterfly"?
And Dolly's small and I am tall
And — well it's naught but folly
To grow so angry at a kiss:
Who wouldn't kiss you, Dolly?

When Dolly wears her garden hat
Sir Cupid sits upon it,
But then Sir Cupid's always there
If it be hat or bonnet;
Still a garden hat has wider brim
And makes a splendid place for him;
And Cupid's near and Dolly's dear
And — well it's naught but folly
To try to keep one's heart intact
When Dolly's such a Dolly.

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Glass Eyed Bill.

By Lloyd Osbourne.

He was plainly new to God's country and showed it by his artless contempt of God's Own. Bob Hammil, the driver of the Las Vegas stage, condescended a little to his only passenger—offered him a nip, together with a few reflections on the universe—and went out of his way to say some nice things about "over thar." But the straight-backed, yellow-mustached, soldierly looking gentleman from "over thar" received these advices with inarticulate murmurs of repression; and on their being repeated, turned away the light of his countenance from Robert Hammil and engrossed himself in the scenery of California. This was a pity, not only for its tacit denial of the brotherhood of man, but as it later on involved the descent of the straight-backed gentleman into what might be called space—together with a dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath, and a roll of steamer rugs. The stage dropped him at the dusty cross-roads, disappearing in the direction of what a rusty iron notice said was Watsonville, while the erstwhile passenger gazed blankly at another on which was the half obliterated inscription: El Nido Ranch.

A little unbending on the part of the gentleman from "over thar" would have resulted in Bob's taking a detour and disembarking him all complete at his destination; and this for no other toll than a grasp of the hand at parting and a hearty "you're welcome" as he whipped up his four horses. But Captain Anstruther was unused to a scheme of things where a ready fellowship counted for more than money. All his life people had automatically arisen to carry his baggage, move him in the proper direction, and answer generally for his comfort and well being. To find himself on a dusty road, in the heart of a wild and lonely country, an orphan traveller so to speak, with nobody to take care of him but himself—was it any wonder that Captain Claude George Pennifield Anstruther looked somewhat depressed, or that the tails of his pugree drooped limpy in the ambient air of the Golden State?

Of course he had a pugree, and strange, enormous shoes with hobnails in them, and a wonderful checked knickerbocker costume, involving a weird variety of gaiter that stopped half way up his calf. He was no less singular inside than out, and next his skin was a leather money-belt, and he was wound round and round with flannel to keep him from having cholera, and concealed about his person was a silver drinking-cup that cost eight guineas at Silver's, and a compact little filter that weighed only a pound, and an extraordinary knife of extraordinary size, which had a folding spoon in it, and a gimlet and a saw and a sailor's needle. He had been "outfitted" in London at an expense of a hundred pounds sterling, and that was why he clanked as he walked and dug things into him when he sat down. Why California should require such terrific preparations it is not for the narrator to say. Perhaps it is because the narrator does not know. Does anybody know, indeed, why the Briton abroad should assume a guise likely to tempt the lightning from its path and interfere with the stars in their courses?

"The stage dropped him at the dusty cross-roads."

Captain Claude George Pennifield Anstruther regarded his dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath and roll of steamer rugs with a dawning sense that British solidity and dead-weight might be carried too far. He was even more of this opinion by the time he had conveyed these articles to the shelter of some adjacent chapparal and had lopped off (with the help of the knife with the folding-spoon, the gimlet, saw and sailor's needle) enough dusty branches to hide them from the gaze of possible passers-by.

This accomplished, he set off, in no very rosy frame of mind, to follow the road to El Nido Ranch. He did not step out with the air of a man assured of a bath, a Scotch and soda, and a hospitable welcome. On the contrary, he wore the set expression of one engaged with a very disagreeable duty, and his mind, instead of dwelling on the beautiful and romantic scenery, was weighted like lead besides with the memory of a dressing-case, despatch-box, hat-box, portmanteau, gun-case, portable bath, and roll of steamer rugs left unchecked in the cloak-room of high Heaven. However, he advanced manfully, swinging a very thick stick, and printing the mountain-road with a hobnailed pattern that puzzled those little woodmen, the school children, for days afterwards. A mile—two miles—and then he came in sight of some straggly red buildings on a hill. The captain pegged away; the red buildings grew redder and larger; one of them, almost a factory for size, curtly informing him, in letters ten feet high, that it was a WINERY.

The sranger breathed a sigh of relief. He knew now that he had arrived at his destination. He struck off a little to the right where a good-sized private house, surrounded by a paling fence, obviously sheltered the owner or foreman of the ranch. The privacy of this place was protected by a board which said succinctly: "Keep Out;" but the Englishman, undeterred by the warning, kept on, and strode up the gravel walk to the rose-embowered porch beyond. He was a little daunted, however, by the prevailing silence. He would have welcomed the bark of a dog or some gruff voice demanding what he wanted. To walk into such a tomb-like quiet made him uncomfortable. He saw himself in imagination possibly misjudged; beset maybe; and his hand tightened on his stick, and he set his feet down more loudly than ever to assert the uprightness of his intentions. He tramped up the three steps leading to the porch like a mule battery going into action. But the stillness remained unbroken by any noise but his own.

He looked about in perplexity until at last, in the darkest and furtherest corner, he detected a hammock; and saw, not without relief, that it was occupied by a recumbent figure. He went over to it, still in his heavy, soldierly fashion, and looked down on —well, what in his words he used to describe afterwards as: "'Pon my soul, the most beautiful creacha' I was ever privileged to gaze upon—Gad, a girl of twenty, with her lips a little parted on the whitest teeth you ever saw, and her breath comin' and goin' as faint as a baby's in a cot, and beauty? Why, it was like seein' the Taj Mahal by moonlight—the same indescribable whatd'yecallum, you know, when something seems to take you by the throat and you gasp, my boy, positively gasp!"

She was dressed in silvery gray, with a wide lace collar about her neck, and in her thick, rumpled chestnut hair there lay a single red carnation. She was as fresh and sweet and exquisite as the flower itself; and in contrast to the dust and heat without, the sight of her was as refreshing as a splashing pool in the depths of a woody canyon. The Captain, after his first moment of surprise, began to wonder what steps he ought to take to awaken her. Every instinct as a gentleman bade him cough. So he coughed. At first so gently that it was almost a lullaby, and then by degrees rising to an honest, growling, bull-doggish cough that seemed to say: "Wake up, blast you."

At last she stirred and opened her eyes and met those of the stranger looking down at her. He said hastily, "I beg your pardon," and betrayed enough agitation to spill a box of candy and a half-opened novel from the chair beside him. The girl sat up in the hammock, still gazing at him with astonishment, and asked him who he was and where he came from.

("Gad, sir, in a voice like a Cashmiri flute on the Lake of Selangor, borne over the water at dusk! Or the bulbul in one of those moldy old gardens where the Rajput princes held high revel in the Company's days!")

"My name is Anstruther," he said, picking chocolate creams off the floor. "Captain Anstruther of the British Army."

She smiled at him without saying a word.

"You are, I presume, Miss Helen Jaffrey?" he went on.

She showed the least little sign of embarrassment and colored perceptibly as she assented with a movement of her head.

"Extraordinary!" ejaculated the Captain. "Most extraordinary!"

"Why," she asked.

It was the Captain's turn to look put out.

"I'm not accustomed to awaken the young ladies I call on," he said. "I pride myself on being a man of the world, but positively, for once, I felt myself staggered. I nearly went away."

"There was my side of it too," she said.

They both laughed and the Captain asked permission to take a chair. He could be a very agreeable man when he chose and it was plain that he was choosing. His manner was almost too ingratiating and Helen could not but wonder inwardly what he was after.

"My business—is rather with your father," he said.

"He's at the Hot Springs, sick," she said. "I'm running the Winery for him. Can't you make me do?"

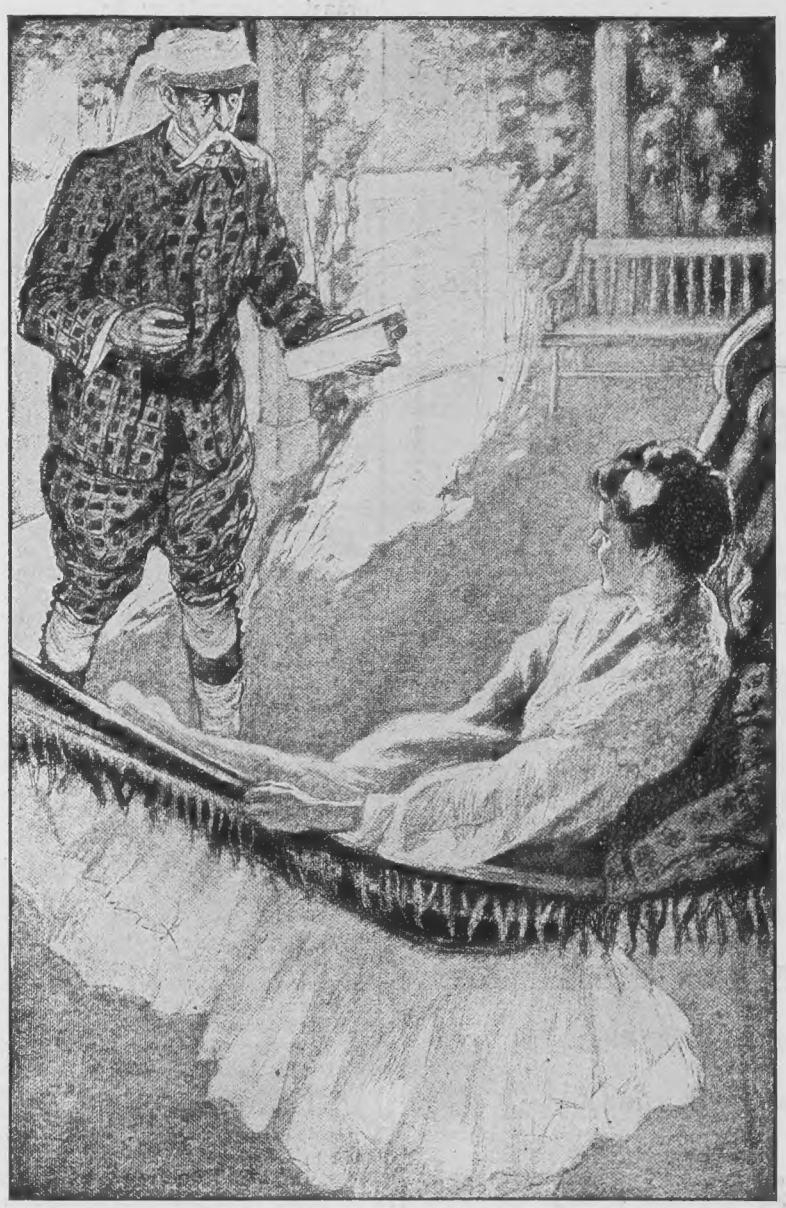
"You don't mean to say that you are in charge of this whole establishment!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I'm the boss here," she returned, "though of course I have Pa on the wire, you know. What can I do for you, Captain? We'll only be too glad to make an opening over there for our wines—that is, if your rating is good and you reperesent responsible people."

"Oh, it isn't wine," said the Captain hastily. "It's—it's something very different!"

"You can ring up Pa in the next room," she said helpfully. "Call up Long Distance and ask for Byron Hot Springs."

"It isn't the kind of thing you can very well telephone," said the Captain.



"'I pride myself on being a man of the world, but positively, for once. I felt myself staggered.'"

"Then you'd better chase him up to Byron," remarked the young lady.

"But you're in it too," explained Anstruther. "It's really more you than anybody. I've come from England just to see you!"

"Me!" she cried.

"Yes, you," said the Captain.

"Then what do you want Pa for," she demanded.

"I thought it would be better to lay it before him first," he returned.

"You'd better begin with me," she said. "That is, if you want to get anywhere. I have Pa in my pocket, as politicians say.

"Haven't you a man employed here called Gray?" he inquired. "An Englishman like myself—a gentleman—though he fills, I understand, rather a subordinate position?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "only he's mostly called Bill, you know. I should say he is here. Very much here, indeed!"

"His real name is William Charles Hepworth St. John Gray," said the Captain impressively.

"Well, all he's got left of that is his glass eye," she said. "That's why the boys call him Glass-Eyed Bill, you know."

It took the Captain a little time to get over the shock.

"I have a particular reason to know all about Mr. Gray," he said at last.

"Such a reason might be friendly or unfriendly," she said.

The Englishman sprang from his chair.

"My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "I wouldn't have you think for a moment that my interest could be for anything but for his advantage. I beg you to believe that. It would be premature to explain why, but will you not take it on trust? Besides, it is not as though I did not know the whole miserable story of his decline and virtual disappearance. All I ask of you is to fill in the details."

She gave him a very searching look. The Captain did not suffer from such a mute interrogation and his straight honest gaze reassured her. Something about him was indefinitely reminiscent of Bill.

"You must be related to him," she said.

"That is why I am here," he returned gravely. "That is why I want you to tell me everything."

"When he first blew in here," said the girl, "he was the most forlorn, hopeless, tattered thing you ever saw. Ah Sue gave him something to eat on the doorstep—Ah Sue has a heart like melted butter, you know—and I happened to be passing through the kitchen and saw him there. Do you know what he said to me, sticking his eye-glass in his eye and speaking with his mouth full of chicken tamale? Said he understood now why pigs squealed when they ate! If he hadn't said that I suppose he'd have gone away and that would have been the end of him. But I couldn't resist a man like that, could I? Besides it was awfully pitiful—he was so evidently the real thing—so handsome even in his terrible clothes—a gentleman, you know."

The Captain wriggled nervously on his chair. These recollections seemed to make him acutely uncomfortable. His shrewd tanned face was bright with an interest not untouched with shame. Had Helen needed any assurance as to his concern in Bill, the expression of his face would have been sufficient.

"We knew he was in very hot water," he said. "We knew he had parted from nearly all the associations —the refinements of . . . Had lost caste and sunk lower and lower in the Western Avernus—but we never dreamed he had been reduced to— to ——"

"The chicken of charity," said the girl, filling in the gap.

"I would call it rather the husks of the Prodigal Son," said the Captain solemnly.

"Are you the elder brother?" she asked.

"No, no," returned the Captain, "only what you might call—a—friend, a——"

"Bill didn't have any friends," she said bitterly. "Only an aunt, that's all. Except for her, he said, there wasn't a soul in England who would have walked around the block to help him."

Captain Anstruther looked depressed.

"He was wrong," he said. "He was wrong."

"Of course the trouble with Bill was that he drank," she said.

"Oh, he did everything," assented the Captain comprehensively.

"He's on the water-wagon, now," she remarked. "Been there for a year and a half. Is going to stay, too."

"Water-wagon?" inquired the Captain; "is that the vernacular for—for ——?"

"I mean I have reformed him," she explained. "I guess you wouldn't know Bill now. He has money in the bank and drinks coffee with his meals!"

The Captain looked more depressed than ever.

"I suppose we ought all to thank you," he said "Yes, indeed, we are very grateful to you."

"I don't want you to think I am just a little angel," she went on, "or that I go around radiating reform like a lawn sprinkler sprinkling. I am quite a believer in letting people mind their own business. But you see, in this case Bill brought it on his own head."

"That's where he usually brought things," said the Captain. "Often pretty hard too."

"He never was a nipping kind of a man, thank goodness," she said, "but he used to go off on what Pa called a biennial bust. He had been here for five months, and a perfect pattern, before we got on to it. Pa at last made him the Dago foreman, you know, and we were really beginning to think we had found our long-lost child. He was always so polite, you know, and hard-working and reliable; and he just snuggled into the place like a dog that's followed you home. Pa said it was all too good to be true and I guess Pa was right, for one hot Sunday afternoon a man came running in to say that Bill was fighting drunk and was waltzing around the yard with a pistol to shoot Mr. Jackson with, our chemist, you know, and expert wine-maker—and that he was drawing beads on anybody that tried to stop him. Even while he was talking we heard bang, bang, bang out there and Mr. Jackson came pelting in like a jack-rabbit—not a bit hurt, you know —but like a person on a sinking ship wanting to catch the last boat. I started upstairs to get under the bed, but I hadn't got up a step before I saw Pa reaching for his Winchester and pinning his deputy sheriff badge on the lapel of his coat. I knew that was the end of Bill, and it came over me that I couldn't bear to have him killed—he was too big and splendid to be shot down like a dog, and anyhow, I had never liked Jackson since he had tried to kiss me once at a dance—and

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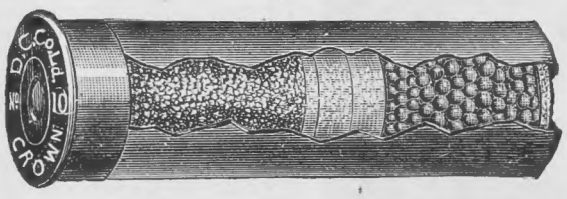

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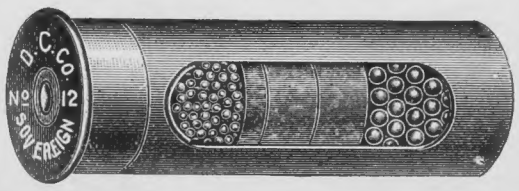

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MONTREAL.

so I just ran out to see if something couldn't be done. I tell you, Bill looked eight feet high, and his eyes were bloodshot and crazy, and he kind of sobbed when he breathed—and if you ever looked down the wrong end of a frontier Colt, you can imagine my feelings for yourself. But I went straight up to him and wrested his gun away and stood in front of him so Pa couldn't shoot him from the house. Fine? I should say it was—nobody was more surprised than me, I'm sure, and I'm surprised now! But I guess I knew pretty well Bill wouldn't have hurt me for the world; though, looking back at it, I can't see how I didn't choose underneath the bed.

"Well, I led him back to the bunk-house and made him sit down on the wooden steps. The tears were rolling down his face and I felt too sorry for him to say a word. They say a girl always likes a bad man—not that Bill was really bad, you know—only unfortunate that he should have complicated his biennial bust with a quarrel with Jackson. When he saw Pa prancing towards us he begged like mad for the pistol to kill himself with; and I almost felt like giving it to him when he talked about wearing stripes and perhaps being sent up for years. But I felt sure I could handle Pa; and, anyway, Bill was sort of my dog you know, and I wasn't going to let anybody hurt him. But I had a tough time with Pa. Pa is such a stickler for law and order. Wanted to take him off to the county-seat and lay a felony charge against him. He hadn't been deputy sheriff very long, you see, made it worse by saying that it was all about a woman—never mentioning that I was the woman and Jackson had said something then . . . . Well, Bill was such a gentleman that he wouldn't bring my name into it. Said 'woman,' like that, till I wonder Pa didn't burst.

"It was then that I felt what training can do for a man—with Pa, I mean—and how wise I had been to always keep the upper hand of him. He was determined to settle Bill out of hand—was positively prejudiced against him—and for a time it looked as though I was nowhere in the scrimmage. And I think he was cut up too about my liking Bill so well, for of course (didn't I tell you?) Bill was just silly about me—always had been since Ah Sue gave him that chicken tamale on the doorstep—wore things next his heart and all that, and thought anything sacred I had ever touched. The whole ranch is a sort of church to Bill, you know . . .

"Well, as I said, Pa was awful. He paced up and down like a royal Nubian lion, while I, with my heart in my mouth, did Little Spangles in the wild beast's cage. Little Spangles won out, of course, though once or twice it was a pretty close call. But at last Pa quieted down and went off, quite mild, to find Mr. Jackson. But he didn't find Mr. Jackson. Nobody ever has. He disappeared like an orange under a conjuror's hat. All that's left of him is up-stairs in two trunks and a debit balance of a hundred and thirteen dollars on the pay-roll. I think he must have changed his name and quit the country. If you had ever been up against Bill I guess you'd have done it too. Anyway, peace descended like a beautiful dream, and Bill stayed Dago foreman instead of going into the jute business at San Quentin Prison. I dare say he might never really have got there, but he might have, you know, and he didn't want to try.

"That's all more than a year old now and Bill has never been on a tear since. He says it was all my running out at him and looking down his pistol, but I tell you it was the scare he got from Pa! It wasn't as though he really liked it, you know—drinking, I mean—but sometimes he'd come to the place where he simply couldn't go on, and was so hopeless and desperate and miserable—That was his last biennial bust, for now, of course, he has got something to live for and it's all different, and he's become one of the little saints of the Y. M. C. A. They say he's the pinkest thing in the room when he gets up and does solemn warning, though I think it's rather fine of him, don't you? And the fun of it is that he runs a boxing class there too, and punches their little heads off afterwards. Oh, Bill's a great boy, and they're going to make him president . . . Oh, dear, once I get started talking about Bill I never seem to know when to stop. Why do you look so grave, Captain? Aren't you pleased?"

"I have something to say about Bill, too," he returned slowly.

"His early life and his early scrapes," she said, "and how you don't believe it will last? There isn't much about Bill I don't know already—his being sent away from England and how they never wanted to see him again."

"I am out here to take him back," said the Captain.

"He won't go easy," said the girl.

"I am not so sure," said the Captain. "Circumstances have altered." I don't see very well how he can refuse. I—we—the family, I mean, are delighted to hear that he has retrieved himself and risen superior to the boyish follies that threatened to engulf him. Let me express to you our deep sense of obligation—our gratitude—for your evident kindness to him at a time when he needed it most."

"I don't think I care to receive the family gratitude," she answered cooly. "What did they ever do for Bill but give him the cold shoulder from the time he was left an orphan at twelve?

"tramped up the three steps . . . . like a mule battery going into action"

Sent him to Eton and Oxford as a preparatory step to giving him a thousand pounds and telling him to scoot. You can imagine how well equipped he was to strike out for himself. Couldn't even spell English till I got after him with a speller, and had to work nights before he could write a page without at least six school-boy's mistakes. The only thing he really knew was 'Paradise Lost,' which had been crammed into him for the army. He must have found it nice and useful."

"He was given his chance," said the Captain, "and, like many another, he wouldn't take it. He was put into a good regiment and received an allowance that with economy would have amply sufficed to let him hold his head up. Then he went the pace and was forgiven. Then he went the pace again and wasn't. He has no right to complain."

"Oh, but he doesn't," she exclaimed hastily. "I wouldn't have you think that for anything."

"But you seem to do it for him," said the Captain.

"I don't suppose my opinion matters particularly."

"Well, it was enough to bring me from England," said the Captain. "What you think or don't think has suddenly become of great importance to many people."

"Don't you think it is about time to tell me why?" she asked. "You have hinted and hinted till I feel like a person in a detective story—and I

no sooner seem to touch something than you continue in the next number."

"Did—Bill—ever tell you of his first cousin, Lord Tranton?"

"Only that he held down the title and was the dead image of the postmaster at Watsonville. Never passes there but he says: 'Look at that tallow-faced, wall-eyed old——'"

"Hush," said the Captain. "Lord Tranton is dead."

"Dead!"

"His two sons with him, and Lady Grace Morrison—William's aunt, you know. All killed in the terrible lift accident at the Hotel des Hesperides in Nice."

"Well, I'm sorry," she said, as Anstruther gazed steadfastly at her as though expecting she knew not what. "Sorry for anybody that gets killed, you know—especially in an elevator. But, as I didn't know them, you can't expect me to feel very bad about it, can you?"

"Don't you realize how it will affect William?"

"Oh, he'll be terribly cut up about his aunt. She was the only person who was ever kind to him. The only one in England he ever wrote to—or who wrote to him."

"This makes him Lord Tranton," said the Captain.

"I suppose it does," she said. "I had never thought of that."

"We've thought of it a good deal," said Anstruther.

"Lord Tranton," she repeated. "Then won't his—his wife—be Lady Tranton?"

"That's just it, you see," said the Captain. "She'll be Lady Tranton."

"What do you mean by 'it'?" said the girl.

"You'll hardly believe it," said the Captain, disregarding her question, "but for a time we didn't know where under the sun to find him. They, somebody, said about Lady Grace, you know—I believe it was her maid or housekeeper—and we went all over her letters to try and get track of him."

"Well, you've succeeded," she remarked as he hesitated.

"We got on the track of something else," he went on significantly. "It seemed—indeed there was no doubt about it—his affections—er—were seriously engaged—er—to a young lady—er——"

"Me, I suppose?" she said quite calmly.

"Yes, you," he returned, "though it is only fair to William to say that his leters were expressed—er—with considerable reserve—with what you might call perfect respect, you know, and all that kind of thing."

"Of course, I know that," she exclaimed.

"It was very alarming," said the Captain.

"Who for? For you or the young lady or Bill?"

The Captain tugged at his yellow moustache.

"I really must beg your indulgence," he said at last. "I am sure the very last thing in the world I wish to do is to offend you. I had hoped, as I told you, to discuss the matter first with your father."

"We'll just leave Pa out," she said. "It's me that Bill's in love with—not Pa."

"Still it's very awkward," murmured the Captain. "Very awkward."

"So you read Bill's letters and got quite discouraged," she said, smiling.

"He seemed on the verge of committing an—er—irrevocable mistake," said the Captain.

"Is that how you'd describe his marrying me?" she asked.

There was a pause.

"Frankly—yes," said the Captain.

"There are people here who think the irrevocable mistake might be the other way," she remarked.

"Then, my dear young lady," he went on briskly, "the people here have your true interests at heart. Believe me, there can be no lasting happiness in a union that involves a great inequality of station. It is currently said that a man raises his wife to his own level, but a knowledge of the world teaches us only too often he—er—sinks to hers."

"Bill seems quite satisfied to sink," she returned. "In fact he's been in a panic lest he wouldn't get the chance."

"The Bill of yesterday and the Bill of today are two different men," said the Captain. "He has now a great place to fill." He becomes the head of one of the proudest and most aristocratic families in England. It would be too unutterably sad if he failed in the duty he owes both to his class and to his rank."

"His class and his rank never bothered very much about him out here," she said. "They seemed quite happy in fact to be quit of him. He might have starved to death for all they cared."

"I know we lay ourselves open to that imputation," went on the Captain, in a tone of depressed suavity. "But, as the dear Duke said in the family council we held at Holderton Abbey, 'Circumstances alter cases.'"

"It's not Bill they're thinking about," she said; "it's their noble and splendid selves."

"They cannot very well detach themselves from the affair, even if they would," continued the Captain. "Tranton's disgrace is necessarily theirs."

"If the dear Duke doesn't want to know me, he needn't," she retorted, with a heightened color. "If he doesn't want to play in my yard he can always have the aristocratic privilege of staying out."

"Then there's the dowager Lady Tranton," said the Captain; "Bill's step-mother."

"She too, then," said the girl.

"She really feels it more than anybody," sighed the Captain. "The same name, you know—the possibility of mistakes being made—the inevitable confusion of——"

"It's just what you said before, Captain," she exclaimed mockingly. "It's too unutterably sad, isn't it?"

"I know I'm expressing myself very badly," he said. "I told them at the time they ought to choose somebody better fitted for the task than I. But the dear Duke was so peremptory, and Lady Tranton cried on my shoulder, and the memory of a lifelong obligation naturally turned the scale—and so here I am, and making a terrible mess of it, just as Whitcombe said I would."

"It was certainly a long way to come just to talk to a girl," she said.

"And then to do it so badly," added the Captain.

"I can't see that it's any of their business," she exclaimed.

"I was charged to offer—inducements," said the Captain with embarrassment.

"Inducements? What sort of inducements?"

"Oh, I'm almost ashamed to say—er—of a monetary nature."

"Well, you ought to be," she said. How much?"

"Whitcombe said I was to begin at five thousand pounds."

"The point is, where were you to leave off at?"

"Ten thousand!"

"Why didn't you say it sooner?"

"The fact is—er—the dear Duke thought—er—Whitcombe said——"

"That you might pull it off without?"

The Captain hung his head.

"They must have thought you more of a spellbinder than you are," she remarked cruelly.

"I told Whitcombe myself I was the last man to talk anybody into doing anything," said the Captain.

"Well, it's not enough for Bill," said the girl. "The price of a thing is what it's worth to you. Bill's worth lots more than that—to me."

"I will make it fifteen thousand," said the Captain hesitatingly. "That is, on my own personal responsibility, subject to confirmation by wire."

"Where's the thing for me to sign?" she asked.

He drew out from his breast pocket a large, important-looking document engrossed on sheepskin. It creakled richly as he opened it and spread it flat with his big hands. It was beautifully glossy and Helen thought the Declaration of Independence must have looked like it when it was new. She lay back in the hammock, took a chocolate cream, and gave it her disdainful attention. Bill was renounced with a wealth of legal detail that was positively bewildering; renounced from his head to his heels; renounced awake or sleeping or dining out or sitting up with a sick friend; renounced body and soul, alive or dead, positively and explicitly, for

Artistic designing — tempered by practical knowledge — stimulated by a policy of producing only the best — this has made "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Ware the acknowledged ideal.

"Standard" Ware is a necessity made a luxury, by added convenience and beauty; a luxury made an economy, by lasting service.

Its symmetrical simplicity and white purity hold distinct decorative charm, and afford a constant joy in possession and use, yet underneath its smooth always-white surface are the long-service-giving qualities of iron.

"Standard" Ware is the cheapest — always, because double service is included at its moderate price, yet in artistic beauty, convenience and modernness it is distinctly the model for all emulation.

Our Book "MODERN BATHROOMS" tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet on the subject and contains 100 pages. THE ABOVE FIXTURES Design P. 34 can be purchased from any plumber at a cost approximating $260.75 — not counting freight, labor or piping.

CAUTION: Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes — they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all of our nickeled brass fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine trimmings with your bath and lavatory, etc.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. 43., Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

Office and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street
London, England: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C. New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.

Birthstone Rings

In Ordering give name of ring and price.

Let January's maiden be
All Garnet gemmed with constancy.

In fitful February its a verity,
The Amethyst denote sincerity

What, oh, what shall a March maid do?
Wear a Bloodstone and be firm and true.

The April girl has a brave defence,
The Diamond guards her innocence.

Sweet child of May, You'll taste the caress
Of the Emerald's promised happiness.

Agates for girls of June, precious wealth
And to crown it all they bring her health.

The Ruby stole a spark from heaven above
To bring the July maiden fervent love.

The August maiden with sweet simplicity
Wears Sardonyx, gem of felicity.

Out of the depths shall Sapphires come
Bringing September's child wisdom.

October's child in darkness oft may grope
The irridescent Opal bids it hope

Born in November happy is she
Whom the Topaz teaches fidelity.

December's child shall live to bless
The Turquoise, that insures success.

Garnet Ring $2.50

Amethyst Ring $2.50

Bloodstone Ring $2.50

Diamond Ring $8.25

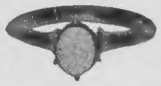
Emerald Ring $6.25

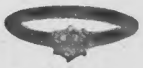
Agate Ring $2.50

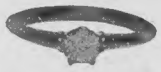
All Rings of 14 Karat Solid Gold Settings.

In Ordering give name of ring and price.

Ruby Ring $5.50


Sardonyx Ring $2.50


Sapphire Ring $4.00


Opal Ring $2.75

Topaz Ring $2.50

Turquoise Ring $3.50

All Rings of 14 Karat Solid Gold Settings.

We will send any Ring to any address upon receipt of price, with the full privilege of return should it prove disappointing when you see it.

HENRY BIRKS AND SONS, Limited

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths 350-352 Main St., WINNIPEG.

Artificial Limbs

YOU can make no mistake in having your artificial limb made in Winnipeg. We guarantee a perfect fit.

We are experts at our business and we guarantee our work.

Write us for particulars and illustrated folders.

J.H. CARSON
54 King Street
WINNIPEG, MAN.

The following is from the Winnipeg Daily Free Press of July 26th, 1906.

J. H. Carson.

This skilful artist in the designing and construction of orthopedic appliances, artificial limbs, trusses, etc., will find a warm place in the appreciation of many, who either by heredity or accident are deprived of the ful enjoyment of limb, or suffer in almost any respect from physical defect. His exhibition is one that at once arrests the attention, and is an impressive exposition of what human skill can perform, to the accommodation of a natural deformity or weakness. Mr. Carson's work is a finished example of extreme delicacy, and absolute fitness applied to this wonderful department of mechanical science. It may possibly occur to the casual visitor, who walks through the building, hale and strong, that it might in the course of an uncertain future be his misfortune to require the aid of just such a helper as Mr. Carson can be to him, so that no one can be said to be devoid of a deep interest in knowing all that can be ascertained of what he has to impart. His city address is 54 King street.

all time, past, present, or to come. She couldn't even say good morning to Bill without violating two whole pages of it; she couldn't even send him a post-card without incurring fourteen lines of different kinds of penalties; and the whole thing was inexplicably intertwined with the Lord Chancellor's displeasure and the High Court of Chancery. It reminded Helen, in the profuseness of its reprobation, to the curse of the Jackdaw of Rheims.

"You are to sign at the places marked in pencil," said the Captain, who had been watching her out of the corner of his eye and who took it for a good sign that she had read it with such care and patience.

"he's the pinkest thing in the room,"

Helen gazed at him and then shook her head.

"I wouldn't give up Bill for all the money in England," she exclaimed. "I wouldn't give Bill up if you threw in the Crown Jewels! I wouldn't give him up if you added Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London and the Beef-eaters and the place where Shakespeare was born!"

The Captain slowly took back the Declaration of Independence and folded it up.

"I suppose there is nothing more to be said," he remarked.

"Oh, but there is," she retorted mischievously. "I think it's about time to tell you that Bill and I were married yesterday!"

Alma College.

The Alma College Board has recently made several important appointments to the teaching and governing staff. The duties formerly associated with the office of Lady Principal will hereafter be shared by two officers, the Lady Principal and the Dean of Liberal Arts. This increase of staff will effectively meet a growing demand everywhere for closer attention to the daily life of students.

The duties of the Lady Principal will relate especially to the social, moral, and health interests of the College and students, and the duties of the Dean of Liberal Arts to the general supervision of studies, and especially to the organization of the classes preparing for the university and departmental examinations. The Board has engaged for Lady Principal, Mrs Jean Wylie Grey, of Niagara Falls, and for Dean of Liberal Arts, Miss Alice A. Will, B.A., of Toronto, formerly assistant editor of the "Educational Monthly."

Miss Lily Crossley, of Aurora, and recently of New York city, has been engaged as a teacher of singing and voice training, and Miss Bertha E. Deacon, B.A., of Brantford, as teacher of mathematics and physics.

The Silver Jubilee of Alma College is next 13th October, and preparations are under way for an important and suitable celebration of this interesting occasion.

Guns with Interchangeable Parts.

Until a few years ago all guns were made entirely by hand, but today machinery has in a great measure superseded the slow and expensive method of gun making. The result is the interchangeable gun, which is in every respect the equal of the hand-made article, and has the advantage of being much cheaper. With the exceptions of the barrels, all the component parts are machine made, and this, of course, means they will interchange. This method not only means a great saving in the manufacture, but any necessary repairs may be executed quickly and at less than half the cost of those on hand-made guns. We note that the H. S. & Co., Ltd., are advertising a gun of the above class in this issue, and they advise us that they always have in their repair department a full assortment of parts for interchangeable guns of all kinds.

Salesmen Wanted.

We call attention to the ad. in another part of this issue for the Mayfield Nurseries to procure some good, energetic salesmen to represent them in Northwestern Canada. The Mayfield Nurseries, being the mos northerly located nurseries in America, the stock that they grow being suited and adapted to the Northwest, makes it better suited for planting than stock grown in any other section. Their stock is guaranteed to grow and give entire satisfaction. Anyone desirous of taking up a position of this kind will do well to write them for terms. Their Guarantee Collection, that of the Minnetonka Apple, Compass Cherry and Surprise Plum, is guaranteed until the trees produce a bushel of fruit.

An Exclusive Mail Order House.

Elsewhere in this publication will be found the advertisements of The Macdonald Mail Order, Limited. This is a new Mail Order House, which caters exclusively to Mail Order buyers, no goods whatever being offered for sale to Winnipeg city residents.

The wonderful success which has attended the efforts of the great exclusive Mail Order Houses of Chicago is grand and eloquent evidence of the way in which these houses are appreciated, and it is believed that the same degree of appreciation will be extended by the people of Western Canada to a Canadian enterprise conducting a Mail Order House on a similar principle. The Macdonald Mail Order, Limited, are following out this principle by buying only good reliable merchandise, direct from the manufacturer, and selling direct to the consumer at practically wholesale prices.

This firm has just issued a neat and attractive catalogue, which they will mail free upon request.

Good Ammunition.

It is with much pleasure that we have to chronicle that a Canadian firm is turning out a shot shell as good, if not better, than any imported make. The Dominion Cartridge Co., Ltd., are to be congratulated on their success, and sportsmen who will try their well known brands—Crown, Sovereign or Imperial—will enthusiastically endorse that they are to be highly praised.

Patronize our Canadian manufacturers.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Correspondence

We take great pleasure in reproducing this month a number of letters received. The matrimonial question is a live one in Western Canada, judging from the many who write us on the subject. The volume of correspondence shows an increase with each succeeding month, but we accept it all and will continue to publish it from month to month.

We received letters from hundreds of our readers (not for publication) eulogizing us for our generosity in placing so much space in our magazine every month at the disposal of correspondents.

The number of letters enclosed us last month to be re-addressed by us to writers in these columns were greatly in excess of any previous month. Send on your letters. We will forward same on to the address of any previous writer in these columns.

Just enclose us the letter you want sent in a blank envelope, put two-cent stamp on it, and we will do the rest. All writers must sign their full name and address, not that we will use or abuse it in any way, but as an evidence of good faith.

All correspondence treated strictly confidential.

Prairie Girl Throws Out a Line.

Portage la Prairie, July 26th, 1906.

Editor,—I am an interested reader of your magazine and enjoy reading it—correspondence especially. I was brought up on a farm, am a good housekeeper and don't believe in gadding around. I think it is only right that the young bachelors should get married and would be pleased to correspond with "Vacuum," "Anxious" and "Young Fellow." "Prairie Girl."

Magee Creek, Sask., Aug. 4th, 1906.

Editor,—Please send letter forward to "Bachelor Farmer," Pincher Creek, Alta.

Practical Girl Tenders Advice.

Lytton, B. C., July 28th, 1906.

Editor,—I am a constant reader of the Correspondence in your magazine, particularly the letters of the men who don't use liquor, tobacco, or make use of profane expressions. Those fellows must be good chaps. I hope for their own sake that they don't marry any girl unless they really love her and have made each other's acquaintance. There are many foolish girls who would marry first and do their thinking afterwards, which would be rather hard on both parties. I advise the men to find out if the girl they are going to marry can cook and make her clothes. Even though most men want a wife who will be a friend and helpmate, it is just as well to have one who can cook.

It is to be hoped the men will not forget to keep on loving their wives after marriage, for a little love is very nice. Of course, the women should be sensible and reasonable, not expecting their husbands to spend more than they can afford, or go into debt to gratify their whims. Work is a great thing, and when two people are working and love one another and both enjoy good health, the rest will take care of itself.

"Practical Girl."

Bessie Wants a Hubby.

Portage la Prairie, Man.,
July 29th, 1906.

Editor,—I am a reader of your excellent magazine, and note that there are quite a few bachelors through the country. I will not say, like some writers, that they all drink. I am a stranger here, but like this country. I am a young girl of good standing, can do housework of all kinds, and that is what most men want—someone who can work. I am surprised at some girls, how little work they can do. I notice that there is a rancher in the West wanting a wife. I would like to correspond with him or some other good young man. I do not want a man who drinks. I came to the West last summer from Ontario. "Bessie B."

Here's One for "Farmer's Daughter."

Bathgate, Alta., Aug. 6th, 1906.

Editor,—I am a subscriber to your nice magazine, and in a former issue I notice a letter written by "Farmer's Daughter," and in a spirit of British justice I should like to reply to it. Now, the whole tone of this young lady's letter from beginning to end would lead one to believe that the Manitoba farmer was the most benighted creature in the universe. When I was 16 years of age I was thrown upon my own resources among the Manitoba farmers. Since that time I have been in three different continents, have lived more or less in every state in the American Union, and in every province in the Dominion, and can truthfully say in defence of my Manitoba brethren, that I never met a more generous, honorable, or intelligent class of people than I found among the Manitoba farmers. For among them are some of the best educated men in Canada, with one of the best educational systems in the world. "Farmer's Daughter" says:—"Of all positions in the world that of the home girl on the farm has the least advantage." This is not only false, but it is exactly the reverse to the real state of affairs. For not only have we just as good an educational system in the country for all children up to the time they pass into high school, but they also have the very best opportunity to study nature, the source of all real knowledge. Perhaps "Minto Girl" may have to stay at home from school more often than she likes to help at home. Her mother may be getting a little old now and not so smart as she used to be; but are we prone to forget when we grow up the sacrifices that have been made for us. When trials and trouble besiege the home, how comforting it would be to the old couple to know that you were willing to join your forces to the home batteries rather than to go over to the side of the besiegers. You look with longing eyes toward the city, the city of glass diamonds, while all around you are the real diamonds in the rough, and they only need a little polishing. You seem to have been deluded by cheap reading as to what your duty to your home and your country are. You seem to forget that the country has produced some of the greatest men the world has yet been blessed with. And would it be so far beneath your dignity and your ambition to nurse a Lincoln in a log cabin? You would fly away to the city, perhaps, to be a society queen, while here in your quiet country home you have every opportunity to make yourself one of those women who reign over reigning men. "Farmer's Daughter," I imagine you have filled your head with a lot of that astounding nonsense called "Women's Rights," but let me say to you that God has seen fit to place in your hands and into the hands of all our women not only the future destiny of this great Empire, but of the whole world. Man is a frail creature entirely under your influence. See that you acquit yourselves like women.

"Arthur Rover."

Is Western Girl Jealous?

Pincher Creek, Alta., July 23, 1906.

Editor,—I have read with interest the correspondence column of your magazine. There are a great many bachelors desiring to correspond with the opposite sex. Some with the idea of selecting a partner among them should the right one appear. Many complain that they live in a neighborhood where the girls are very scarce; others that they have not time to go gadding about looking for one, though evidently they expect to find dozens who would be willing to unite their fortunes for life. Could not the case be reversed? Are there not dozens of desirable girls who live in a neighborhood where they are greatly in the majority, yet would not a great number of the bachelors so think considerable less of a girl who grew acquainted through the medium of a newspaper?

"Western Girl No 7."

This Offer Looks Good.

Manitoba, July 22, 1906.

Editor,—I am an interested reader of your magazine, and I feel you could help me. I am a bachelor and I am ready to take a lady partner. I have a good home for a respectable girl. I own a first-class livery, feed and sale stable. I am a well-known citizen of this place, and have been doing a first-class business. A short time ago I bought a good dray business with house and two lots. The house is first-class, and is ready for any lady who would wish a good home. I am a teetotaller, neither drink, chew, or smoke. Any young lady who would like to correspond and exchange photos with me would find me most willing.

"The Western Livery Boy."

Returns Thanks.

Edmonton, Aug. 18th, 1906.

Editor,—I thank you very much for the trouble you have taken to find me a home. I am not looking for a pokey old farmer. Could you tell me anything about ——— Halbrite. Is he a professional man? "Thankful."

A Good Common Sense Letter.

Qu'Appelle, Sask., July 30, 1906.

Editor,—I have read with great pleasure the discussion going on between the young ladies and the bachelors of this great western land. It does seem a singular fact that in a country which is noted for its bachelors there are also to be found so many young women. Amongst these young men there are a number of industrious, energetic young fellows, who have come West to make a home, but after years of baching have become quite independent of us. Or probably they have too much respect for us to ask a young lady to share his humble cottage, until he has things comfortable for her (something few of them ever get while single).

Well, it is here where he makes his mistake, for almost any young woman will appreciate a home more afterwards if she has had a part in the making of it. And we would not object to doing so, if we only had sufficient confidence in him to be sure he was an honorable, kind-hearted, up-to-date young man.

But there is another class of bachelors which predominates in some districts who came West with everything that is necessary to make a success in life, except common sense. Their farm

Gombault's Caustic Balsam

The Worlds Greatest and Surest Veterinary Remedy

HAS IMITATORS BUT NO COMPETITORS!

SAFE, SPEEDY AND POSITIVE.

Supersedes All Cautery or Firing. Invaluable as a CURE for
FOUNDER, WIND PUFFS, THRUSH, DIPHTHERIA, SKIN DISEASES, RINGBONE, PINK EYE, SWEENY, BONY TUMORS, LAMENESS FROM SPAVIN, QUARTER CRACKS, SCRATCHES, POLL EVIL, PARASITES.
REMOVES
BUNCHES or BLEMISHES, SPLINTS, CAPPED HOCK, STRAINED TENDONS.

SAFE FOR ANYONE TO USE.

We guarantee that one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin mixture ever made. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Write for testimonials showing what the most prominent horsemen say of it. Price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use.

The Accepted Standard VETERINANY REMEDY

Always Reliable. Sure in Results.

None genuine without the signature of The Lawrence-Williams Co. Sole Importers & Proprietors for the U.S. & CANADAS. CLEVELAND, O

NOTHING BUT GOOD RESULTS.
Have used GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM for more than 20 years. It is the best blister I have ever tried. I have used it in hundreds of cases with best results. It is perfectly safe for the most inexperienced person to use. This is the largest breeding establishment of trotting horses in the world, and use your blister often.—W. H. RAYMOND, Prop. Belmont Park Stock Farm, Belmont Park, Mont.

USED 10 YEARS SUCCESSFULLY.
I have used GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM for ten years; have been very successful in curing curb, ringbone, capped hock and knee, bad ankles, rheumatism, and almost every cause of lameness in horses. Have a stable of forty head, mostly track and speedway horses, and certainly can recommend it.—C. C. CRAMER, Training Stables, 990 Jennings Street, New York City.

Sole Agents for the United States and Canada.
The Lawrence-Williams Co.
TORONTO, ONT. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Ottawa Clothing Styles
BY MAIL

Suits, Raincoats, Trousers, Fancy Vests, Clerical Clothing, Sporting Garments, Etc., Etc., Etc.
¶¶ FUR-LINED COATS A SPECIALTY ¶¶

We are the largest High-class Tailoring, Clothing and Outfitting Store in Canada. We employ four cutters and over one hundred UNION workpeople.

Samples and measuring blanks on application.

Our $20 Scotch Tweed Suits and Overcoats, made to order, are the best value on the American continent.

"No fit, no pay—The 2 Macs' Way."

Livery makers to the House of Commons and Senate of Canada.

The 2 Macs Limited
Bank of Ottawa our Bankers Capital $100,000 Stewart McClenaghan, Pres.
Busy Corner Bank & Sparks Sts. Ottawa

Helping Hints on Hair

If you notice a well-groomed Coiffure you can depend that "Maison"

JULES & CHARLES

Proved here again their superior inimitable skill in the Manufacturing of **Parisian Transformations, full, semi, or small size, Wigs, Wares,** Wavy and **Strait Switches, Gent's Toupees,** for they have gained through their Parisian methods of manufacture such popularity, that they supply to-day more **than half the Hair goods** worn in **Canada.**

Jules & Charles' "FAMOUS GREY HAIR RESTORER INSTANTANEOUS, 10 different shades..... 1 Box $2.50, 2 Boxes $4.00.

Mail Orders Prompt attention.

Write for our Beautiful new Catalogue for 1907.

431 Yonge St., TORONTO.

Special Offer in Covert Cloth Coat.

This coat was made to sell somewhere around $7.50, but to give our Mail Order friends an opportunity to profit by one of our very special bargains, we have laid aside 200 of the coats, and marked them down to $5.00. They were made in our Toronto workrooms from cloth bought by us direct from the manufacturer, so that at our special price you get a coat $2.50 below a price that represented the cost of making with our small profit added.

The material used is a superior grade fawn covert cloth; the workmanship is strictly high class, and the fit, like all Eaton made garments, is perfect. The weight of the garment makes it suitable for the cool evenings of the long fall.

These are the details of the style—

Tight fitting coat of fawn covert cloth, neatly tailored, front trimmed with strappings of self, and insertion of velvet. Finished with self covered buttons. Length 22 in. We challenge comparison with any coat outside this store at double the price.

Special Eaton Price $5.00

implements consist chiefly of a gun, a pipe, and a large book on "How to Farm Successfully," and their language would lead one to believe that they came here to wear out their old clothes. But, thank heaven, their time is passing, and with a few more remittances they will be gone, and none of us young women need ever regret their departure.

There are also a number of young men to be met with who came with the very best intentions, but being away from home and good influences have gone down, through intemperance and improper companions, until to-day they are merely relics of their former selves, and would not make suitable companions for any self-respecting young lady. And the future of this grand new country depends so much on the foundation to be laid by the early settlers that every young woman (and old ones, too) should use her greater influence and demand that the young man she keeps company with must be temperate and of good habits. For even the worst of bachelors admire good qualities in a woman, and they would respect and love us because they could not help it. But they say there is so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us that it is scarcely becoming of any of us to speak bad of the rest. "Roberta."

A Voice from Yorkton.

Yorkton, Sask., Aug. 8th, 1906.

Editor,—Having read the correspondence page in your magazine, I would like to join the circle. I have lived in the West two years and I like it fine. I came from Toronto. There are several bachelors around here, but they are not struck on getting married. The most of them are strong, active young men and clean housekeepers (?) There are quite a number of them who like the wine when its red, but might change their ways if they had a good, clean, smart wife.

"Farmer's Daughter No. 8."

Wants to Get Acquainted.

Moose Jaw, Aug. 15th, 1906.

Editor,—Will you kindly send me the address of some respectable widower or bachelor between the ages of forty and fifty. I am a widow, with some means, and have no time to devote to society, so I will adopt this mode of getting acquainted. The bachelor who signed himself "One who means business" in your February issue for 1906 appears to be all right, and I desire his acquaintance.

"Right in Line."

Wants Her Name and Address.

Petrel, Man., Aug. 7th, 1906.

Editor,—In the March issue of your valuable magazine I was particularly struck by the correspondence of "Farmer's Daughter." Her views of sociability seemed to suit me exactly, and I believe if there was more union amongst the people there would not be so many bachelors to-day.

Now, I would like to get that young lady's name, and you would confer a great favor on me by sending me her name and address. I would like to correspond with her.

"Young Farmer No. 5."

Says Beauty not the Whole Thing.

Souris, Man., July 23, 1906.

Editor,—I have been reading your splendid magazine with no small degree of interest, and your correspondence column is not to be overlooked either. I would like to express a few of my views on the matrimonial subject. In the first place I notice correspondents describe their personal appearance. Well, now, that is all very well, but to my mind they leave the most important part untold, viz., disposition. Good looks will never make or mar a home, while a home cannot help but be cheered and brightened by a sunny disposition. I notice there are some very erroneous statements made on both sides. A man or woman is largely what their helpmate makes them.

I admire the good sense of the young man from Stoetzel, Sask., whose letter I read in your February number, who looks for kindness and not beauty.

"Young Lady No. 3."

A Letter from Old Ontario.

Toronto, Aug. 4th, 1906.

Editor,—Seeing an item in an old copy of your magazine, dated Moosomin, Sask., Jan. 7th, 1906, signed "Farmer." Please send him my name, as I desire his acquaintance."

"Alexandria."

Scotty Wants a Wife.

Cranbrook, B. C., July 30th, 1906.

Editor,—You will do me a favor by sending my address to "Highland Lassie," or other marriagable women. I am Scotch, 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weigh 150 pounds; fair hair, blue eyes, age 24, Protestant, a non-smoker and of temperate habits. I have 160 acres of land, but not very rough of cash, but have a good pair of hands to work for more. "Scotty."

He's Got the Goods on Him.

Hillburn, Sask., July 30th, 1906.

Editor,—I wish you would help me to get acquainted with that young woman in Edmonton who wants a home. I am a young man looking for a helpmate. My intention is to take up a homestead just as soon as I can make sure of a partner for life to go with me and share in my joys and sorrows. I have pretty near $1,000 saved up to start a good home with, and am used to farming. I am a hard-working young man with good habits. I can send the very best of references if necessary. I trust you will put me in correspondence with that young lady from Edmonton. "$1,000 Boy."

He Don't Want Much.

Midale, Sask., July 28th, 1906.

Editor,—Kindly add the names and addresses to the following which appeared in your April number, viz.: "Alberta Boy," "A Western Young Woman," "A City Girl," Toronto; "Canadian Girl," Calgary; "Spinster, aged 19"; "One Who Pities the Bachelors," Crystal City; "Highland Lassie," Winnipeg; "Bachelor"; "Enclose Letter to Farmer," Moosomin; "Would Like to Correspond"; "Alberta Boy"; "Bachelor on Still Hunt"; "One from Portage Plains"; "An Interested Reader." I take much interest in your correspondence page, and believe it should prove a great benefit to the western bachelors.

"Curious."

A Nice Kind of Letter.

Fort Saskatchewan, Alta., July 30, 1906.

Editor,—Will you please put me in correspondence with "Highland Lassie" and "Yankee Canadian." I can agree with "Yankee Canadian" as to the good quality of the reading matter in your magazine. Although not a "crank" myself, your "Temperance Talk" is the best I've run across for a long time. Although somewhat shy about putting my good points into print, if any of the correspondents of the opposite sex would care to hear from an honest bachelor, they may depend on a reply if they write. My compliments to 'Spinster, aged 19." Angry? Not I for one. "Another Home Lover."

Wants to Know Maiden Fair.

Onoway, Aug. 1st, 1906.

Editor,—In looking over your correspondence page, I noticed "Maiden Fair" wants a home. Please send me her address. I am a carpenter of fifteen years' experience, but am now on my homestead. I am an active member of the Presbyterian Church, am a teetotaller and in good health.

"Homesteader."

Thinks this Magazine O. K.

Spencer Grove, Aug. 7th, 1906.

Editor,—Please give me the name and address of "Maiden Fair" of Edmonton in your March number. I am very much interested in your magazine, and would not like to be without it if it cost twice as much. "Sly Pete."

Highland Lassie in Demand.

Glenella, Man., Aug. 1st, 1906.

Editor,—I am an interested reader of your magazine. I note that "Highland Lassie" is looking for a husband. If you will send me her address I will be much obliged. "Billy D."

Wants his Name sent on.

Wawanesa, Aug. 3rd, 1906.

Editor,—I think the girl from Portage Plains would suit me all right. Please send her my name and address.

"Norman."

Another for Highland Lassie.

Wawanesa, July 26th, 1906.

Editor,—I want to correspond with "Highland Lassie." Please send my name and address to that young lady.

"Ogden."

He Apparently Means Business.

Redvers, Sask., July 27th, 1906.

Editor,—Having been a subscriber to your magazine for the past two years, I am in a position to say that it is the best magazine of its kind I ever read. I am very much taken up with your correspondence columns, and being a young bachelor anxious to marry, I would be pleased if you would send me the address of "Highland Lassie." Kindly send her my address also. I am a bachelor farmer, aged 26, height 5 feet 6 inches, brown hair, blue eyes, total abstainer, and a Protestant. I would like to hear from any young lady about my own age who is matrimonially inclined.

"Subscriber No. 1."

Not Hard to Please.

Meadow Creek, Alta., July 29, 1906.

Editor,—I am a bachelor of pretty good standing and would like a good wife. I have a good quarter section, about 80 acres of it broke and in wheat. I could provide for a wife. I am about 35 years old and live alone. I would like to correspond with any good woman with matrimonial intentions. I am not hard to please.

"He's Got the Wheat."

She'd Like a Rancher for a Husband.

Strathcona, Alta., July 29, 1906.

Editor,—Being much interested in the correspondence column of your magazine, I feel that I ought to have something to say. Those bachelors who are neither drinkers or smokers or have no bad vices may be sure of my sympathy in their laudable hunt for wives, although I will not offer them any pointers as to how to succeed in their mission. I am a lover of horses, and I would like to marry a rancher, as I think ranching the most delightful occupation in the wide world. "Young Bachelor" would find me to suit him, as I certainly would not want to be in town all the time."

"A Strathcona Canuck."

No "Cissy" for Her.

Portage la Prairie, July 27, 1906.

Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your correspondence column for some time past, and I am surprised at the queer opinions the young women have of the western bachelors.

Speaking for myself, I would rather have a young man rather fond of his cold tea bottle than a crank who is never pleased with anything and is always harping about what his mother used to do. I would be pleased to correspond with any respectable young man who wishes to make the acquaintance of a bright, kind, and respectable girl. "Brown Eyes."

One for "Maiden Fair."

Bonny Glen, Alta., July 27, 1906.

Editor,—I am a pleased reader of your magazine for the past year, and I think it the best I have ever seen since I came to Canada. I take quite an interest in your correspondence, and you would do me a great favor if you would address the enclosed letter to "Maiden Fair."

"Honest Tom."

Wants Editor to Introduce Him.

Hillmore, Sask., July 20, 1906.

Editor,—I am much interested in the Western Home Monthly. I am a bachelor farmer and a new subscriber, and I read your correspondence with interest. I I think a bachelor that has a little home of his own should get a partner to make his home more happy. A housekeeper would be nice to have the meals ready when getting home from work. I wish to get acquainted with the farmer girls by you, Mr. Editor.

"Young Farmer."

A Cautious Sort of Gent.

Wakopa, Man., July 23, 1906.

Editor,—It affords me much pleasure to see the ladies taking such interest in your correspondence pages. I sympathize with "Young Lady of Saskatoon" for having to live in a neighborhood peopled with drunken, lazy, extravagant foreigners. I hope her stay in that locality will not be for long, but that she will marry some good, respectable bachelor farmer (a Scotchman) and live happy and forget all her peevish notions. I think the lady writing from Edmonton who calls herself "Maiden Fair" must be a darling. I would like to correspond with her or would go and see her myself, as living alone and keeping bachelor's hall all the year around is rather an unpleasant occupation. Only she is so far away, and it is approaching the busy season; but at the same time one has to use a little caution or be careful, for she may be wanting to run a bluff on a poor, honest, respectable bachelor for his money. I sympathise with all my brother bachelor farmers in their loneliness, hardships and difficulties. I would not like to hear of any of my bachelor brothers being deceived by some flirting dame. I congratulate the lady writers who have defended the bachelor farmers so nicely. Please send my name and address to those lady correspondents.

"Bachelor Farmer No. 9."

Thinks he is about Right.

Pine Lake, July 28, 1906.

Editor,—I am a reader of your correspondence page, and am much interested in it. I would like if you would put me in correspondence with the girl from Edmonton. I am a farmer of good character and good looks, 21 years of age, can give references as to character if necessary.

"Goodlooker."

Johnny Wants Introduction.

Ferry Point, Alta., July 22, 1906.

Editor,—Will you kindly give me the address of "Maiden Fair," as I wish to correspond with her. I am a young rancher. Please don't publish my name,

"Johnny."

Says He's Pretty Well Fixed.

Shafse, Alta., Aug. 4, 1906.

Editor,—Will you please send my name to "Maiden Fair," of Edmonton, and ask her to correspond with me? I am pretty well fixed, and would make a good husband for a respectable girl. I use neither whiskey nor tobacco. I am 30 years of age and good looking. I am a Protestant by faith.

No Shinanagan.

Sister Sue Throws Out a Liner.

Birch Hill, Alta., July 20, 1906.

Editor,—Having read with interest for some time your correspondence pages, I am pleased to join the circle, as I see in it a chance to make less dreary the home of some lonely bachelor. I am a respectable farmer's

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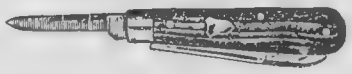

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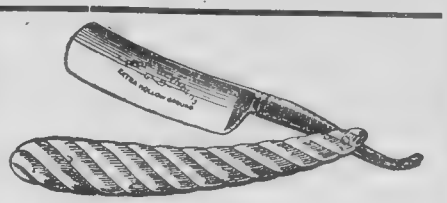

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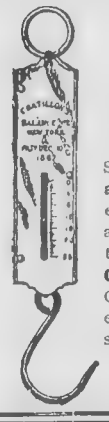

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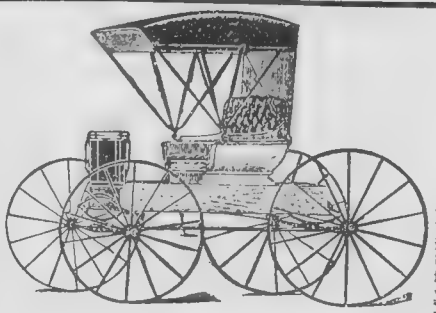

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Body, 23 x 56 inches. **Gear,** 1 in. axle, drop style. **Wheels,** 1 in. with 1⅛ in. spoke, 1 x ¼ in. steel tyres, No. 1 or "Trade" Grade. **Trimmings,** Leather dash and leather trimmed cushion with back and fall, drill boot, nickel plated brass dash-rail, rubber apron, best whip socket, carpet in front of bottom. **Top,** full lined, steel bow, solid back rail, improved patent levers, improved bow sockets, nickel trimmed throughout and with roll-up back curtain **Shipping Weight,** 250 lbs. at 1st class freight rate 100 lbs. at 2nd class freight rate. 25 lbs. at 3rd class freight rate. Ask us for the price including freight to your Station.

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daughter, and would like to correspond with some good, sober, young man. Kindly give my address to "Young Fellow from Saskatoon."

"Sister Sue."

An Impossible Request.

Ponoka, Alta., Aug. 8th, 1906.

Editor,—Please forward me the name and address of "Maiden Fair," whose letter appeared in your March issue, as I wish to correspond with her.

"Inside Track."

No Conversational Water for Him.

McTaggart, Sask., Aug. 2, 1906.

Editor,—I am a regular reader of the Western Home Monthly. Would you send me the name of the young lady who signed herself "Farmer's Daughter," of Wetaskiwin, in your March number. I am a temperance man and belong to the Royal Templars of Temperance.

"Anti-Booze."

Wants to Know the Girls.

Brandon, Aug. 7th, 1906.

Editor,—As father takes your paper, I read the correspondence with great interest. I would like you to send me the names of "Where Duty Lies" and "Farmer's Daughter," Minto, Man. I am a resident of Brandon, but a farmer bachelor, and would like to correspond with some of those young girls. You would do me a favor by helping me to get acquainted with them.

"City Farmer."

"Maiden Fair" Again.

Wolseley, Aug. 6th, 1906.

Editor,—In the March number I read a letter signed "Maiden Fair" in your correspondence column. I am a young bachelor and want to get acquainted with her.

"Wolseley."

Man Never Married Before.

Douglaston, Sask., Aug. 5, 1906.

Editor,—I am a reader of your magazine every month. I should like to get acquainted with some good girl. I am a young farmer, am 40 years of age, and was never married before.

"Spring Chicken."

A Servant to be Envied.

Lone Lake, Aug. 6, 1906.

Editor,—I have taken a great deal of interest in the correspondence department, especially during the last six months. Now, I should like to say a word in favor of the bachelors, "pokey-old-way-backs" though they be. I happened to stay at a bachelor's establishment last winter, while I was out cattle hunting. They had a young girl for cook. One of the boys got up and made the fire, cooked the breakfast and made her a cup of tea, which she disposed of before breakfast. After the meal they helped wash up, etc. This was a regular everyday performance. Not one of them uses tobacco or liquor, are well-to-do, yet they remain bachelors. Small wonder, if all the girls are like that one. What does the "Young Woman from Saskatoon" think, or the "Marriageable Widow."

"Rambler."

A Good Housekeeper Wanted.

Moose Jaw, Sask., Aug. 20, 1906.

Editor,—I have been reading the letters in the correspondence columns of your paper for some time back, and being desirous of corresponding with some lady who is a good housekeeper and can take care of children, I send you this letter, which I hope you will forward to a suitable lady.

I am a widower with five children, and am honest and hard-working. I would like to correspond with a matrimonial intent. You may print this if you wish.

"Brickmason."

NOTE.—We forwarded letters on to the following nom-de-plumes in the past, viz.:—

Quebec, March 17, 1906.
Editor,—Please forward letter to "Heather Jock."

Brandon, April 25, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Young Lady, Portage la Prairie."

Maple Creek, Mar. 3rd, 1906.
Editor,—Please forward letter to "A Bachelor Farmer."

Wapella, Sask., 1906.
Editor,—Send enclosed photo to "Young Gentleman Farmer," of Moosomin.

Rosette, March 27, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Moffat, Sask., Mar. 18, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Midale, Sask., Mar. 16, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Young Woman of Saskatoon."

Spruce Grove, April 23, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Calgary, April 12, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Highland Lassie."

Youngstown, Alta., Mar. 25, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Ponoka, Alta., April 18, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Olds, Alta., April 17, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Highland Lassie."

Regina, Sask., 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Interested Reader."

Arcola, Sask., Apl. 17, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Old Maid."

Wakopa, Man., Apl. 15, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "One Who Pities the Bachelor."

Wetaskiwin, Alta., 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Calgary, March 24, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Milestone, Sask., Mar. 25, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Mather, Man., Mar. 26, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Maple Creek, Sask., Mar. 26, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Indian Head, Sask., Mar. 24, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Western Woman."

Wood Mountain, Sask., June 11th, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "American Girl."

Alameda, Sask., Mar. 27, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Skafse, Alta., Mar. 22, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Farmer's Daughter."

Melfort, Mar. 26, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Maiden Fair."

Towelton, Sask., May 18, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Handsome Kate."

Lemberg, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Scotch Lassie."

Radisson, Sask., June 14, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "American Girl."

Fort Saskatchewan, 1906.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letters to "Widow," "Red River Girl" and "Old Maid."

Pine Lake, Alta., June 1, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Widow."

Glenemma, B. C., June 3, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Red River Girl."

Drinkwater, Sask., June 1st, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letters enclosed to "Jennie B." and "Prairie Rose."

Eric, B. C., June 10, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Handsome Kate."

Bradwardine, June 8, 1906.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letter to "One Who's Well Off."

Fleming, Sask., 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Jolly Girl."

Lamerton, Alta., June 7, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Widow."

Souris, Man., May 10, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Billy."

Lenore, Man., June 6, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Widow."

Brandon, Man., June 10, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Billy."

Caron, Sask., June 6, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Old Maid."

Rosendale, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Snow Flake."

Rosendale, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Mother's Girl."

Brandon, June 9th, 1906.
Editor,—Forward letter to "Billy."

Rouleau, June 5th, 1906.
Editor,—Forward enclosed letters to "Jane Eyre" and "Manitoba Daughter."

IT IS A PLEASURE

TO PUMP WITH Cater's Pumps

They work easy and throw a

GOOD STREAM

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOGUE.

Brandon Pump and Windmill Works,
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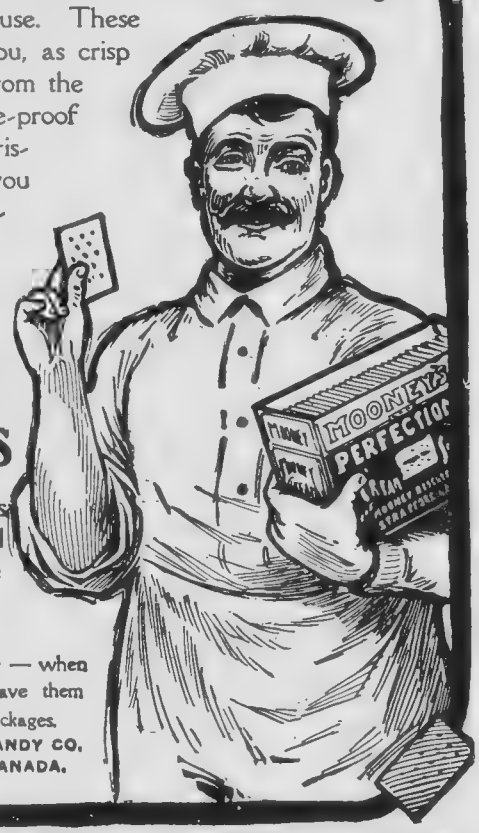
A Baker in Your Home

Buying Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas is like having a master baker in the house. These dainty biscuits come to you, as crisp and inviting, as if hot from the ovens. Air-tight, moisture-proof packages retain all the pristine freshness—whether you live one mile or ten thousand from Stratford.



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are a treat in biscuits. They look so good—and taste so good—that the first box will make your appetite captive.

"MOONEY'S" — remember — when ordering. Your grocer should have them —in 1, 2, 2½ and 3 lb. packages.

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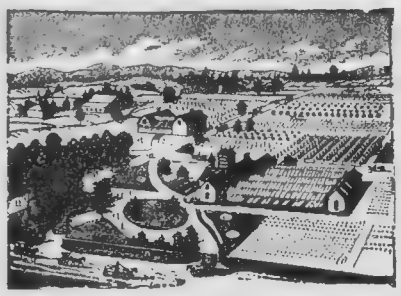

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Temperance Talk.

The Latest and Most Potent Facts.

The American Brewer, the Brewers' Journal, the Wine and Spirit Gazette, and all of the five other liquor organs in our country have been and are most vigorous, persistent and bitter in their opposition to the law abolishing the regimental liquor saloons, euphemistically and misleadingly called canteens or the "canteen." This to thoughtful persons will be positive proof that the law is a good one, and greatly lessens the consumption of intoxicants by the army.

The annual reports of General George B. Davis, the Judge Advocate General of the Army, show that the number of men court-martialed and punished for drunkenness during the four years since the saloons in the army was abolished, is less than half of what it was in the corresponding period of time in which they were allowed. The Rev. Harvey Wood, secretary of the National Temperance Society, says that the decrease was actually sixty-six per cent. The number of the men convicted of crime has also been greatly lessened.

The Rev. Mr. Tewkesbury, a missionary of the American Board at Peking, after some months of observation of the troops of the different nationalities, which had captured that city at the time of the boxer outbreak, wrote that, in his opinion "The American soldiers are more given to drink than those of any other nation." This was before the passage of the anti-saloon law.

The American Methodist Missionary Society has much the largest of all the missions in the Phillipines. Its superintendent, from the time of its foundation, which was soon after the American occupation of the Islands, is the Rev. Homer C. Stuntz, D.D. In the performance of his duties he has visited numerous places in the islands, and he has had abundant opportunity of knowing whereof he affirms. He recently wrote, "The abolition of the canteen has given us a more sober army."

General A. S. Daggett, who has been forty years in the service, said not long since that, in the days when the regimental liquor saloons were in vogue, "It was no unusual thing to find a company on inspection with the majority of the men under the influence of liquor." He added that if these saloons are re-established they will be exceedingly demoralizing to the army.

For every general who has expressed himself in favor of these army drinking places in connection with the regimental post exchanges, at least two of equal, or higher rank and longer and more varied service, can be given who have declared themselves as utterly opposed to them. Among the latter are General Miles, Shafter, Wheeler, Ludlow, Boynton, Bliss, Wilcox, Rochester, O. O. Howard, and a dozen others.

These eminent men unite in saying that the regimental liquor saloons are an ever present temptation to the men to indulge in the use of intoxicants, that they greatly increase the number of the victims of the drink habit, and multiply the number of those who resort to outside saloons and vile places on pay day and other "days off."

It Makes Business.

Oh! the liquor traffic makes business! Yea, verily. Business for the police officer, for the prosecuting lawyer, for the jailer, for the guards at the penitentiaries, for the asylums, business for the coroner, the undertaker the grave-digger, the marble man, business for the physician, the charity board, the orphanage, the inebriate society, the Keeley Cure.

Oh, yes, the liquor traffic is a great business producer! It makes business for the farmer, the merchant, the professional man, the capitalist, the property holder—makes all of these busy to raise money to keep up the expense which the liquor business entails on the town, the country, the state and the nation.

The man who claims that the liquor traffic promotes the business interests of the country is either a fool or a knave.

A Sign in an Appropriate Place.

Recent visitors to Atlantic City will recall a wrecked ship that lies a short distance south of the city. It came all the way from Japan, laden with Oriental goods, to be wrecked within sight of its destination. Recently there has been placed on the side of the great black hulk that looms grimly up out of the water the sign, "——— Whisky is the Best."

Best for what? To wreck souls as that ship was wrecked? The position of the sign suggests this interpretation. Whisky is about the best thing in the world to send men upon the rocks and reduce them to the pitiful condition of that wrecked ship. It disarranges and destroys the compass and rudder of life and sets it adrift, tossing and pitching helplessly on the waves of destruction.

There is only one hulk lying in the surf of that city, but there are innumerable hulks of wrecked lives in its streets and saloons. The man who placed that whisky sign on that wreck doubtless thought he had achieved a splendid stroke of business enterprise, but he wrought better than he knew. The unconscious suggestiveness of his act is tremendous and terrible, and should scare more men away from the best whiskey in the land than a thousand such signs can lure to their ruin. Whiskey and wreck are closely connected.

Sobriety and Success.

The announcement of Indiana's new Governor to officeseekers that "no drinking man need apply," is the latest example of the disrepute into which tippling has fallen. . . For years several of the great railways have insisted that their employees shall be sober men, and other large corporations have followed their lead, with the result that drinking is no longer considered "respectable." To be sure, every now and then we hear the pessimistic wail that intemperance is on the increase, but the facts show nothing of the kind.

Half a century ago our representatives in congress thought it no disgrace to be carried helplessly intoxicated from the dining table. Today the sale of liquor is prohibited in the National Capitol, and many of our senators and congressmen have interested themselves actively in temperance legislation. At banquets of chambers of commerce in our large cities it is not uncommon to omit wine from the menu; and where wine is served, it is untasted by a large number of the diners. The employer no longer demands ability in the bibulous line from his traveling men. Business is not got by the corkscrew nowadays.

We read sensational stories in the yellow journals occasionally concerning the tippling among so-called "sober" society. What an extremely limited coterie "society" is, both as regards numbers and influence. Even were all fashionable "society" to drink itself to death, the work of the world would proceed as usual.

In the twentieth century scheme of civilization there is no place for drones or drunkards. It has taken our race a good many years to reach this point, where it is just beginning to learn to live.—Exchange.

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

The Home Doctor.

Strictly Germ Proof.

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gamboled up;
They looked upon the Creature with a loathing undisguised—
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.

They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of Disease.
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was cold as Banished Hope,
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphuretted hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.

There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;
They swim in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup—
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

Deep Breathing.

The best thing for developing the chest is deep breathing.

Stand erect, throw your shoulders back and inhale slowly, with your mouth shut, filling your lungs to their utmost capacity, and then exhale slowly.

Practice deep breathing every morning before an open window for three or four minutes; it expands the chest, stimulates and strengthens the lungs, and is a good preventive where there is a tendency to catch cold.

Deep breathing will stop a beginning cold if tried persistently four or five minutes at a time.

When tired from sitting, while sewing or writing steadily, change the air of the room, stand up and breathe slowly and deeply a few times, and it will rest you.

Insomnia is often overcome by deep breathing. When the brain is busy and sleep will not come, take long deep breaths very slowly. The circulation of the blood is stimulated, and as it leaves the brain and goes all over the body, warming the extremities, a delicious drowsy sensation rewards the effort, and one easily goes to sleep.

"Mr. Buggins," said the attending physician gravely, "I am afraid your wife's mind is gone." "Well, I'm not surprised," replied Mr. B. "She's been giving me a piece of it every day for twenty-three years, and she didn't have a whole lot to start on!" —Washington Life.

The Salt Bath.

An article much used in the bath room just now is salt. Nearly all physicians recommend its use in some form, with either hot, tepid or cold water, and, in many instances, without any water at all, except enough to just moisten the salt With some, the coarsest salt possible to get (sea salt, preferably) is thrown into the bath water, and used as a sort of weak brine; the temperature of the water should be such as is ordinarily used for the bath, and only the best, if any, soap should be used. Another form of use is to complete the scrubbing process, then, taking large handfuls of moist salt, rub the whole body and limbs with this, following the "scour" with a rinsing off in cool, clear water. This is said to be very strengthening.

Another process is to take a small Turkish towel and dip it into a strong solution of salt and water, wring out and hang in the sunshine until dry; then, at night, in your room, give your whole body and limbs a "dry-rub" with this dry, salty towel. The same towel may be used several times, then washed out, resalted and dried, and used again.

This is an excellent tonic for the skin, and certainly brings the blood to the surface. These applications of salt are just as well for a well person as for a sick one, and is claimed to be the most refreshing of all baths and rubs ever tried. Its effect upon the skin and complexion is magical. The application is so simple and easy, that any one can take these baths at home by simply putting a few pounds of coarse salt into a jar, pour just enough water on it to moisten it well, then, standing in a bath tub, or even on a piece of oil cloth, take up handfuls and rub briskly, but not so hard as to "scrape" the skin, over all parts of the body and limbs; then, take a thorough douching, or rinsing off with as cold water as can be comfortably borne, following this with a brisk rubbing.

Charcoal tablets relieve acidity of the stomach.

Fresh air in bedrooms is a necessity for good health.

A cup of strong black coffee will relieve a sick headache.

Put a little borax into hard water before washing face and hands.

A German professor of gymnastics advocates yawning to expand the lungs.

Tripe is one of the most easily digested foods, when it is carefully prepared.

For hoarseness, beat up the white of an egg with lemon and sugar and take a sip occasionally.

Celery, eaten freely, either cooked or raw, is capital food for some rheumatic conditions.

Onions are said to have a specific effect upon hydrophobia, when eaten in large quantities.

When digestion is slow, do not dilute the digestive secretions of the stomach by drinking water during meals.

A glass of hot water and a raw apple at bedtime and in the morning will, in many cases, relieve indigestion and constipation.

In these days of physical culture, there is much said about sitting as well as standng correctly. It is worth a great deal to a girl to have learned the art of sitting erect, the shoulders thrown back, and the lungs expanded, and yet to be perfectly comfortable and feel at ease.

A straight, high back chair, such as was used a generation or two ago, is just the thing for children, as it is necessary to sit straight in order to use the comfortable support for the back and shoulders afforded by it, and so the habit is formed unconsciously.

It is not exaggeration to say that in nearly every home one will find girls sitting in a bunch to sew or read, the back curved or twisted, the body bent forward, or one shoulder higher than the other. They find it more difficult to sit than to stand straight, because it is so much easier to lounge.

Dr. Lindsay, in an article in American Motherhood, makes the following wise suggestion: "When a child manifests uneasiness or complains of discomfort in its garments, loosen the tight bands, fasten the loose shoulder strap of the apron, which is leading the little girl to elevate one shoulder, to keep the strap up, thus creating a tendency to spinal curvature. Lengthen the short seat of the trousers and discard the ill-fitting shoes. Protect the sensitive skin from rough clothing. You will be rewarded by better health, better temper, better forms, and improved mental, moral and physical vigor of the children."

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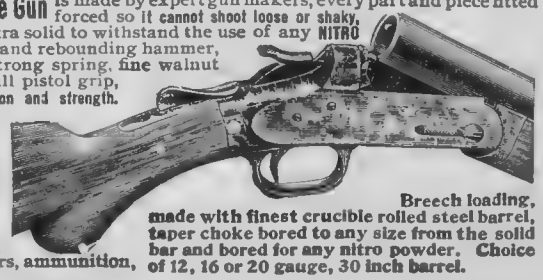

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Canada's Mineral Resources.

The Windy Arm District.

A few months ago, Mr. R. G. McConnell, of the Geological Survey, wrote a short report on the Windy Arm district just north of the British Columbia boundary, where rich strikes of silver and copper are being worked. This season, Mr. D. D. Cairnes, of the same department, has been commissioned to survey the district, and his preliminary notes make interesting reading.

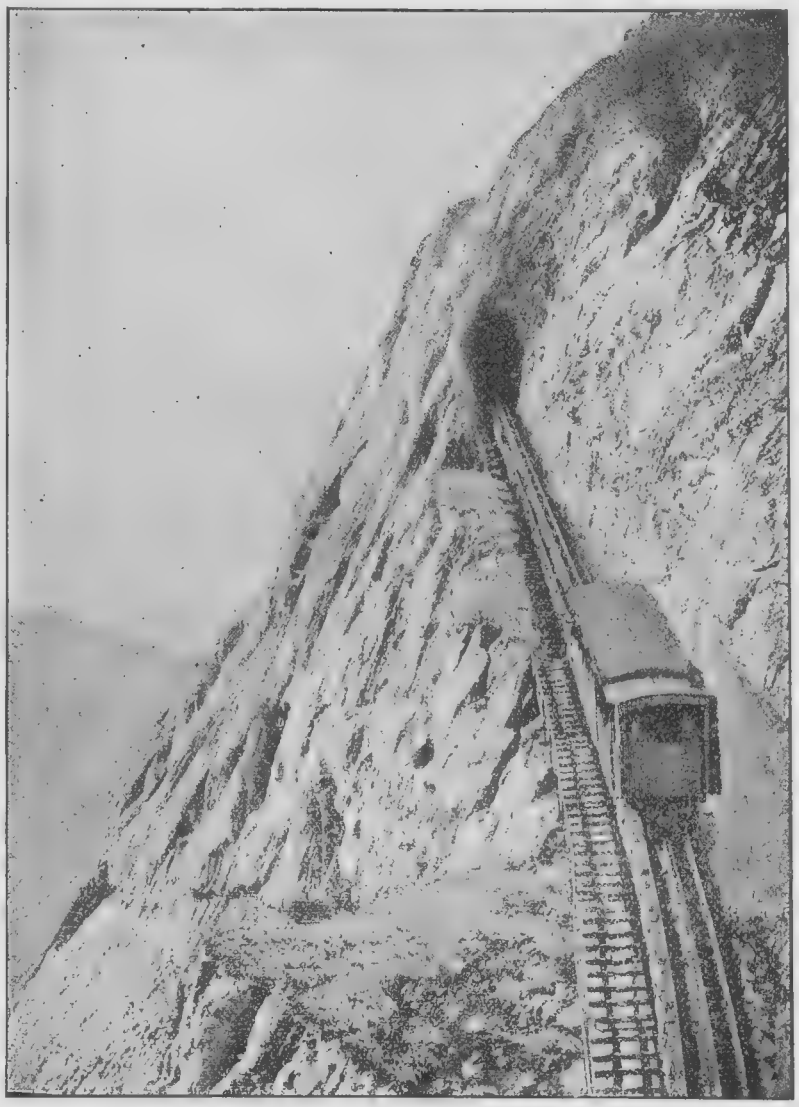
Mr. Cairnes says: In the district north of the boundary, south of Carcross, and between Windy Arm and Lake Bennett (an area of about 14 by 8 or 9 miles), over 260 claims are being held and a great deal of development is going on. The Conrad Consolidated Company own a great many of these properties and are pushing forward operations at seven of their camps. Machine drills are used at the Venus mine. The power is generated by a 50 horse-power gasoline engine. But, as there is enormous water-power on many of the creeks, piping, etc., has arrived to establish water-power to replace gasoline engines. A double-cable tramway is in operation from the Montana mine to the beach at Conrad city, 3,400 feet below. Four other tramways, it is reported, are to be erected.

Conrad city was practically started this spring and is quite a little town; it is built on the west shore of Windy Arm and already boasts three hotels, three stores, a drug store, restaurant, etc.

The Anglo-American Consolidated Company have a number of promising looking properties working to the south of Conrad, on Windy Arm. The leads are quartz, carrying high gold and silver values, and can, in most cases, be traced for considerable distances. Though the leads are generally narrow, from a few inches up to two feet, they are high grade.

The mineralized rock of the Venus mine is exceptionally wide, sometimes as much as 32 feet, and averaging, for considerable distances, over 20 feet; it can be traced over 3,000 feet. It is interbanded quartz and porphyrite, and will average about $25 per ton.

A tunnel over 700 feet long has been run on the Montana lead, proving it to be from 2 to 4½ feet wide. About 14 inches will average $80 and the rest will go over $20 per ton. Wherever galena is present in these quartz veins, the returns are invariably high on account of associated minerals—silver chloride, ruby silver, silver glance, stephanite, etc. Assays running into the hundreds and even thousands of dollars per ton are rather common from picked samples, rich stringers, etc. On the whole the camp looks quite promising, and, no doubt, will continue to go ahead rapidly.



Tunnel on the Mount Pilatus Railway

Native copper is found in a number of places on the east side of Windy Arm, distributed through the rock, which is a slate and chert series, near contact with old peridotite intrusions. No leads have, as yet, been found, but scarcely any work or prospecting has been done.

Some rich copper ores carrying nickel and cobalt values, as yet rather low, have been, however, found on Marsh lake near here, and I am thinking of taking two or three days to look at the properties, as they are quite close, and are very interesting.

A recent free-gold strike has been made up the Wheaton river, about fifteen miles west of Robson. As this has just started, reports vary, but some very rich rock is coming down. This is in my district and I will see it soon.

All interested parties are very anxious to have more work done than I can possibly do this season, but I will work as late as possible and can cover a good-sized area.

Communications received by the Director from several of the field parties of the Geological Survey show that the work is everywhere progressing favorably.

Suggestions From the Geological Survey for a Cobalt Coinage.

The discovery of cobalt ore in large quantities in northern Ontario and the limited market for that metal have had a disastrous effect upon its price, which has fallen from three dollars to thirty-seven cents a pound.

At the present time cobalt and its compounds are almost wholly used for pigments, chiefly for coloring glass or the glaze for pottery, beautiful blue, green, yellow and bronze colors, suitable for these purposes being obtained from a cobalt base. The metal is said to be very effective for electrical storage batteries, while as a plating material it is much superior to nickel, the coating being harder, brighter and more tenacious. Experiments conducted with a view to the use of cobalt in a manner similar to nickel as an alloy of iron have not proved successful up to the present, notwithstanding that cobalt from his hardness and high magnetic properties would naturally be expected to give superior results.

The market for cobalt colors is a limited one, and in competition with cheaper artificial colors it is not rapidly increasing. The improvements in storage batteries will probably cause an increased demand for the metal, while the cheapening of cobalt consequent to the new discoveries may greatly increase its use as a superior plating material.

Cobalt is a white, slightly reddish metal similar in properties to iron, being slightly harder and more tenacious, and having about the same degree of malleability. It tarnishes very slowly and is not easily attacked by most acids, or by alkalies.

The present small silver coinage of Canada, especially the five-cent pieces, is inconvenient and is easily lost; in the place of these it is proposed to substitute a larger coin of cobalt approximating in size the nickel five-cent pieces of the United States, while a smaller coin might replace the present bronze cents. Owing to its hardness, malleability and lack of tarnish, cobalt is an ideal metal for these coins of low value. It would furnish a unique coinage and would assist greatly in absorbing the surplus of cobalt now being mined. The issue of these coins would secure a considerable profit to the government, and their introduction would fittingly mark the establishment of the new Canadian mint at Ottawa.

Mr. Camsell, in the Similkameen, has finished the mapping of the Princeton coal basin, and has left to examine the Roche river, Kennedy and Copper Mountain camps along the South Similkameen from the international boundary northward.

Mr. Brock reports good progress in the detailed study and mapping of Rossland camp, and sees no difficulty in completing the work before the end of the season. He has sent for analysis specimens of sands from Little Sheep Creek, which he suspects contain platinum, along with a considerable amount of gold.

No word has been received from Mr. Leach, in the Bulkley valley, nor from Mr. Dowling, who is tracing northward the anthracite coal area on the eastern slopes of the mountains.

From the plains Prof. Macoun writes frequently and enthusiastically concerning the soil and crops of the country along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to the west of Manitoba, while Mr. Chalmers has been employed giving advice as to the clays and the boring prospects in the same region.

The parties of Mr. McInnes and Mr. O'Sullivan, who are exploring the country between the Saskatchewan river and Hudson Bay have not been heard from, nor has word been received from Mr. Collins nor Mr. Wilson in northern Ontario and Quebec.

From the Globe we copy the following description of the great concert in London which reflected so much credit on the Dominion:—

It was distinctly a pleasing glow which filled the heart of a fervent Canadian who, on entering the great concert hall in Langham Place, found on every side were displayed the emblems of the great Dominion overseas. The arms of the Dominion hung over the stage directly opposite the arms of the United Kingdom, surmounted with a gigantic Imperial crown. Ranged round the circle of the balcony were the arms of the various provinces, with pennants bearing the emblems of each displayed between them. At the back of the gallery, showing clearly in the electric light from the branches against the wall, was a series of the arms of the Governors and Governors-General of Canada from the earliest date in our history. The stage, with its tiers of seats for the chorus, presented a gay appearance as the women members of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society formed a semi-circle of dazzling white, with broad blue and scarlet ribbons showing against the bodices of their gowns. Flowers and plants were banked against the front of the stage, and the hall was filled with the most brilliant and distinguished audience it had held for many a long day, a rather astonishing fact, for the "musical season" proper is past and social functions by the score occupy every hour of the day and night. Nearly every celebrity in the world of music was present. Singers, pianists, harpists, violinists and composers were there in full force. Members of foreign embassies, the of musical colleges and schools, actors, artists, literary lights, and, in fact, the whole London world had assembled to do honor to the occasion. Dotted about the hall were many colonials from overseas, and scores of Canadians flocked to hear what Canada had to offer in the way of music to the British public. Singers we have had of undisputed excellence, violinists from the Dominion have been heard in this hall, where the most famous of European musicians have been acclaimed, but a musical work conducted by the composer from that asset of Imperial power from across the Atlantic was something which was to mark an epoch in the history of the Dominion.

The Young Men's Union of St. Andrew's church, Winnipeg, has held some very high class concerts in the fall of the past two or three years, and they are now preparing to again present the well known tenor, Harold Jarvis, on Thursday evening, October 4. Mr. Jarvis will be assisted by other popular artistes, and as the young men of the church are making their fall concert an annual affair, no expense will be spared to make the event entertaining.

Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Kerr was the first to introduce the bagpipes into the navy, for when he was in command of the channel fleet Lord Walter carried a piper aboard his flagship. Subsequently odd pipers cropped up, and Portsmouth's naval barracks now has a trio of them. It is odd to see these pipers, clad not in kilts and tartans, but in loose trousers and serge jumpers, striding up and down before a battalion of sailors, skirling away as lustily as any piper of a Highland regiment. And they not only play before the bluejackets on parade, but also entertain them in the messrooms during the dinner hour. The men are all Scotsmen. Their names are I. Galloway (leading stoker), A. Dunlop (stoker), Lumsden (carpenter), and all three are very popular with their messmates, who are not a little proud of the fact that Portsmouth alone of all naval barracks in the world has its band of pipers.

Father Cummins, once superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home, attended a watchnight service, and closed his testimonial by saying: "It may be but a month longer that I shall be here, perhaps a week, or even before the close of another day I shall be gone." He had hardly seated himself when a young man started the song, "Oh, why do you wait, dear brother, oh, why do you tarry so long?"

The following are the results of the examinations held at local centres in connection with the Toronto Conservatory of Music:—

Boissevain, Manitoba.

Piano Department — Intermediate grade—Pass—Eva Coward. Junior grade—Pass—A. Marjorie Baine and Bessie M. Bucham (equal), Annie Millar. Primary grade—Pass—Isabel M. Thomas (Dunallen, Man.), Mabel McNeil (Roblin, Man.), and Eileen S. Satchell (equal), Edna Latimer.

Theory Department—Junior grade—Harmony and Counterpoint alone—Pass—Annie Millar, Eva Coward. Counterpoint alone — Honors—Cecil Ashley. Pass—Myrtle Ena Millions, Pearl Strain. History alone—Pass Bessie M. Bucham. Primary grade—History and Rudiments—First-class honors—Edna Latimer. Honors—A. Marjorie Baine, Mabel McNeil (Roblin, Man.). Rudiments alone—Honors—Lenore E. Williams (Killarney, Man.)

Medicine Hat, Alta.

Piano department — Intermediate grade—Pass—Katie E. Rae, Etta M. Porter, Ella H. Rae. Junior grade—Pass—Evaline Rae, Arlotta Hazel McNeely, Alice M. Adsit. Primary grade—Pass—Edna Gladys MacDougall.

Red Deer, Alberta.

Piano Department: — Intermediate Grade—Pass—Alice Yeomans, Eva Slade and Sadie Smith, equal. Primary Grade Honors—Evelyn Brumpton. Pass—Muriel Cowell, Ella L. Bremner.

Neepawa, Man.

Piano department—Junior grade—Honors—Hazel Alene Fremlin, Howard Arthur Fremlin. Pass—Ida Gertrude Cummings. Primary grade—Honors—Edna Blanchard. Pass—Edith E. Brown, Mary Edith Bridgman, Annie Crawford and Eleanor Gertrude McFadden (equal), Alice Dorothy May Brown and Marie Scott (Eden, Man.), (equal), May Cockrane Robertson.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Piano Department — Intermediate grade—Honors—Edith Gertrude Climie. Pass—Grace Margaret Hammond. Junior grade—Pass—Nora M. Jardine.

Violin Department — Intermediate grade—Pass—H. W. Sutherland.

The Young Idea—"Dad?" The Eminent—"Well, my son?" The Young 'Un—"Dad, how long was Jonah in the ark? What!" The Eminent—"Go to! I'm ashamed of you. Don't you know a simple thing like that. How long was Jonah in the ark? Why, some time, of course."

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Beauties Do Not Make Best Wives.

By Helen Oldfield.

It seems a pity, when one comes to think of it, that so much time and breath should be wasted in endeavoring to persuade children that beauty is a thing of no great consequence; a moral fallacy which well meaning mothers and teachers of the young strive vainly to instil into the infant mind. "It is better to be good than pretty," "handsome is that handsome does," "beauty is but skin deep," and so on through all the well known list of nursery maxims for the repression of personal vanity and the consolation of the plain, not one of which sayings is more than half true, and none of which has been successfully reduced to general practice. It is useless to try to convince a pretty girl that her beauty is in no way to her credit; small comfort to an ugly girl to tell her that her plain face is quite as good for all practical purposes as her sister's fairer one; before either child can walk alone somebody will have upset all the careful teaching; the beauty will be conscious of her charm, the plain baby will understand that strangers fail to notice her when her pretty sister is present.

There is no denying the fact that all women would like to be beautiful. History tells how Queen Elizabeth, with all her ability, made a fool of herself because she was not willing that any other woman should be thought better looking than herself; because she could not be content with greatness. Mme. de Stael, if history is to be believed, sighed often in spite of her brains and the fame which she won thereby, for the personal beauty which was so hopelessly beyond her reach; and one may read between the lines of every one of George Eliot's novels her admiration and covetousness of physical good looks. A fair face is a pleasant thing to behold, and they who are so fortunate as to possess it should be taught to look upon it as on any other talent, to use as not abusing it. Every woman has the right to make herself as good looking as she can; nay, more, she owes it as a duty to society to do so. Yet beauty, which is purely physical, is a frail thing at best, fading soon and surely under the hot suns and fierce storms of life; and the faded beauty which has nothing behind it, which is only a wreck, is pitiful indeed. The woman who, having been taught that not being pretty she must, in order to hold her own with the world, learn how to be entertaining and useful, and who has taken the lesson wisely to heart, has much the advantage of such a one in the long run. For time is a merciless artist in faces, and as the years go by he carves a line here, softens an outline there, until at last under his touches the soul within, be it good or evil, shines out clearly through the face. The peculiar fresh and animal loveliness which the French call "beaute du diable" owes its fascination chiefly to the magnetism which overflowing vitality and the perfect physical health of youth exerts upon us all; the charm which King David calls the "dew of thy youth," a charm which fades with the heat and burden of the day, but which while it lasts never fails to render its possessor admired. Emerson says that "a beautiful woman is a picture which drives all beholders nobly mad." But we cannot hang a beautiful woman upon the wall as a picture, nor stand her upon a pedestal as a statue; therefore, pleasant as beauty of feature and symmetry of form are to the eye, we require something more from those who are part and parcel of our daily lives. We all know pretty faces for which we care little or nothing and homely countenances which are fair to our sight because of the sterling soul which underlies them. There is a medium in all things, if one can find it, and the true lesson for children is that which teaches both the worth and worthlessness of personal beauty. A precious jewel shows to far greater advantage when handsomely set, and she who to culture of heart and mind adds rare personal attractions is well nigh irresistible. Yet the jewel is still valuable even if the setting be plain, and the connoisseur appreciates it, although the ignorant may not be dazzled by its light.

The irresistible attraction of wonderful beauty which drives men mad in spite of their judgment is something of which we read much more in romances and poetry than we ever discover in real life. True, wonderfully beautiful women are as scarce as white crows, but, for all that, some of the most beautiful women in the world never marry, or fail of happiness when they do. They believe in the complete fascination of their loveliness, and in the end wind up by believing that all men are heartless because they have found none who were irresistibly attracted.

Moreover, it is an undeniable fact that beautiful women often make most unsatisfactory wives. One might think that with such fair sights to gaze upon love would last forever; yet, in winning suitors, beauty is at a high premium; in holding them, at a considerable discount. The truth is that a beautiful woman wins admiration so easily that she often fails to realize that there are other qualities which must be cultivated in order to retain it. Certain characteristics are almost forced upon her by the fact of her beauty. Other women may have the same characteristics, but not from the same causes. The beauty may lack them, but it is not often that she does. She is almost certain to be spoiled, and in consequence to be selfish. A beautiful woman, for instance, is the recipient, not the donor. Her lips are much more accustomed to the phrase "Thank you" than "permit me." When two women, one pretty, the other plain, enter a crowded street car, the pretty girl seldom, if ever, has to stand; some man is almost certain to rise with alacrity and offer his seat, while the homely girl meets with no such courtesy.

Therein lies the root of the matter. Marriage is not perpetual sunshine any more than life may be. And in marriage beauty is not enough; in fact, in the wear and tear of daily life it counts for nothing against the qualities which the plain woman is forced to cultivate in self-defence, whether she will or not. Apart from any vanity or from any question of the fugitive quality of beauty as a foundation for love, a beautiful woman has, in most cases, been so spoiled by adulation that she cannot realize, as her homely sisters do, that she must exert herself after marriage even if she has never been called upon to do so before. How should she realize it? It has not been required of her in the past, she has only had to look in order to bring her lover to his knees. She has had no practice in being useful; all that has been asked of her has been to be ornamental.

Unfortunately, men, however deeply in love, are intensely human. There are certain qualities in a wife which the vast majority of men demand and must have, or there will be trouble in the family; gentleness, sympathy, honor, courage, and helpfulness. Unless a man is more anxious to have his wife admired than to have a helpmeet, there are many situations inevitable in married life when the most beautiful of women can be no more to her husband than the homeliest. The woman who possesses the highest attributes to character, womanliness, unselfishness, wifely affection, and common sense will make a far better wife than she who has only a lovely face and winning ways. There are times when potatoes are more to be desired than roses!

Canadian Women's Press Club.

Self Confidence Vital Element in Business.

By A BUSINESS MAN.

Some time ago, when I received a query from a man reading "How can I develop self-confidence in business and ease in social life?" I felt the temptation to answer with another personal question: "Why haven't you this self-confidence already to the degree that you possibly could need it?" But there is food for a discursive treatment of the man's question, for however responsible he may be for his condition, he is deserving of sympathy and the possible suggestions which may be pointed out.

There is one possibility that the man lacking this confidence and ease never may have had it under any conditions. This is a certain neurotic type of person who sees nothing but his own imperfections, and decries them systematically. Just as the ego mania type sees only his own perfections, this depressed type sees and feels his unfitness and shortcomings. Only some diagnosis of his nervous disease, with a possible treatment and cure, can help this type.

But in the great majority of the timorous ones in business and in society this feeling of painful self-consciousness in work or in recreation comes from the inward confessions of the person that he is incompetent in business and underbred for society. Why should this be so? How can the feeling be eliminated?

As a common sense proposition, no person is entitled to a place in the business or social world if for any length of time he shall be in such a state of mind. In business his whole atmosphere is that of uncertainty, and therefore is disconcerting and destructive to business method. In society the same lack of ease in the person himself becomes a painful ordeal for a whole company.

There are young and old men and women in these positions in both these worlds, however, and to treat the topic from a remedial point of view the individual must be asked to ask himself why within himself these things are so. One can imagine a business office where the atmosphere is such that the best and most conscientious worker possible to the field could be ill at ease. In the same way there are social "sets" where any one who has conscience—no matter what his mental and conventional equipment may be—could be nothing else than uneasy and under painful stress.

What is the cause of your lack of self-confidence in business? Why have you been pained and strained when in some social milling process? There are business houses in which the development of any degree of self-confidence would be impossible. There are types of men in business as proprietors whose innate vanity and self-worship make it impossible that they should ever delegate enough of the routine of business to another to make that other person sensible to the real necessity of a self-confidence. This old, jealous type of business man is dying out in the building of the great corporations, but there are enough of him left to disturb the equanimity of some of the young adventurers into his business field.

With this type of business man, who stands in under the most trifling details of his big business, a testy temper is a natural accompaniment. He cannot handle all details as he would like. He is irritated at the results of his failure. But when an employee, seeing an opportunity to practice a little self-confidence by taking an initiative, comes to the rescue of a business move, he promptly is choked into submission, or as promptly he rises in protest in defence of his position and act—and is discharged. But in all emphasis I would like to say for the benefit of the young man who is in such a position:

That discharge from such a firm for such a cause never can be more than a first step upward for such a man as has the qualifications for a successful future!

That there are two kinds of employers, one of them the absolute antithesis of the one I have described, can be shown in a little anecdote that came to me the other day from a big business house in Winnipeg. The manager of the company had been away for several weeks. His advertising manager in that absence had overlooked a chance that just before the manager's return proved to have been a great opportunity. The manager called his deputy in and made inquiry and comment upon the opportunity.

"But if I had taken that chance and it hadn't proved a good venture I would have got ——," was the defence of the advertising manager.

"But don't you think it would have been better to risk —— for doing something than to be getting —— for doing nothing?" was the retort of the company manager.

Concerning self-confidence in business, it may be said without chance of contradiction that the man who has the material in him for the making of a self-reliant business man scarcely need worry about "developing that necessary self-confidence. Just as he advances in the natural course of his business evolution, the necessary self-confidence will accompany the advancement. It cannot be otherwise if the man has undertaken only so much as he can handle. If an abnormal vanity and egotism have brought about the person's overweight of business, probably he never will discover the need for examining into the causes of his resultant failure.

No business ever has succeeded without the full complement of self-confidence in its management. Many people have an idea that all great businesses are mathematically exact in all their relations that have led to success. As a matter of fact, the most successful business in the world would be unable to keep track of its success without the ledger account of "profit and loss." Loss is one of the inevitables of business activities. How to turn a real loss into a potential gain commands admiration, but the man who makes the transformation will have his losses later, as already he has suffered them before.

Is a man justified by all the business circumstances and by all the judgments of a competent brain in taking a certain business risk? This is the only question asked to-day in many lines of business. Mere loss in the deal does not figure as essential to undoing self-confidence, if that confidence has been based in real qualification and judgment. Without the acceptance of the gauge of Risk, there would be no such thing as business activity; there could be no requirement for self-confidence in the business man. Conducting his own business, the man who is young or old must measure himself and find his self-confidence or fail. Where that man is an employee in some one else's business, my warning would be: Don't stay where you must be a self-conscious figurehead, devoid of all initiative and all responsibility.

John D. Rockefeller:—None can gainsay the power of the press, but the press should be truthful and fair to both sides in any controversy. You newspaper men should always bear in mind that one part of your mission, of inestimable value, is to make some of us in this great world better acquainted with some of the others. Your duty to do this is plain, and that duty well carried out is more than likely to smooth out many of the rough spots which all must encounter.

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Human Race Starved, Not Overfed.

By LILIAN FORBES, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.

Of late years a great deal has been written on the subject of so-called overfeeding. There has sprung up a school of medical writers whose text is that most men eat too much in the present day. It is time now to consider an opposite condition, which is probably far more common than is generally supposed.

Brain work may be quite as exhausting as the hardest physical labor. As is well known, mental effort does not strengthen the muscles and whet the appetite as does physical exertion. It may then be necessary, or at least salutary, to feed a man even better than if he were at hard bodily toil. The food supply in any individual case should bear an intimate relation with the work to be done, both as to quality and quantity. This seems a truism, and yet by many writers it has been strangely overlooked.

The word has gone forth that "overfeeding" is the vice of the day. Our individual feelings and nature's promptings may tend to contradict this dogma, but nevertheless it is not easily set aside or got rid of. "Good feeding" in the sense of "physiologically fit" can never be harmful. It is because food is often not physiologically suitable that it becomes injurious. It may quite easily be deficient in some important constituents, having regard to what is required of it. Such food, then, no matter how often partaken of in the day, or in what quantities, is physiologically akin to underfeeding. In the early days of Great Britain, when the food supply of the people mainly consisted of oatmeal or Indian meal, supplemented with potatoes, the two together formed a fine example of what a diet should not be. It was eked out with "buttermilk." Yet on this scanty diet men not only lived, but developed huge thews and sinews and lived to patriarchal ages. That is, some did. But the death rate was, in early life especially, simply appalling. Diseases like typhus fever, which a medical man in large practice may now not see once in a lifetime, were always present. On the slightest excuse an outbreak would become an epidemic. Whole villages were not only decimated, but annihilated. The middle ages are full of such ghastly chronicles of plague, pestilence, and famine. This was underfeeding with a vengeance.

At the present time, however, the conditions of the food supply of the people have materially altered and certainly improved. This in two important respects—viz., in quantity and variety. As to the former, the immense imports of meat and wheat have in great part done away with the necessity for salted provisions and low class cereals during the winter months. This has had an important and wholly beneficial influence on the national life and health.

In this the scientific observer sees not so much or so markedly the virulence of the type of disease as a reduced power of resistance among those attacked. The two are by no means identical. The death rate of many modern epidemics does not at all equal what obtained in former visitations. How is this? It is due to the fact that so many of those attacked ultimately recover. They have a power of resistance, seemingly innate, or perhaps acquired, by which death is parried. But in its simplest form the sick can make a better fight for life, and convalescence rather than death occurs in an increasing percentage. But if ever folk were underfed it was in the so-called middle ages. Then the food supply was always and everywhere deficient in quantity and quality. Medical records of that period tell of scurvy and scabies and a host of maladies, including, perhaps, leprosy, which have happily disappeared.

In the modern community the variety and the multiplication of articles of diet have been enormously increased. The diet of the people has also gained immensely in variety. This is an important matter when we consider the dynamics of food—that is, its capability of being changed into work. Every one who has devoted attention to the subject of supplying large bodies of men with a typical scale of provisions has recognized the paramount importance of change.

That an appreciable percentage of persons in the lower walks of life are now habitually underfed and in a condition bordering on inanition is a matter of common knowledge. Death by absolute starvation is infrequent. It is more often brought about by conditions of mind which are generated by, or directly connected with, insufficient feeding. Here the nervous system gives way and suicide closes the scene. Or the sufferer falls into a condition of chronic anaemia. They are especially frequent among children. Children suffer most and soonest from unsuitable or insufficient food. What is the duty of the community to these underfed children? Is it to pass on and leave them to their fate? Or is the better policy rather to neglect ethical considerations as to the duties of parents or the burden of taxpayers?

The basis of all foods consists of at least four essential elements; but it does not follow that all these elements will be present in equal proportions in various life sustaining substances. Thus, weight for weight, bread contains more carbon than meat, and meat more nitrogen than bread. These theoretical considerations are borne out by observed facts. It is a matter of common knowledge that the Eskimos eat largely of fatty matters, while the inhabitants of the tropics live chiefly on rice or other grain, on vegetables and fruits, eating sparingly of meat. Modern researches have shown that there is an intimate relation subsisting between the quality and quantity of food taken and the kind of work or "energy" into which it is eventually transformed. Hence a man's diet ought to depend in great part on his work.

In many cases the work a man has to do cannot be called strictly "natural." It is artificial, and the outcome of a complex civilization. The strain falls not on the body as a whole, but entirely on the nervous system, or, rather, the brain itself. The truth probably is that not only "high living," but the very best food materials which nature can give us are the proper pabulum for an active brain. The most highly paid and the most exhausting work is brain labor. The danger here is underfeeding rather than overfeeding. It is a curious but important fact that brain work, unlike manual labor, does not tend to produce a healthy appetite or to give an increased power of digesting the supplies of food required. Hence excessive brain activity is often associated with impaired digestion and impaired sleeping powers. It follows that the brain worker, or any man exposed to much nervous stimulation—and who is not in this age of hurry?—must be most carefully and most liberally fed. It is ridiculous to say that a man who gives such considerations their due importance is "overfed."

Are we as a people overfed? The answer is decidedly in the negative. The food supply of the country is not excessive, and undoubtedly large classes of the population are insufficiently nourished. Among the well-to-do classes the nature of the work performed by those who do work requires nutriment of a high quality and of a kind which nature produces sparingly. It must be prepared with skill, and, in a word, good food requires good cookery. Without this it is in great part wasted and may be even valueless. Brain work and sustained nerve energy require ample supplies of carefully prepared nutriment. The tendency is rather to underfeeding. Who has not met many men and women who would be better for a good beefsteak—if, alas! they could only digest it?

The Empress of Pacing Mares.

The Broncho, 2.00¾, the property of E. J. Rochon, of the Leland Hotel, Winnipeg, and John Doble, also of Winnipeg, broke several world's records in her sensational performance in the free for all at Cleveland on August 3rd. Since then she has started against time at Decautur and stepped one mile in 2.02. On Saturday, August 25th, at Galesburg, Ill., she again started against time on a heavy track without the aid of a pace-maker and minus a wind shield, and paced the mile easily in 2.00¾.

In her race at Cleveland, August 3rd, the game pacing daughter of Stormcliffe stepped the first mile in 2.03, breaking her former record by half a second. She came out for the second heat and stepped the mile in 2.03¼, breaking the world's record for pacing mares for the first two heats.

But her really sensational performance was in the third heat, when she negotiated the mile in 2.02¾, and romped home at that. The new records established by the Broncho are as follows:—

The fastest mile by a pacing mare in a race. This record she lowered twice during the afternoon, first by stepping the first heat in 2.03, and again by stepping the third mile in 2.02¾.

Another record:—The fastest two consecutive heats in a race by a pacing mare. Again:—The fastest three consecutive heats by any pacer.

Her performance beat that of Star Pointer made some 10 years ago, the Broncho's miles averaging a quarter of a second faster than those of the dethroned king, Star Pointer.

The following are the records made by the former champion and The Broncho, the newly crowned empress of pacers:—

	1st Heat.	2nd Heat.	3rd Heat.	Avge.
Broncho ...	2.03	2.03¼	2.02¾	2.03
Star Pointer	2.02½	2.03½	2.03¾	2.03¼

Up to August 3rd the fastest first heat by a mare in a race was credited to Hetty G., but the Broncho's performance wrested the laurels from the former named mare.

Her second heat was the fastest second heat ever paced by a mare in a race. Her third heat was the fastest third heat of a mare in a race, and her fastest mile during the afternoon, which stamps her as a mare of quality, gameness, and staying power. In the first heat she drew third position, but Charley Dean, her driver, captured the pole before she got well around the first turn, and after that she was never headed during the afternoon. It is gratifying to her present owners, as well as to all lovers of the light harness horse in Western Canada, to know that to a Western Canadian owned animal belongs the most coveted laurel and honor of winning the greatest race on record in the world.

During the race she behaved like a little lady, and her every movement was made with clock-like precision.

The Broncho, 2.02¾, was foaled in 1898. She was sired by Stormcliffe (11674), her dam Luxon by Autocrat, jr. (24674), grand dam by Twilight, by Lakeland Abdallah (351).

It will be seen by the above that she is bred in the purple, and the old saying holds good in her case, viz.: "Blood will tell."

Mr. R. D. Adams, of Dixon, Illinois, bred the Broncho, and sold her to her present owners for the sum of $10,000.

After the race at Cleveland, Messrs. Rochon & Doble refused $20,000 for their sensational pacing wonder.

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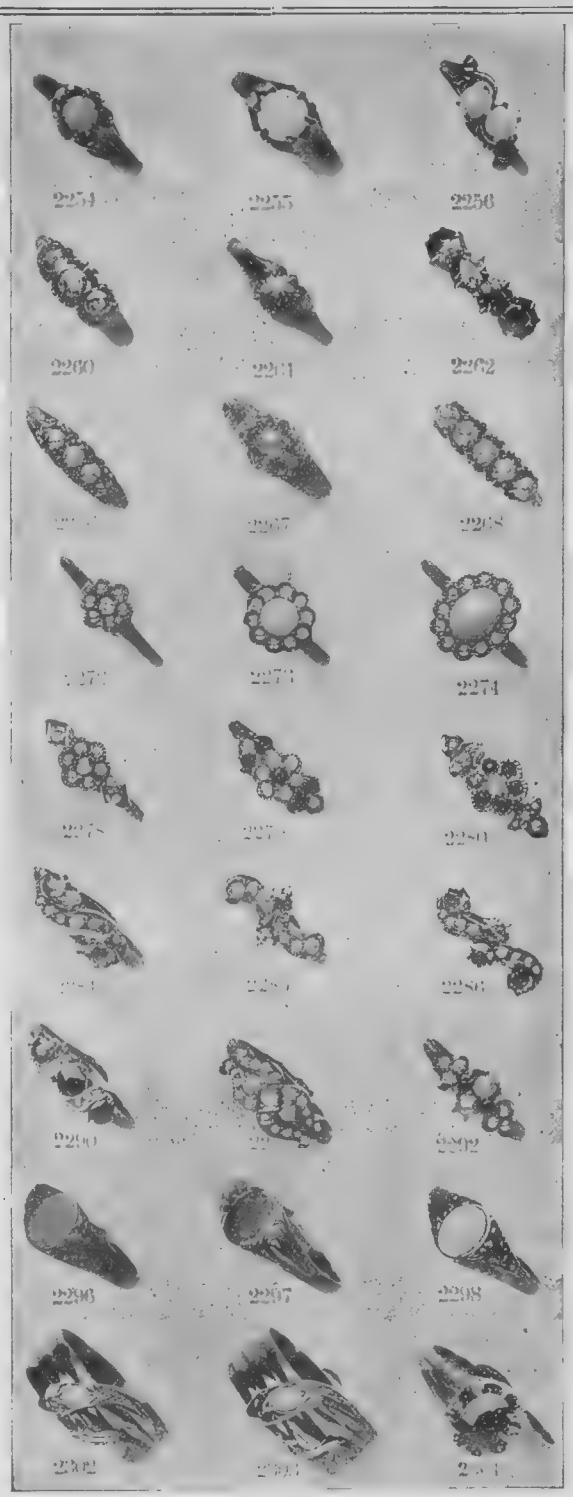
1,000 Facts About Canada.

The above is the title of a booklet just received for review. The title well conveys to the reader the contents of the book, which is compiled by Mr. Frank Yeigh, the well-known traveller and lecturer. It is in brief form a veritable encyclopedia of information regarding Canada, her development and resources. It is beautifully printed on heavy coated paper with delicately tinted half-tone illustrations, and is published by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming, the well-known piano manufacturers of Toronto. Any of our readers who are interested in the progress of Canada would find this brochure invaluable. It can be obtained from the publishers on request by sending eight cents to cover postage, mailing, and the cost of copyright matter. Mention the Western Home Monthly when writing.



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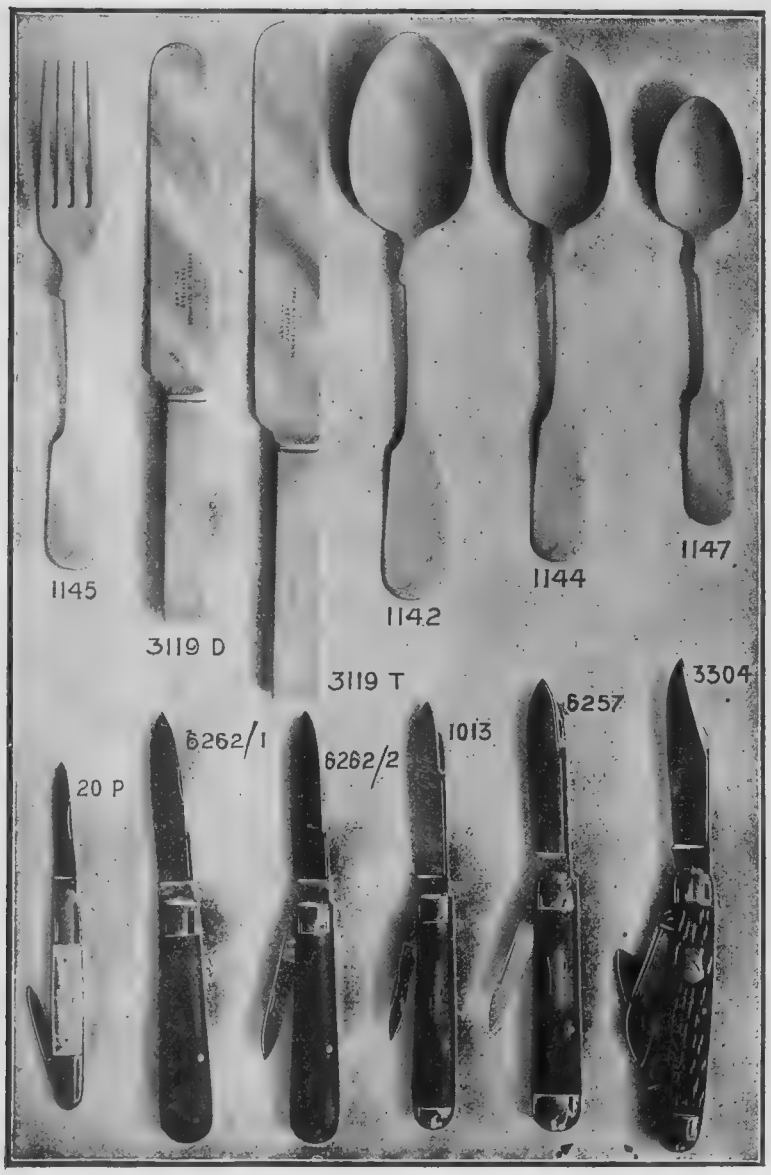

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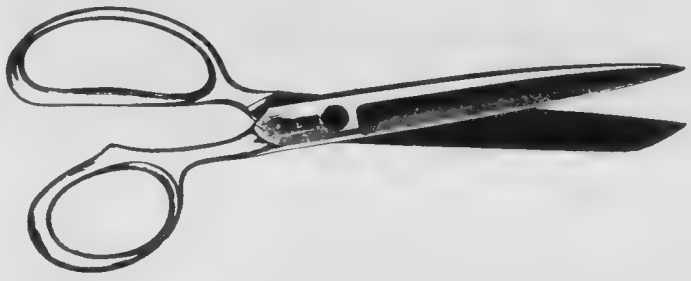

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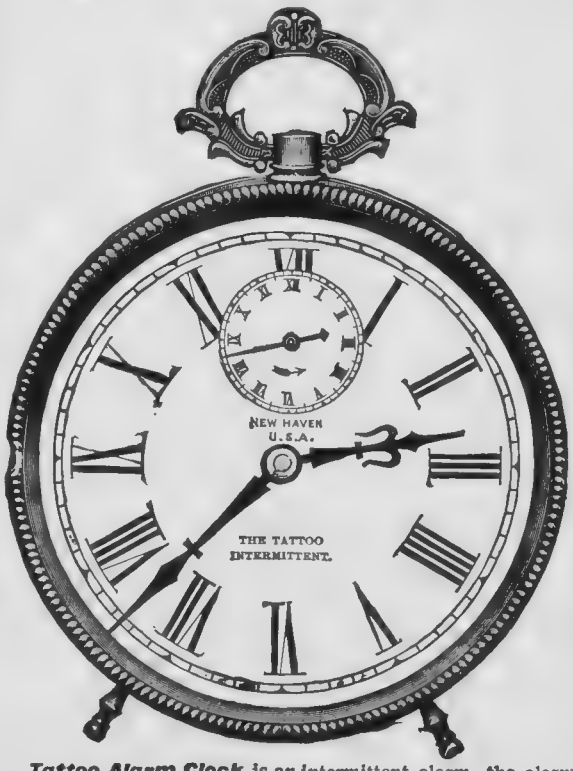

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The Young Man and His Problem

DOING OUR BEST. We are bound always to take the best plan; the best plan of life, on the whole, as far as it may lie within our own choice; the best course through each separate scene; the best way of doing each several duty. We have no right to act in an aimless and indolent manner, and then expect all our negligences and slips to be made up and corrected by an over-ruling providence. There is an over-ruling providence, but there is also a teaching wisdom of God, and if we wish to be fully under the protection of the one, we must open all our faculties to receive the instructions of the other.

ENTERING ON LIFE. Morning opens with painted clouds, and so does life. Many colored dreams of the future sail, slow moving, along the blue—romantic enough as a contrast to the reality when it comes. The far-off hills of our happy valley lie in the rosy light, hiding the roughness one day to be climbed, and sowing the earth with orient pearls. Change the figure; call life a voyage: it comes to the same. We sail out of the quiet harbor of early years, streamers flying, yards dressed—"Hope in the prow, and Pleasure at the helm"; but before we gain quiet waters again, what chances, changes, dangers, failures, anxieties, fears! Some, too light, turn over and sink with the first wind; some, wrong in the compass, or driven by a gale, drift on ruin, and perish; some go down battling bravely in the wild sea; some come back again, grey and weather-stained, but sails spread proudly, the light of home on all faces, deep laden with the wealth for which they have ventured so much and so far.

But success is rightly to be expected, and waits our winning in far more cases than it is realised. The vessel and the seamanship is as often at fault as the weather, or the bad markets. There are, of course, crowds of rivals, but there always have been so, and some prize, at least, is open to most who deserve it. Even young Hope sometimes half-fears as it looks the world in the face—and wonders how it is to push its way through the crowd. But, sursum corda, lift up your hearts, there's room for every brave and wise worker in the constant shiftings, openings, and changes of life. Like a flock of birds on a bough, it may take time for all to get into their places, but it comes in the end.

READING WITH A PURPOSE. In a recent book Sir Arthur Helps says: "What avails it to have perused the lives of the learned, and the witty, and the valiant, and the wise, if, without having gained one single rule of action, we merely remember that in all ages the generality of mankind have contrived to make themselves miserable by their own follies and their own vices; and that, when there would have been a happy one, he was persecuted? What avails it to have read so many polemical discussions, if we merely remember the intemperate zeal and the learned bitterness which gave equal animation to each contending party? Surely it would be better to remember Coleridge's 'Ode to Dejection,' Wordsworth's 'Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Early Childhood,' Shelley's 'Invocation to Night,' Southey's beautiful description of

'How happily the years
Of Thalaba went by,'

and the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' than to have read all the poets from Chaucer downwards, and possess a dim shadowy notion rather of their merits than of them—enough, forsooth, to talk critically.

We want the brilliant ideas of the poet, and the majestic thoughts of the philosopher, as companions for our weary hours, to charm away the solemn dulness of every-day life, to wander with us over the hills, in solitude to form the link between us and our fellow-creatures, in the society of those we love, to be a test of their perfect sympathy; and, therefore, we must not spare the labor of imprinting them on the tablets of memory for ever."

RICHES. The sanity of a man is mainly tested among his neighbors and kindred by the amount of consideration which he has consistently given to cash. If money has been the chief object of his life, and he, for its sake, has spared nobody, no sooner is he known to be successful, than admiration overpowers all the ill-will he has caused. He is shrewd, sagacious, long-headed and great; he has earned his success, and few even grudge, while many seek to get a slice of it; but, he, as a general rule, declines any premature distribution, and for this custody of his wealth he is admired all the more by those who have no hope of sharing it.

SELF-CONTROL. Herbert Spencer has said: "In the supremacy of self-control consists one of the perfections of the ideal man. Not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost, but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined—that it is which education, moral education, at least strives to produce."

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE BIG CITY. Most men, especially most young men, in towns and small cities long to go to the large city. When his New York, or Chicago, or St. Louis friends, with their stylish, well fitting clothes and superior air—all city people put on an air of superiority over town and country people, no matter what their relative social, material, and cultural positions may be—come down into the country on business or a vacation the village man is apt to regard them enviously as having achieved a higher and happier success than he has and to regret that he hasn't had the opportunity or enterprise to go to some great centre of population. If the discontented town or small city dweller knew how many people there are who wish they never had gone to big cities and would welcome a chance to escape them, he probably would be less discontented with his lot. Life in the big ty undeniably has many advantages. It is the centre of intellectual and social activity, of business, and of industry, as well as of population. There the great prizes of most kinds are to be won. Experience shows that if a man wants to rise in America as a statesman he would better stay in the country. But eminent success in the law, in art, in medicine, in journalism, and literature, in money-making, in fact, in almost every great field of human endeavor—usually must be achieved in the city. It is the place for the man who is confident he has strength enough to meet all comers, who has resolution to work incessantly, and who is so constituted that he never will be satisfied with any station below the topmost. Most people have not these qualities. Those who lack them would better stay in the country. They will prosper more there and be happier. And happiness is the chief end of life. It is what we all aim at.

"MADE, NOT BORN." Less and less emphasis is being placed on "born" ability. More and more men are coming to realize that a man's birth has less to do with his life than what he does after birth, and that what he does after birth depends not so much upon what he started with as upon what he wills to do. More than half a century ago Elihu Burritt, famous as the "learned blacksmith," who studied as he worked at the forge, carried a Greek grammar in his hat, and read Virgil and Cicero in the evenings, and finally was sought as a lecturer, adopted the motto "fit, non nascitur"—"made, not born"—as an improvement over the then current and wrongly placed emphasis on ability which was supposed to be born, not made. There is no question that God gives ability to some which He does not give to others; but it is equally beyond question that "only Omnipotence can stand in the way of a determined man."

WORDS. Medals of the mind, we may call words. And as the medals of creation from the geologic would reveal the working of creative energy, and the successive developments of the Divine idea, so words present a humanitary geology where histories, philosophies, and ethics lie embodied and embalmed. But this is a spiritual geology, its strata built up of the rich deposits of mind. With passionate fervour man pours himself on Nature. An irrepressible longing to express a secret sense of his unity with Nature possesses him, and from the consciousness, all plastic and aglow, rush words, infinitely free, rich and varied, laden with pathos and power, with passion, poetry, humor, thought.

INFLUENCE. Every life is a profession of faith, and exercises an inevitable and silent propaganda. As far as lies in its power it tends to transform the universe and humanity into its own image. Every man is a centre of perpetual radiation, like a luminous body; he is, as it were, a beacon which entices a ship upon the rocks if it does not guide it into port. Every man is a priest, even involuntarily; his conduct is an unspoken sermon, which is for ever preaching to others; but there are priests of Baal, of Moloch, and of all the false gods. Such is the high force of example.

THE PENALTY OF MISTAKES. Nature pays no attention to motives. Her penalties for our mistakes are just as severe as her penalties for our sins. The pistol that we "didn't know was loaded" does just as deadly work as the pistol that is used in murder. The wreck or fire caused by carelessness is just as destructive as the wreck or fire caused by deliberate intent. And there is little doubt that the actual number of disasters and accidents and sorrows in the world due to mistakes is greater than the number of those that are the result of what we call deliberate sin. Thoughtlessness is sin. Let us think of this the next time we are tempted to excuse ourselves to ourselves on the ground that we "didn't mean to."

CONVERSATION OF MEN OF GENIUS. In view of the fact that the art of conversation is a difficult one, it is of interest to know something about men of genius in the matter. Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical. Butler was either sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsociable, and even irritable, when pressed into conversation. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse, and stupid—he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then, he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull; his humor saturnine and reserved. Corneille, in conversation, was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Jonson used to sit silent in company, and suck his wine and their humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good co..pany with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox, in conversation, never flagged; his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious, as was also Grotius. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt was "like a pleasant stream" in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs. Emerson has the charm of a good listener, and is quite as willing to be talked to as to talk. And, we may add, in conclusion, great talkers are very seldom good conversationalists.

CIVILISATION. Civilisation is nothing more than a complicated outcome of a war waged with Nature by man in Society to prevent her from putting into execution in his case her law of Natural Selection. Civilisations are lost as well as gained. All existing savages possibly are, and some of them certainly are, in a state of civilisation below that which their ancestors occupied, and there is no intrinsic tendency in human societies separately, to pass ever on and ever up to something better and higher and nobler. A state of high civilisation is difficult to keep as well as difficult to gain. . . . Is it not possible that there may never have existed a time in the history of mankind as a whole when there were not among those composing it persons potentially as good—persons exhibiting as high a capacity—as any among those who now go to make up mankind?

The Way Criminals Are Made.

In order to have fewer criminals we must quit making criminals. The way we treat our criminals from the time they are arrested until the time they are discharged from custody, as a rule, converts petty criminals into real criminals. When a man has committed a petty offence, if he were managed right, his first correction would probably be his reformation.

No one who has had any experience with our police courts, city prisons, county jails, justice's courts and criminal courts generally, can deny that there is much ground for complaint for every criminal who passes through these experiences.

First, the manner of their arrest. The ordinary policeman makes a savage and brutal arrest. His manner is overbearing and threatening, and sometimes, even cruel. The use of his club is a common occurrence. The use of brutal language is a still more common occurrence.

To treat a man arrested as though he were already a criminal is almost universal. He is then hauled up before the turnkey of the city prison. There he is searched, and whatever he possesses is taken from him. The manner in which this is done often arouses the fury of the victim, if he has any spirit left at all. He is then put in a cell. All intercourse with the outer world is denied him, as a rule. After a day or two he is dragged before the police court by the police officer. There he finds every man opposed to him. The prosecuting attorney, of course, is opposed to him. It is the prosecuting attorney's function to convict all criminals that are brought before him.

The policeman that made the arrest is opposed to him. Even the judge finds it much easier to be opposed to the prisoner than to be just to him. Should the judge discharge the prisoner as being not guilty of the offence for which he was arrested, he will offend the policeman. Such a decision on the part of the judge endangers the standing of the policeman.

Thus it is, that when a policeman makes an arrest it is very important that the man arrested should be convicted, and the police judge knows this full well, and is naturally inclined to justify the policeman, if he can, rather than the man arrested.

After his trial, which is usually a very short one, at which he is not allowed to say much, in which many times no witnesses have been called in his defence, he receives a sentence a fine or imprisonment. This performance convinces the prisoner that he has not had a fair trial. He may have been guilty of many crimes, or he may be even guilty of the crime for which he has been tried; but he knows he has had a slip-shod trial; that he has not been justly dealt with; that the evidence had been imperfect, if not false, and that he would not have been treated in such a manner if he had been a man of money or influence.

This hardens his heart, fills him with revenge, and he only waits the time when he is at liberty again to attempt to avenge himself on society.

When he is tried he may not be, at heart, a criminal at all. He may have simply made a mistake or done some hasty act, actuated by some unusual passion, or some sudden temptation. But, having passed through a trial like this and endured an imprisonment on poor fare and hard labor, all the latent fury and revenge within him is aroused and he becomes an enemy to the civilization that has treated him in this manner. This is the way criminals are made. Most of our criminal courts are criminal manufacturers.

These men ought to be given a fair trial. They ought to be treated with consideration; every impression that their trial has been slipshod avoided. Men should not be given a hasty trial because they are poor. A man should not be denied the privileges of defence, because he is friendless. The state should provide for every man, who is charged with a crime, ample facilities for a fair trial. To convict a man of a crime when the man knows himself that he is not guilty of the crime, will generally change a well-meaning man into a real criminal. If anything can make a criminal of a man, such a procedure will.

It is safe to say that three-fourths of the criminals that are undergoing imprisonment in this country, honestly believe that they have been unfairly treated. Some of them may be mistaken, of course, but many of them are not. They know full well that money or influence would have given them a better chance to defend themselves; and, many of them believe that a fair trial would have proven their innocence.

To be put in prison under the faulty methods now in vogue so embitter the spirit of the convict that kind treatment in prison is futile. Missionary effort to soften his heart is without avail. The consciousness that he would not be there if he had been given decent consideration poisons his every thought and makes it impossible for any one to do him any good.

First offence criminals are generally converted into second offence criminals by the arbitrary, careless, offhand legal machinery that has tried and convicted them.

The meanest citizen is entitled to a decent trial. He is entitled to all the defence that can be produced. He is entitled to an opportunity to give his version of the story. He is entitled to the services of a good lawyer, who will see to it that justice is done him.

It is a menace to a free country that any man should be falsely imprisoned, no matter how degraded he may be. Every man who is behind the bars today, unfairly convicted of crime, is not only a stigma upon our civilization, but a dangerous spirit to let loose in the world.

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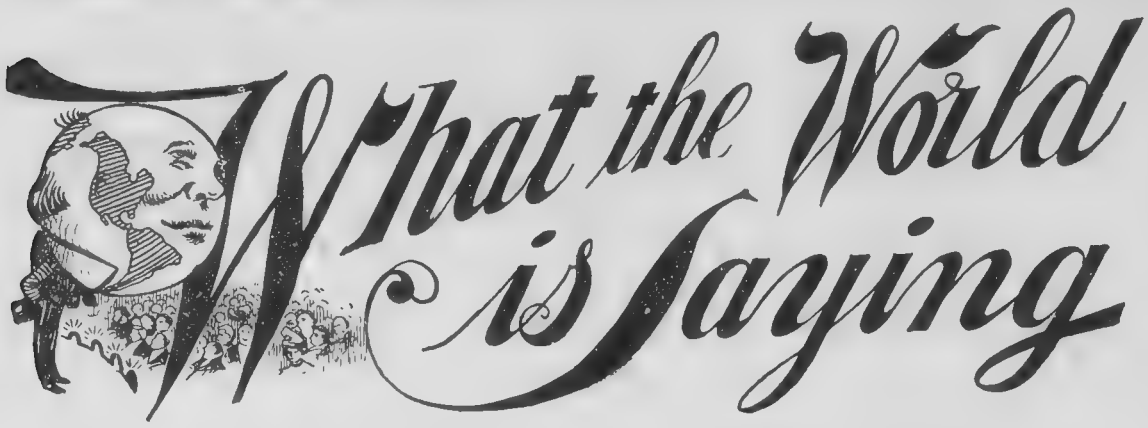

Montreal's Splendid Street Car System.

Montreal has long been noted for the excellence of its street car service. This has been due to the wisdom and foresight of those in active management of the company in leaving nothing undone in the way of providing the best possible equipment. For some months past the officers and engineers of the Montreal Street Railway Company have been in consultation over the question of improvements. After careful consideration it was decided that the increase in traffic justified the purchase of a 1,000 K. W. Westinghouse railway generator, as well as three 500 K. W. Westinghouse motor generators sets, for the new cars, which promise to be the easiest of any in Canada, twenty quadruple equipments of Westinghouse air brakes with motor driven compressors. The fact of the Montreal Street Railway adopting the Westinghouse apparatus and intrusting the making of this costly equipment to the Canadian Westinghouse is clear evidence that Canada is now able to compete with the world in everything electrical.

The Passing of the French-Canadian.

Le Nationaliste recently published an article headed "Those Who Are Going To Die," to the effect that in a quarter of a century French Canadians will have ceased to be a political factor in the government of Canada. Public documents showed that since 1901 there have been 580,222 immigrants brought into the country, and by 1911 this will have increased to 2,300,000. This will necessitate 78 new English speaking members in the House of Commons. This will increase their numbers to 290 or 300, while there will still be only 65 French speaking. By the time Canada has a population of 25,000,000 in 1913, the representation will be 400 to 20 or 30. The paper declaims against filling up the West with English speaking immigrants at the expense of the taxpayers of Quebec, who have furnished about a third of the taxes, receiving in return only one per cent. of immigration.

Sir Frederick Treves and the Secret of Success.

The great English physician has been giving a series of heart to heart talks to students of the medical profession. These talks have a value outside the profession of medicine. We quote a paragraph:—

The lives of men who have become eminent in the medical profession emphatically demonstrate that unearned money counts for nothing in the struggle to excel, and of this fact the interesting autobiography of Sir James Paget provides a graphic illustration. If it is hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, it is still harder for a man so burdened to enter with advantage upon the career of medicine. In like manner, neither influence nor an initial social position is to be reckoned as conducive to real success. No influence in the world will make a worthless man worthy nor an incompetent man capable. It is a broken reed which reveals the feebleness of the unready, while to the strong man it is no fit substitute for his own stout staff. To any young man who feels that he is hampered in his start in life by the lack of what is called a social standing I would commend these words of Hans Andersen: "To be born in a duck's nest in a farmyard is of no consequence to a bird if it is hatched from a swan's egg." Once more, it is a common plea of the faint-hearted that success depends mainly upon luck, and that their rival has attained a position by a bestowal of good fortune which has been denied to them. I am no believer in luck, and the man who is content to wait for a stroke of good fortune will probably wait until he has a stroke of paralysis. Luck in any serious profession means nothing more than this: that the man to whom it comes is ready for an opportunity when it presents itself.

Edison's New Role.

Thomas A. Edison, the electrical wizard, has come to the help of the working man. He has come to the conclusion that whole houses moulded in a single casting out of solid concrete will provide cosy homes for working men at a cost of from one-sixth to one-fourth of what the average mechanic pays to-day. He intends to make the experiment next year at Warren Cove, N. J. Describing the plan in detail, Edison said:

I purpose, after obtaining the designs, to have metallic moulds made to correspond with them. The mould for each house will be made in detachable parts. There will be separate plates and small moulds that can be screwed together easily to form one mould for an entire house. That a fine finish may be obtained the inside surfaces of the parts will be nickel plated. After a mould for a whole house is set up, it will be a very simple matter to pump concrete into every nook and cranny. The pumping process will not require more than a few hours. After four days that at most will be necessary for the hardening of the concrete the parts of the mould will be unscrewed and taken off, and a solid concrete house will remain.

The Evils of a Large City.

There is a popular notion abroad that a city gains in wealth and prosperity in the exact ratio of its increase in population. But economists are not with the public in this matter. Goldwin Smith, in the Weekly Sun, says:—

Not the least of the evils and dangers of the age are the desertion of the country for the city and the excessive growth of urban population. In England the effect upon national health and vigor, as revealed in recruiting for the army, is very serious and is greatly deplored. Mr. Bryce said the other day that 200,000 was about the limit of desirable population for a city. The population of Toronto must now well beyond that mark. Yet the council is setting on foot a canvassing apparatus to draw more people into the city. The notion that a city gains in wealth and prosperity by an inordinate increase of its population is unfounded. It is particularly unfounded in the case of a city like Toronto, of which the attractions are residential, and the streets unfitted for heavy traffic. There is an increase of the evils of city life and of the slums. Toronto is about large enough, and she had better turn her attention to her sanitation and adornment than to the artificial increase of her population.

The Awakening of the Sleeping Giant.

That China is yielding to the western influences and beginning to make extensive public works is evidenced by a despatch in the U. S. consular reports, which say that the contract for the Canton waterworks has just been awarded to a German firm. The concession for the supply of water, and for electric lighting in the city of Newchwang, has been secured by an Englishman, and British capitalists will be offered the investments. According to a correspondent of London Commercial Intelligence, negotiations are now going on for the electric lighting of the native city of Shanghai, and the contract for this is likely to be secured by a German firm. The greatest development of all is taking place in connection with railways, and the Chinese themselves are forming companies and raising capital for building the lines. It would seem a good opportunity for railway contractors to secure some good business. So long as there is nothing in the shape of a concession or exclusive control, the Chinese are willing to co-operate with contractors for the building of the various lines. The flotation of companies to work mineral deposits in China seems to have commenced in real earnest, but in the present attitude of the Chinese Government there appears to be no security for foreign capital. Even when the concessions are absolutely secured, the composition of the boards of directors is not such as will command confidence.

When the Flying Machine Comes.

Beyond the possibilities of a peradventure it is coming. Its coming will revolutionize the fundamental principles of society; privacy will be unknown. A writer in the Chicago Record-Herald says:—

Political boundaries will become mere shadowy delimitations. But the first and foremost consideration will be the increasing risk to human life and property, and from a realization of that fact will follow a general demand for the regulation of aerial traffic. The safety of human life and property being the first consideration, it will follow that aerodromes must conform to legal regulations in many respects. Of course, the strength and stability of the machine must be established beyond question; this certainly as to public carriers, and probably also as to individual machines. As the owners of automobiles strenuously resisted the application of laws regulating their speed and prescribing the numbering and lighting system, and limiting the emission of noxous vapors and smoke, so will the future aeronaut protest against local laws that limit his freedom; but also without success. So it will happen that, at least in populous centres, the aerodromes will be required to start from and alight at certain prescribed points, probably on the outskirts of the cities. It cannot be contemplated with equanimity that a score of persons below should be put in jeopardy of their lives through the possible carelessness of an aeronaut above them in the management of his machine. Apart from the danger to life below of a falling machine would be the dropping of oil and refuse.

Is Polygamy Practised in the West?

A staff correspondent of the Globe, in dealing with the Mormon settlement in Alberta, says one of the leaders, John I. Taylor, is the happy possessor of five wives, though only one of them lives on this side of the border, that being the condition exacted by Sir John Macdonald when the Mormons first negotiated for settlement in Alberta. It is believed that, with very few exceptions, this condition has been loyally accepted. It would be idle to deny, however, that rumours to the contrary are abundant in the neighborhood. There is considerable feeling in some quarters against the curious sect, and some responsible men have not hesitated to charge them with the practice of polygamy in Canada. The subject is a delicate and difficult one, and may possibly be worthy of attention from the Government of the Province. If the charges now so rife were investigated and disproved, supposing they can be disproved, the feeling against the Mormons in some quarters would disappear or diminish. Others who doubt that polygamy is practised ask if it is not, at any rate, still taught in Canada. As to this, it is quite certain that if a Gentile undertakes to attack the theory of polygamy apart from its practice, the average Mormon feels called upon to defend it. Any other attitude would seem to cast discredit upon the founders of the church, upon many of its present leaders, and upon the numerous descendants of Brigham Young, who was in a very real sense the father of his people, and several of whose sons and grandsons are dwelling in Southern Alberta.

Inspection of Canadian Canned Meat.

In view of the revelations following the inspection of the Chicago slaughter houses, it is of interest to know that Canadian packing houses are practically free from the evils discovered by the author of the "Jungle":—

The Dominion Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Sydney Fisher, ordered an investigation to be made, some time ago, upon the sanitary condition of the canned meat industries and the slaughter houses of Canada. He also arranged with the Minister of Inland Revenue to have analysis made of the canned meats as offered for sale throughout the Dominion. An extract from the report of Thos. McFarlane, Chief Analyst, is to hand. Samples of canned meats during June and July were obtained from the various inspection districts of Canada, to the number of 322. The goods were packed in Canada and the United States, and were on sale in this country. A satisfactory result was obtained. On opening the tins it was noted as to whether the meats appeared to be fresh and destitute of any disagreeable odor, and they were tested as to whether any preservatives had been used in packing them. Only four samples out of the total collection were found to give evidence of decomposition, a proportion amounting only to 1.4 per cent. The preservatives sought for were salicylic benzoic, sulphurous, and boric acids, but only the last-named was detected in a comparatively small number of samples, and in quantity not exceeding the limit fixed by the English Parliamentary commission of 0.5 per cent., and probably added in the shape of borax. There were 51 such samples among the 322 collected, or 15.8 per cent. This proportion is less than in the collection of 1903, when the proportion of samples containing borax amounted to 21.2 per cent.

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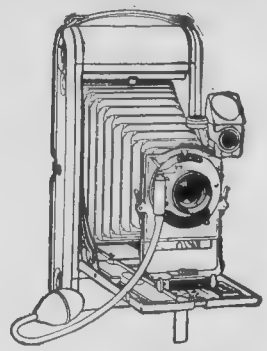

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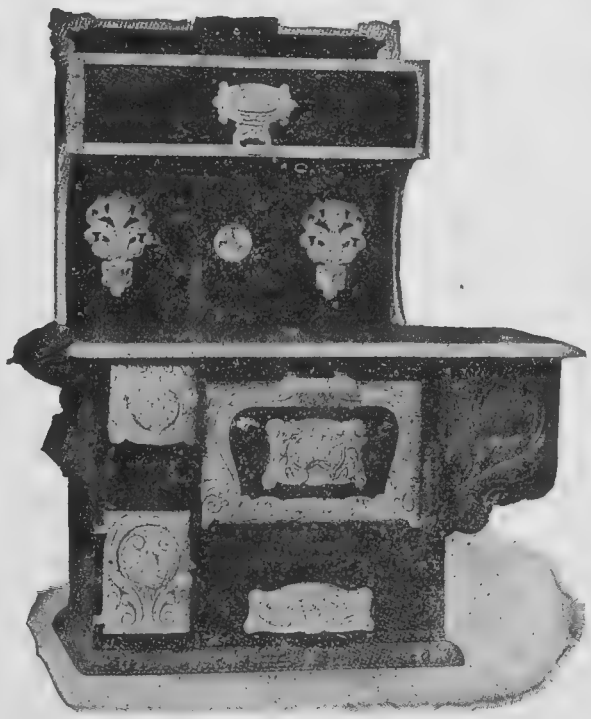

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Winnipeg, Man.

THE CENSUS.

Official Figures for the Towns and Cities of Three Provinces.

The quinquennial census of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta has now been completed, and the official figures given out relating only to the cities and towns give the following figures regarding the population:—

Manitoba.

	1901.	1906.
WINNIPEG	42,340	90,216
Brandon	5,620	10,409
Carman	1,439	1,530
Dauphin	1,135	1,671
Gladstone	731	828
Gretna	666	646
Killarney	585	1,117
Manitou	617	716
Minnedosa	1,052	1,300
Morden	1,522	1,438
Neepawa	1,418	1,895
Pilot Mound	443	589
Portage la Prairie	3,901	4,985
St. Boniface	2,019	5,120
Souris	838	1,413
Stonewall	589	1,074
Totals	64,918	124,947
Increase in five years		60,029

Saskatchewan.

Alameda	104	333
Arcola	129	652
Carnduff	190	491
Davidson	...	520
Indian Head	768	1,545
Moose Jaw	1,558	6,250
Oxbow	230	530
Qu'Appelle	434	778
Regina	2,249	6,217
Saskatoon	113	3,031
Wapella	397	459
Whitewood	359	501
Wolseley	409	835
Totals	6,940	22,142
Increase in five years		15,202

Prince Albert not officially given.

Alberta.

Calgary	4,091	11,937
Cardstone	639	1,002
Edmonton	2,626	11,534
Fort Saskatchewan	306	586
Lacombe	499	1,015
Leduc	112	391
Lethbridge-Stafford	2,072	2,325
Macleod	796	1,144
Ponoka	151	473
Red Deer	323	1,420
Strathcona	1,550	2,927
Wetaskiwin	555	1,348
Totals	13,715	37,025
Increase in five years		23,310

New Commission Company for Winnipeg.

The Simpson-Hepworth Co., Limited, is a company recently organized under the Dominion of Canada Companies' Act for the purpose of carrying on a grain commission business, and the large experience the principals of this company have had in the grain business of the country, and their past record is sufficient guarantee to shippers that their interests will be in good hands.

Frank G. Simpson for twenty-four years was connected with the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. as General superintendent of their wheat buying department. He is thoroughly informed on all conditions of the grain business, one of the best known men in the west, and a grain expert.

A. T. Hepworth has been known to the trade for many years in connection with Manitoba shipments to Duluth, Minnesota, he having had direct charge of all shipments to that point for thirteen years, and has had valuable experience in American markets. Last year he accepted a responsible position with the Ogilvies, but seeing the rapid strides the country is making in grain production, Messrs. Simpson and Hepworth concluded to join forces and organize a grain commission business, knowing that their combined experience would place them in an excellent position to work to advantage for shippers, obtaining for them every fraction of a cent possible for their grain, and their ability to do this should gain for them the confidence of their customers, and thereby build up a large business.

They have the best wishes of the Western Home Monthly for their success.

There is to the full as much truth as satire in the time-worn story of the spinster of 80 years, who when asked by a mischievous girl at what age a woman ceased to think of getting married, answered: "I don't know, dear; you must ask someone older than I am."

MARRIAGE THE GOAL OF ALL.

Marriage is the day-dream of all.

"When and where shall
I meet him, if ever,
What are the words which he will first say?
How shall the barriers, now that sever
Our kindred spirits, be broken away?"

It is of importance that both men and women should marry. The custom of marriage is an ancient prehistoric one, and it is more than improbable that mankind will ever arrive at such a pitch of civilization as to be able to dispense with it. Would-be reformers have found defects in the system, as it exists, but no one has yet succeeded in inventing anything better to take its place. Even the so-called modern proposal that marriage shall be merely a contract for a term of years, instead of "until death do ye part," and that the children, alike of rich and poor, shall be brought up and educated by the state, is as old as Plato, and finds no more favor with those for whose behoof it is designed than it did in his day. A happy marriage is about as near an approach to Paradise as is possible on earth. Marriage is the one thing in all the world about which it is invariably advisable to make haste slowly.

"Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by One,
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear: 'For life, for death!'
O, fear to call it loving!"

Up to date there have been recorded the usual number of drowning fatalities. The "usual" number, and that's a large one, the exact figures are difficult to get at. Most of the deaths are due to the carelessness, the cock-sure-ness of the canoeist.

LOSS OF LIFE BY DROWNING.

He rocked the boat to show how brave he was. She stood up in the canoe and waved her hands, to let her friends on the shore see what a good time she was having—then a plunge, a scream, a hand uplifted, and the waters passed on as before. The citizens who are drowned year by year are generally young, native-born, energetic, daring, and of a greater potential value than silver mines or fields of wheat. Says the Toronto News: "The annual loss of life by drowning in Ontario, if tabulated and reduced to a percentage, would prove to be appalling. It has been stated that proportionately more lives are lost every year by drowning in Canada than by snake bite in India. We have been in the habit of regarding plague, earthquake and death by violence as greater calamities than our own. What has been wanting is a realization of the true situation." And yet there is every reason to believe that death by drowning is preventable in most instances. Generally the catastrophe takes place through an insane foolhardiness which cannot be condoned.

There appears to be a growing interest among managers in plays of religious import. According to announcements as to managerial plans for the coming season, some of the most talented and popular players on the American stage will venture forth in plays

THE POPULARITY OF THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA.

which are either directly founded on Biblical subjects or are entirely religious in their aspect and bearing. It is with considerable curiosity that the outcome of these experiments will be awaited. Tyrone Power will appear in a play which has been made out of the Marie Corelli novel, "Barabbas," by the authoress herself. The period is that during the life of Christ. The part to be assumed by Mr. Power will be that of Barabbas, the thief, a character which will be found to be ideal rather than traditional. Power will be remembered as the creator of a Judas of great strength and distinction in Mrs. Fiske's "Mary of Magdala," and in Barabbas should find a role equally suitable and effective. "Mizpah," which is the joint product of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searelle, will be presented in this city in September. It tells in lyric form the scriptural story of Esther, the Jewish maiden, who rose from obscurity to be the bride of Ahasuerus, king of Persia, and later became the salvation of her tribe. It will mark Mrs. Wilcox's first contribution to the stage, and although tentative productions of the work have been made in San Francisco and Boston, the metropolitan verdict is yet to be passed. The cast will be headed by Elizabeth Kennedy, who will appear as Esther, and Charles Dalton, who will be the king. Music incidental to the action has been written by Mr. Searelle, who is an English composer.

Rev. Dr. A. C. Dixon, who for some years has been the distinguished pastor of Ruggles Street Baptist Institutional Church, Boston, has been relating some of his experiences. They will be of interest to all Christian workers. He says: "The institutional church,

THE FAILURE OF THE INSTITUTIONAL CHURCH.

if plentifully supplied with money, is in danger of pauperizing the community in which it is located, while it repels the self-respecting workingman. Families living three miles away have been advised by neighboring charity workers to move into the community of Ruggles Street Baptist Church for the purpose of receiving help; and, when they come with that motive, it is almost impossible to really benefit them, wh[illegible] congestion of such families around the church does much to pauperize the whole community. And when a church has made a reputation of helping the poor with a liberal hand, the independent workingman hesitates to go to it, lest he may be considered as seeking charity, against which his soul revolts. One of our most intelligent mechanics tells me that when he asked his godless shopmates to come to the Ruggles Street Church with him, one of them replied: 'I am no beggar. Why should I go there?' And we find ourselves in the rather unusual predicament of having to live down a reputation for charity work before we can reach the very men for whose benefit the church was endowed. The body is redeemed, and Christians should do all they can to relieve physical wants, but the great work of the church is the redemption of the soul, and everything else should be made secondary to that."

One of the traits of the Canadian Pacific character has been its sublime optimism. This optimistic spirit has been incarnated in Wm. Whyte. Sane, prophetic and energetic, he has worked wonders, both for the C. P. R. and Western Canada. There

THE OPTIMISM OF VICE-PRES. WHYTE.

are few men better fitted to speak of the West than the distinguished Vice-President of the C. P. R. He knows the country, has means of communication possessed by few. In a recent interview at Victoria he dwelt at length upon all the points of the labor question, which, both as regards agricultural and domestic service, is much more acute in the east; and, touching the matter of Chinese labor, he deprecated the attitude of the labor organizations as inconsistent and ill-advised, as it was originally through the attitude of the artisans that Chinese labor had been first imported, and at the present juncture it would not interfere with the labor interests. The influx of Japanese had been checked by the course of Japanese enterprise being diverted to Manchuria and Corea, and provided that the removal of the poll tax with a view to the admission of Chinese labor were joined with strict instructions limiting their sphere of activity to agriculture, market gardening and laundry work, he thought that such a step could not be other than beneficial to the country, and he trusted that when this fact was fully grasped by the men, their opposition would be voluntarily withdrawn; the step suggested not constituting any menace to their legitimate rights or conflicting with their vested interests. Mr. Whyte makes a distinction between colonization and immigration, the former being a process of careful selection, as distinguished from the latter indiscriminate methods.

Andrew Carnegie says that millionaires never smile; the care of their wealth is too sobering in its effect. Chicago has some juvenile millionaires who will not be troubled by this smile-dispelling influence. They are, and for many years they will remain, millionaires in name only. They are the three grand-

YOUNG MILLIONAIRES WHO MAY SMILE.

children of the late Marshall Field. Marshall, the oldest of the trio, is twelve years old; Henry is nine, and Gwendoline is four. By the terms of their grandfather's will they are not to come into possession of the Field millions until Marshall reaches the age of fifty. During their childhood, it is further provided by this will, the children are to be kept in ignorance of the great fortunes in store for them—if that is possible. They are to be brought up as ordinary children, and made to believe that they are comparatively poor. The experiment is a curious one, and there are two results which will be watched for with interest. One is the degree of success with which Mr. Field's plan will be executed; and the other is the effect on the character and career of each of the subjects of the experiment.

Public attention is being slowly awakened to the obvious fact that the mortality of infants under one year is appalling. The Mayor of Huddersfield (Eng.) was so impressed that he offered a prize to every working-class mother whose babe attained the age

INFANT MORTALITY.

of twelve months during his year of office. But while the prizes of a benevolent mayor may do good locally, we want more general succour for these helpless creatures. Of course, it might be contended that already there are agencies at work to provide a better state of things, and we might point to our district nurses, maternity hospitals and rescue homes. But to two of these a stigma attaches, and all of them but touch on the fringe of the necessity. Until we lessen, at an appreciable rate, the countless number of mothers who toil up to the very hour of their confinement, insufficiently fed, poorly clad, unattended and neglected; and who rise pallid and weak to resume their toil in a few days after the child's birth, we cannot boast much of our provision. Nor can we be surprised that such a babe, thrown upon the care of an elder child, or the charity of a neighbour woman, while its mother spends the long day in wareroom or factory, has a hard fight for existence, and that if it lives at all it is a literal example of "the survival of the fittest."

A writer to the Chicago Tribune voices the longings of many of her sex in the following statement of her case: "I am a girl without a talent and no beauty. Can you imagine a more hopeless case, and do you wonder that I am downhearted and

"HOW TO BE PRETTY THOUGH PLAIN."

not getting much out of life? Don't tell me to be good. Goodness doesn't win friends like good looks and talent."

The answer given is one that every pretty as well as "plain" person should take to heart. Here it is: "Aside from the talent of being beautifully amiable, polite, prompt, and cheerful, which you perhaps will include under the term of goodness and which do win hosts of friends in the long run, and multitudes of genuine admirers among men and girls, old and young, there are many talents that may be won, and which add much to any one's attractivene One of these is the voice. If you do not possess already a truly melodious and sweet voice cultivate it and render your speech d[illegible]ate and quiet. By this is not meant a halting, hesitating delivery, but a quiet, gentle voice; the words well chosen, the accents clear and soft. The power of such a voice will keep a whole roomful of people hanging on its accents, whereas the hasty and strident speaker tires the listener; her conversation loses its good points, and the hearers are unimpressed. Another talent that may be cultivated is good carriage. Carry yourself well, and you have added much to your looks. Take a little course in gymnastics if possible until you understand how to be limber and lissome and how to hold yourself erectly and gracefully. If you have opportunity at all to play games it is a good thing to know how to play well, whether in tennis, golf, cards, or bowling. First, last, and foremost enter into the spirit of every occasion and contribute your mite toward making every occasion where you are present a genuine success. Nothing will so speed your efforts as a deep rooted wish to fulfill your part in the scheme of the world, to play your little instrument to the best of your ability in the orchestra of the whole wherein each of us contribute our own melody. Set out to win the talents, whatever these be, and know that now or later you will secure them. Take a broad, hearty, healthy, wholesome view of what it is to be good, great, and useful, and you will find your life more than worth while."

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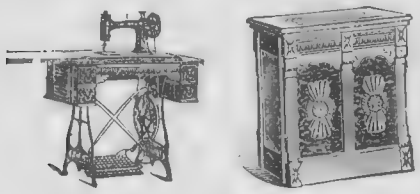

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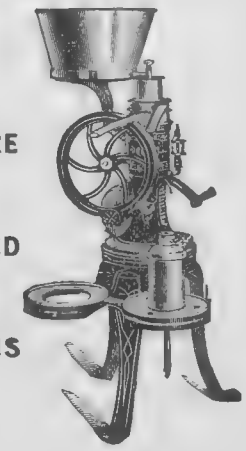

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344 Portage Ave. WINNIPEG.

Motto for the month.

The daily round, the common task,
Will give us all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, the road
That brings us daily nearer God.

THE MOTTO. I am sure the month of August has brought the women all over the Canadian west "room to deny themselves." Through the long scorching days when the city seemed red hot my heart has ached for the women who have toiled all day in hot kitchens cooking for the harvest hands. This work is hard enough in ordinary August weather, but the exceptional heat must have added tenfold to the weariness of the days. I can only hope that the latter half of the motto has been equally true, and that the strain and stress of these days has drawn the tired housewives nearer to the source of all comfort.

August was a month of unusual trial for the editor of the page, so perhaps for that reason my thoughts have gone out more than ordinarily to those who are troubled and burdened.

Day after day I found my mind dwelling on those lovely lines of Whittier's:—

"Drop Thy still dews of quietness
'Till all our strivings cease.
Take from our hearts the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

"Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm.
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire,
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
Oh, still, small voice of calm."

To me there is no more perfect or heart-expressive prayer in the English language. When we remember that Whittier was a man and a bachelor, it is the more surprising how often his poems seem to fit into woman's need. Perhaps the explanation is, that there is something of the mother in every good man. Somewhere I have seen the expression "the mother heart of God," and no doubt there is a connection between the two.

CANADIAN AUTHORS. I see from the publishers' lists that there will be a perfect grist of novels by Canadian authors on the market this fall. Sir Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, Arthur Stringer, Norman Duncan, who are Canadians abroad, have all books that are due between now and Christmas, and of the Canadian novelists still content with their own land, Ralph Connor, R. E. Knowles, Marion Keith and W. A. Fraser also have new books on the way or about to arrive. There are several others, perhaps not so well known, but equally good, that have books in the publishers' hands that will make a stir about Christmas time, and one of these is by a Manitoba woman.

A charming reprint of a quaint Canadian novel is already out; this is "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell," by Jean McIlwraith. Another novel by a Canadian writer that is new on the market is "The Spanish Dowry," by Lily Dougall, erstwhile of Montreal, and now of Oxford, England. This story has not the strength of either "Beggars All" or "What Necessity Knows," but it is nevertheless a book well worth the reading. The character studies, which are Lily Dougall's strong point, are exceptionally well done and realistic. The principal character is that of a cripple lad and his whims and fancies make interesting reading, and show that the author has lost none of her early power along this line.

Once upon a time I wrote and asked her if there was not to be a sequel to "Beggars All," to my thinking one of the cleverest character studies of the past twenty years. In a reply she told me that some day she would write a book which, though not a sequel, would give the working out of the after career of "Star" and her burglar husband. So far this book has never appeared. I am sure all who have read "Beggars All" will hope that some day we may have it.

A recent commentary on Canadian novelists quite took my fancy. It pointed out that Canadian writers were eagerly read by Canadians, and this not because they were Canadian writers, but because they had something good to offer. This is as it should be, but I confess it was news to me, as I have always rather feared that until of very late years the Canadian writer was not without honor save in his own country and among his own kindred.

A LONDON WOMAN IN CANADA. This last month I had a call from a woman member of the staff of the Dominion Immigration Office, London, England. Her object in coming to Canada is to grow familiar with Canadian conditions, more especially in the west, in order that she may be in a better position to give intelligent advice to intending immigrants when they apply to the London office. Truly this is a move in the right direction, and one that will be productive of much good, both to the intending immigrants and to Canada. After a couple of months in Canada she told me she felt sure that the wrong class of women were being reached, though she would hardly care to make that statement public over her own name until she had looked into the question further.

She will visit the ranch country, and go to Vancouver and Victoria and make inquiry into the outlook for women in that province also.

The fact that this one woman has come out on so practical an errand will not revolutionize the whole question of female immigration to Canada, but it is a step in that direction, and says much for the growing desire to be correctly informed as to Canada and its possibilities.

CHILDREN WANTED. One of the officers of the Children's Shelter in Winnipeg tells me there is quite a growing demand for little girls to adopt. Children from two to four are the ages most in request, and these requests come frequently from good farm homes where the children will have every care and advantage. The demand seems to be confined to girls, the boy of that age is not wanted. This seems to indicate a desire for the child for the sake of child life and companionship rather than from any idea of obtaining a servant to work without wages, and is a hopeful sign for our new communities. It set me thinking of the scheme of Ellinor C. L. Close for the benefit of pauper children in England. She has gone into the matter very thoroughly, and has found that the capital expended on the existing institutions for pauper children in England works out to the enormous total of £250 to £275 per head, or about £54,000 for every 200 children. The sites of the buildings, where land is too dear, represent an outlay very often for one building of £12,000, and then there is rarely more than two or three acres of ground attached to it.

Mrs. Close proposes that the English poor guardians be empowered to procure a number of small farms in the colonies, preferably Canada, well away from towns. Each farm to be capable of receiving 15 to 20 children, and that anything resembling an institution be carefully avoided. She thinks farms of 200 to 300 acres would be sufficient. She further suggests that two ladies and two servants be placed in charge of each of the farms, which should be under the supervision of a gentleman who is a practical farmer. She advises the bringing out of the children at two or three years of age, and having them brought up on these farms and educated at the public schools; out of school hours for them to be trained, the boys in farm work and the girls in all kinds of house work. Boys that show a disposition that way to be trained as carpenters, ironworkers, painters, etc.

When the children have reached the ages of twelve or fifteen they can be returned to England, if they so desire. In the meantime, they will have grown up in pure and healthful surroundings at a cost to the English poor guardians of not more than a tithe of what they would have cost in England. If they choose to return to England, they will go better fitted in mind and body to do well by the land of their birth, and if they choose to remain in Canada they will already know the best means of making a livelihood out of the land.

A friend brought me a number of papers in connection with this scheme from England last spring. He had had the advantage of a long talk with Mrs. Close, and was enthused over the scheme. It seems feasible to me, and I was at once struck with the possibilities for such farms in the West, and more especially in British Columbia, where there is such a growing opportunity for the cultivation of small fruits, in which children can be profitably employed.

I would be glad if readers of the page would send in any suggestions about this scheme pro. and con., as this magazine is pre-eminently the place to discuss such a question.

OLD WIVES AND YOUNG HUSBANDS. One or two recent engagements have once more drawn my attention to the increasing number of marriages where the husbands are much younger than their wives. I have written about this before, but it is a question on which I feel so strongly that once more I lift my voice in protest.

There seems positively to be an epidemic of this thing, and it cannot stop too soon. Women are wholly to blame in this matter, for while it is a well known fact that men from time long past have fallen in love with women older than themselves, it is quite as well established that these fancies do not last, and older women should have more sense. The fact that they will reap what they have sown is not sufficient, for they are not the only sufferers. Such marriages are not good for minds or morals; race suicide and many other evils follow in the train of such doings. Personally, there is something absolutely revolting to me in such marriages. I feel sometimes that there should be a law against it. Perhaps that is going too strongly, but the practice is a bad one and tends to lower the dignity of all women in the eyes of all men.

Swedish Jelly.—Cover a knuckle of veal with water, add a small onion and a carrot and let it boil until the meat is ready to fall off the bone. Take the meat and hash it fine and return it to liquor after it is strained and give it another boil until it jellies. Add salt, pepper, the juice and rind of a lemon cut fine, then pour into a form. Put it into a cold place. It makes a nice dish for lunch or tea. If the knuckle of veal is large use three quarts of water, if small, two quarts, and let it boil slowly three or four hours, or until it is reduced to about half the quantity of water put in.

Poetry of the Hour.

We Are Better Off.

Rockefeller, so they say,
Powerful and great,
Had a birthday Saturday,
He is sixty-eight.

Dun and Bradstreet give John D.
A tremendous "rate."
He is rich as he can be,
—But he's sixty-eight.

John D.'s face is hard and grim,
Hair has left his pate,
Indigestion sports with him,
And he's sixty-eight.

Fame like his is out of reach,
I may not be great.
But my appetite's a peach,
—And he's sixty-eight.

Then, too, I have poet's hair,
Think of John D.'s fate,
For his cocoanut is bare,
—And he's sixty-eight.

Envy the sublime John D.?
Nay. I joy to state.
I am only thirty-three,
—He is sixty-eight.

—Toronto News.

The Diver.

I have plunged into life, O God,
As the diver into the sea,
Knowing and heeding naught
Save thine old command to me
To go and seek for thy pearl,
Hidden wherever it be.

And the waters are in my eyes;
They clutch at my straining breath:
They beat in my ears; yet, "Seek"
My heart still whispereth,
And I grope. and forbear to call
On the easy rescuer, Death.

For thy pearl must be here in the sands.
If ever a warrant there be
For that old command of thine
To plunge into life and see.
So I search, for I trust in thy truth,
O thou Lord of the Truth, and of me.
—Lily A. Lang, in Harper's Magazine

A Ballad of Vegetables.

By Joseph Meehan.

A potato went out on a mash
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me!" observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Go 'way!" the onion, weeping, cried;
"Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin be your lawful bride—
You canteloupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came,
And lay down at her feet:
"You cauliflower by any name
And it will smell as wheat;
And I, too, am an earlyrose,
And you I've come to see;
So don't turnip your lovely nose,
But spinachat with me."

"I do not carrot at all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please!"
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!
Go ,think that you have never seen
Myself, or smelled my sigh:
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your rye!"

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed;
"My cherryshed bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me!"
And as the wily tuber spoke
He caught her by surprise,
And, giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.

—Philadelphia Record.

Childless.

Oh the endless, endless sorrow of to-morrow and to-morrow,
And the endless, useless heartbreak after yesterday that's gone,
Is the only mocking guerdon of the arms that bear no burden,
And the breast no baby fingers beat upon.

For I'm ever calling, calling for the tiny footsteps falling,
And the music-haunted clamour of their voices on the stair,
Then they die away and leave me. but the ache remains to grieve me,,
And the silence and the shadows still are there.

—Mollie A. Cassels..

The Singers.

One fought through error to the truth—there clung
The stain of mire to his robe.
And so, when won the light at last, he sung
The chastened song of Job.
Another to the voice was ne'er untrue
He'd heard his childish heart within—
And, lo! he sang of joy unmixed with rue,
To hearts to his akin.

Which sings of truth the clearer of the twain?
Whose song will echo from the past
To gladden hearts unborn, as gladdens rain
The parching earth at last?

—William Wallace Whitelock.

The Broken Chord.

Very weary, weary was he—
Weary of glare and weary of din;
All night long to a thoughtless throng
Playing his violin.
But now, at last, he has fallen asleep,
Sound as a babe on its mother's lap.
For he never heard, though it hung by his bed,
A string of his fiddle snap.

Ah! never mind; it is only a string—
They often break, giving no warning;
Let the child sleep, for he can mend
The broken chord in the morning.

Very weary, weary was he;
Sore of soul, and heavy of heart;
All life long to a heedless throng
Playing his loveless part.
But now, at last, he has fallen asleep,
Sound as a babe in slumber lapt,
And no one heard when the silver chord
Of his weary life was snapt.

Ah never mind; it is only Death—
It often comes, giving no warning.
Let the child sleep, for God will mend
The broken chord in the morning.

—From "A Broken Silence," by S. K. Cowan, M.A.

Gladness and Sadness

'Twas a clipping from a paper,
Telling of some funny caper
On the stage.
And I read it every letter,
Thinking I had seen no better
For an age.

Then I turned the clipping over
With no purpose to discover
What was there,
But in smiling contemplation
Of the author's new creation
Rich and rare.

As I looked I know I started;
From my lips the smile departed,
For I saw,
Printed there in uncut column,
Notices of death, sad, solemn,
Full of awe.

And I thought,Come grief or pleasure.
Meted out with equal measure,
I may laugh,
But some other one is wailing,
For the tear's the smile's unfailing
Other half.

—George H. Tudhope.

In The Open.

I have thrown the throttle open and am tearing down His track;
I have thrown it out to full-speed and no hand can hold me back!
'Tis my arm controls the engine, tho' another owns the rail,
But for once I'm in the open and the yard-lights pass and pale!

Green lights! Red lights! He has hung His lanterns out!
Caution here! Danger ho! and what's the man about!
'Tis true he owns the engine to do as he has done.
But how about the Final Word—when he ends the run?

So from siding on to junction point now I shall have my day;
I have stopped to read no orders, but I take the right-of-way.
Down the open grade I thunder and around the curve I swing,
For my hand is on the throttle and my heart shall have its fling!

Light lost! Life lost! Flag. O flag the others back!
Switch the wreck! Ditch the wreck! Dare any block His track?
There creeps into the Terminal the man who had his day.
But I wonder, O my Soul, just what His God will say?

—Arthur Stringer.

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What to Wear and when to wear it

Hot Weather Goods. The scorching days of the second week of August were a godsend to the merchants. Everything in the way of summer ready-to-wear stuff went like hot cakes, and certainly there were good bargains. Much of these goods were so new in design that they will be quite the thing for early summer next year, and they certainly were remarkably low in price. On the 19th of the month the weather changed suddenly, and it really was amusing to see the zeal with which everyone went to the buying of fall coats. I gave you a good account of fall styles in coats and suits last month, and I am only going to remark that the "Chappie" coat has proved a great success. It is close enough to be stylish and loose enough to be comfortable, so that it answers both ways. The mixed plaids have proved the best sellers, and the coats with touches of plain cloth or velvet on collar and pockets are in the lead.

The loose tweed coat of good cut is quite the thing over the smart silk shirtwaist or the handsome gown of voile or crepe, and in this way the economical woman is able to get considerably more wear out of her summer gowns.

Hats. The wholesale millinery openings come on the fourth of September, and judging by the stir in wholesale circles are going to be something good to see. The smart outing hat in French felt, either white, fawn or fancy pastel shades, is quite in evidence.

Evening Gowns. The prudent girls will already be thinking of what they want for evening wear this fall, and will be planning accordingly, even in the intervals of looking after harvest hands and getting ready for threshers. If the threshing is successful, as it promises to be, there will be the greater chance for pretty gowns, and it is just as well to know exactly what you do want when daddy's purse is open at the end of that strenuous period that marks the ingathering and marketing of the wheat crop.

Pompadour Silks. The Parisians have revived the pompadour silks with good effect, and they are coming in the most lovely designs and at very reasonable prices. The flowered silks are always better value than the plain ones for the simple reason they never show soil or wear as quickly. The pompadour silks will come in both thin and heavy weaves, but the thin supple silks will lead, and you cannot get too much into a gown. That is a thing for the girl who makes her gown at home to remember. You cannot have the skirt too full, and draped flounces will be very popular. The effect of these thin flowered silks full and flouncy and floating gracefully round a pretty girlish figure, is very charming, and it is much easier to make a full gown of thin silk look well when made at home, than it is a rich silk cut on more severe lines. For the girl who does a good deal of going out in fall and winter I would recommend one of these flowered silks. That, with a good black that has both an afternoon and evening waist, will get you through a whole winter of gaieties, and if you can add a plain cream all wool frock, so much the better. You can always send them to the city and have them cleaned for a very reasonable figure.

Flowered Slips. By the way, a new fad and a pretty one is to wear a slip of flowered silk under a gown of sheer mull, mousseline, or chiffon, and the effect is delightful, for as the wearer moves you get glimpses of the flowers that are quite enchanting. This is an opportunity for the girl who may have one of grandmother's old flowered silk gowns laid away. There might not be enough good in it to make a gown, but there might easily be enough to make a slip.

Colors. Brown is steadily coming to the front, and will be much in evidence in the velvet shirtwaist suits of the fall. The tones are changing, and the sombre wood browns with hints of red or the duller leaf browns are more popular than the golden browns of the past season. Brown is always a beautiful color for fall and winter; it combines well with so many of the furs and can be brightened by any or all of the yellows and reds. Yellows, as I said before, will be popular, especially in the form of touches of color on hat or gown.

Plaid Silks. The tartans for individual waists are still good, though not so popular as last winter, but tartan silks are being used quite extensively to trim solid dark colors, and the effect is good. The tartan silks are produced more successfully in taffeta than in any other silk. An odd combination, but a good one, is a gown of heavy rajah silk touched with decorations of bright tartan taffeta. Both rajah and pongee silks are good for winter, particularly in the heavy weaves.

Overskirts. There is a desperate effort to revive the old time overskirt, without much success, I am glad to say, although they were certainly a boon in making one new gown out of two old ones. Just at present the effort is along the line of oddly draped flounces that start at the waist line and travel in wonderful meanderings over the skirt. Some of them are really pretty, but I doubt the home dressmaker having much success with them.

Wool Norfolks. The knitted jackets that are so comfortable for fall and winter wear are coming this year in the form of Norfolk jackets, with pockets and belts. They are an excellent wrap for early fall and winter, and splendid for skating in, in the winter time, especially where the ice is covered. Reds, greens and whites are the colors most seen, with a few plaids and a few deep blues.

E. C. H.

When starching toilet covers, or anything that has fringe trimmings, double the cover into four, and gather the fringe tightly into the hand; hold it firmly while you dip the middle of the cover into the starch. When dry, shake the fringe well, comb carefully with a large toilet comb, and it will fall as softly and prettily as when new.

'Tis Well to Know a Good Thing, said Mrs. Surface to Mrs. Knowwell, when they met in the street. "Why, where have you been for a week back?" "Oh, just down to the store for a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil," and Mrs. Surface, who hates puns, walked on. But she remembered, and when she contracted a weak back there was another customer for Eclectric Oil.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Andrew Carnegie: — Millionaires never smile; the care of their wealth is too sobering in its effect.

Wm. Jennings Bryan:—There is as much inspiration in a noble life as in a heroic death.

New York Commercial:—The safest pleasures have some risks; a man is reported injured in a French duel.

Senator Stephen B. Elkins: — A clever man once said to his son: "John, when you chase the dollars, all right; but look out, my boy, when the dollars chase you."

Anonymous:—To say everyone is talking about him is a eulogy, but to say everyone is talking about her is an elegy.

New York Herald:—Dowie has been ousted from Zion City by the courts. Now is the time for him to "make good" as a "restorer."

Sir Richard Steele:—The reason that there is such a general outcry against flatterers is that there are so very few good ones.

James M. Jones:—Revenge is sweet, till you take it, and discover, when too late, what noxious evil drugs lurk within its sugared coat, itself relaxing.

Goldwin Smith: — The fruits of money laid out in preparation for any skilled calling, as in training for a profession, are capital and entitled to share under that head.

W. S. Edgecomb:—The duty of every Orangeman being to aid and defend all loyal subjects of every religious persuasion in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights.

Lyman Abbott:—The age of competition is giving way to the age of combination. There is no power that can stop this tendency. In the coming age all the creeds and sects will be united, because the coming age is to be a fraternal one.

Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.:—Real leaders of men do not come forward offering to lead. They show the way, and when it has been found to lead to victory they accept as a matter of course the allegiance of those who have followed.

Jeremy Collier:—Despair makes a despicable figure, and is descended from a mean original. It is the offspring of fear, laziness, and impatience. It argues a defect of spirit and resolution, and oftentimes of honesty, too.

Yale Expositor:—Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his billboard to pay his board bill the board bill no longer bored Bill.

Premier Scott:—It is now brought to the point where concrete terms are being considered. The prime minister is most favorably impressed and I have the utmost confidence that the Hudson Bay railway will within a comparatively short time be an actuality.

Newton Dwight Hillis:—Each nation hungers for heroes. When it has none, God sends poets to invent them as soul food for the nation's youth. The best gift to a people is not vineyards nor overflowing granaries, nor thronged wharves, nor rich fleets, but a good man and great, whose example and influence repeat greatness in all the people.

James Montgomery:—The Christian church that keeps house for itself need not wonder should it very soon have nothing but the house to keep.

Maltbie D. Babcock:—One of the commonest mistakes, and one of the costliest, is thinking that success is due to some genius, some magic,—something or other which we do not possess. Success is generally due to holding on, and failure to letting go.

Maxim Gorky:—America, you who astound the world with your millionaires, look first to the children on the East Side, and consider the menace they hold out to you! The boast of riches when there is an East Side is a stupid boast.

Sir Charles Rivers Wilson:—We are under obligations to carry the trade of the Canadian Northwest through Canadian ports, and the great bulk will come over the eastern line and find their terminal exits at Quebec in summer, and at Halifax and St. John in winter.

Sir Frederick Treves:—Briefly enumerated, the qualifications which make for a successful professional career are health, serviceable knowledge, sympathy and honesty. Industry is pre-supposed, just as one cannot conceive of a moving millwheel without a stream.

British Weekly:—Life has been worth while for Mr. Chamberlain, and it is still worth while. He is ready for new battles. He asks no mercy, and he will give none. There is something, we repeat, that refreshes and comforts in this magnificent vitality.

Charles Wagner:—Science, although splendid in its achievements, a great power, and worthy of all our acknowledgments, is, however, limited in its scope, and cannot sustain this infinity called life. He who would live from what he knows, and provision his being with nothing but certitudes of the so-called positive order, would perish of inanition.

S. T. Rucker, M.D.:—Another striking illustration of the effect of our strenuous civilization in producing disease is the rapid increase in the number of deaths from heart disease. One hundred and twenty-five persons died recently in one week in New York city from heart disease, while the deaths for the corresponding week in 1904 were fifty-six.

President Roosevelt: — Tell the Pope that I sent him my profound regards. I have tried to treat Protestants and Catholics alike, as my latest appointments show. I will try to perpetuate this policy. The Republic will stand for many a century. I expect that there will be Catholic Presidents as well as Protestant. I trust that all will treat each other as I have tried to do.

Ram's Horn:—A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complaining of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl, as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed: "What shall I do to get warm?" "I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee puts on another breastpin."

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler:—It is merely the fashion nowadays for women to pretend that they don't fear God or love their husbands, while, as a matter of fact, ninety-nine women out of every hundred do both. We can't help doing it: it's what we're made for. A woman who at the bottom of her heart doesn't fear God and love her husband is a freak.

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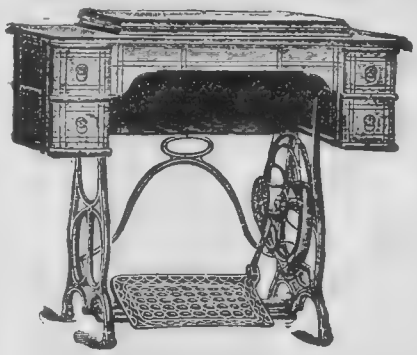

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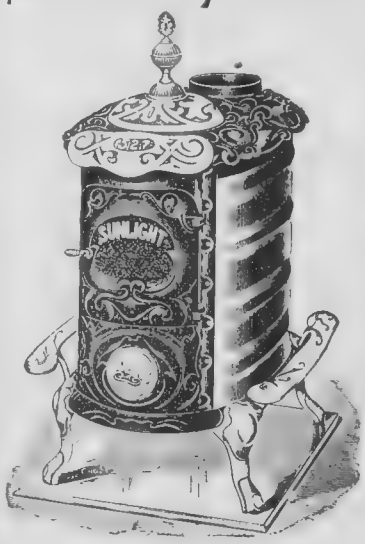

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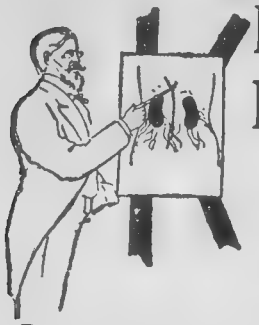

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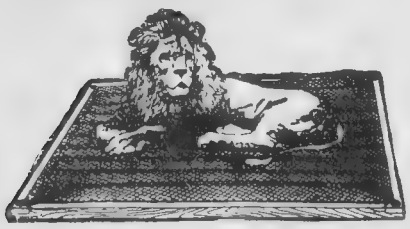

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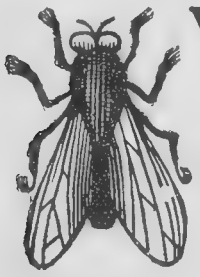

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of price specified. Order by number, stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

6721-6722—A Utility Frock.

When Mistress Fashion conceived the shirt waist she realized the acme of good st le and practicability. For general wear there is nothing to compare with the shirt waist dress, and here is a suggestion of smart style in a blouse of soft silk and a gored circular skirt. The waist owes much of its distinction to the plastron yoke, which may be stitched, piped or trimmed with another color. The sleeves may be in three-quarter or full length with a choice of two styles of cuff. The skirt is the latest guise of the circular model, lacking the only fault of the one-piece style, that of sagging, and possessing all of its virtues. It fits smoothly over the hips and hangs with increasing fulness to the lower edge. For the medium size 3½ yards of 27-inch goods are needed for the waist and 5¾ yards 44 inches wide for the skirt.

Two patterns: 6721—sizes, 32 to 42

inches bust measure; 6722—sizes, 20 to 32 inches waist.

The price of these patterns is 30c, but either will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4024—A Little Slip and Guimpe Dress.

Those who fashion little people's clothes appreciate the amount of labor involved in the garbing of little busybodies who are continually getting into dirt of some kind and must yet present a pleasing appearance all of the time. The little guimpe dress has been a favorite for some time, because it enables the small lady to be daintily clad in some soft white stuff next the face, while the frock proper consists of dark material which will not show soil. A guimpe is a small thing to launder, yet it gives the effect of a fresh dress every day. The small dress portrayed consists of a slip made of dark plaid, serge, and a guimpe of white lawn daintily tucked in yoke effect. The slip fastens in back or on the shoulders. It is finished at the waist with a narrow stitched belt. A novel idea for trimming consists in bands of plain or contrasting material which face the neck and armhole edges. The design is a very practical one, as it is easily made and easy to keep clean. For the medium size the slip requires 2½ yards of 36-inch goods, while the guimpe demands 1¼ yards.

4024—sizes, 5 to 12 years. Price, 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

4751—A Boy's Sailor Blouse Suit.

The small boy's needs are always prominent to the mother who cares for his apparelling. This is often rather expensive if everything must be purchased ready made, so a suggestion for a small sailor blouse is given here. The shield is removable, so that if this is the first to become

soiled it may be replaced by a fresh one. The broad collar is of the long, graceful order, and bordered with another color or braid will be very fetching. The front of the blouse closes in Duchess manner. Cheviot would be excellent for this suit, while white flannel or serge might also serve. For the medium size 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material are needed.

4751—sizes, 4 to 8 years. Price, 15 cents.

Special Offer—This pattern, with any one other pattern in this issue, together with one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly—all three for 50 cents.

Diabetic Institute

1550 ST. CATHERINE ST., MONTREAL

Dr. J. E. BERGERON, Medical Director.

SWORN STATEMENT OF A POSITIVE CURE OF DIABETES.

Affidavit:—

I, J. F. Lavcheveque, Merchant, certify that I have been completely cured of Diabetes by Dr. J. E. Bergeron's treatment. I have been well now for two years—I have recovered my former strength and am able to attend again to my business.

J. F. Lavcheveque, Merchant,
491 Champlain St., Montreal.

Sworn before me
J. U. PITT, N.P.

This needs no comment.

THE STRONG MAN

One of the indications of a strong man which has been recognized from time immemorial is an abundant growth of hair. It may not be clear at first how the hair on a man's head can effect his strength, but nothing is more certain than the fact that it makes a stronger personality. Physically, it may affect him chiefly as Nature's protection against cold and catarrh, but it also adds to his magnetism, and force of character. These are traits which are absolutely essential to success in life. Can you afford to be without them?

If you are bald

that difficulty can be removed by one of our wigs or toupees.

We have them upwards from $15.00. Write for our free booklet.

The Manitoba Hair Goods
301 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anaemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for $1.25, at all druggists.

DON'T BUY GASOLINE ENGINES

UNTIL YOU INVESTIGATE "THE MASTER WORKMAN," a two-cylinder gasoline, kerosene or alcohol engine, superior to any one-cylinder engine; revolutionizing power. Its weight and bulk are half that of single cylinder engines, with greater durability. Costs Less to Buy—Less to Run. Quickly, easily started. Vibration practically overcome. Cheaply mounted on any wagon. It is a combination portable, stationary or traction engine. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. THE TEMPLE PUMP CO., Mfrs., Meagher and 15th Sts., Chicago. THIS IS OUR FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

Write for our Fall and Winter Catalogue.

Our Fall and Winter Catalogue has been issued. If you have been in the habit of getting our catalogue in the past, you should have a copy of the new one now; if you have not, we want you to write to us without delay, as the one we sent has likely gone astray in the mails.

If you have not been getting our catalogue, we want to hear from you also and we will see that you have one forthwith.

This catalogue is too valuable to be without. It is a veritable style book. The garments illustrated and described are the latest creations in the world of fashion. It is a dictionary of low prices. We buy in such quantities, and for cash, that we are able to quote the lowest prices on every article that is required for wear, or for the home.

Our catalogue is the medium between the store, and the people living outside of the City. By means of it they are given the same selections that they would have if they were buying over the counters, and they pay the same prices.

All orders received by us are promptly filled, and promptly shipped, very much more promptly than formerly, for our system is working more perfectly than it did at first, and it will continue to improve.

In ordering it is always advisable to make up a shipment of 100 pounds or more, then the goods can be sent at the minimum freight charge. If the goods you require do not make up that amount have your neighbors send their orders with yours. When filling the order we will pack each separately, and label it, and then we will ship all together as directed. That will mean that all will share in the transportation charges, which will make them comparatively light for each.

But write for our Fall and Winter catalogue, and see what we are offering. We think ourselves that you will find it a great improvement on our first as we have been studying Western needs during the fourteen months we have been established in Winnipeg.

IN BUYING FROM US OUR CUSTOMERS TAKE NO RISK

THE T. EATON Co. LIMITED

GOODS THAT ARE NOT SATISFACTORY CAN BE RETURNED TO US

Modern House Painting

of the best type requires the use of Stephens Pure Paint, because it makes a better finish on wood or metal than is possible by hand mixing.

It's superiority is recognized by the great majority of first-class Master Painters and Architects. It is used on residences, public institutions and commercial buildings of every sort.

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MADE WITH MANITOBA LINSEED OIL

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Paint and Color Makers
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WANTED! Information regarding good farm for sale, with good title, somewhere near Winnipeg. Give price, description and character of soil. Also state when possession can be had. Owners only need answer. State how far from town.

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MAN WANTED! Near Winnipeg, to show and assist us to sell properties. No experience necessary, if you are willing to let us teach you the real estate business. Salary $60.00 a month to start. Steady position to good man, who is willing to devote part of his time to handling customers.

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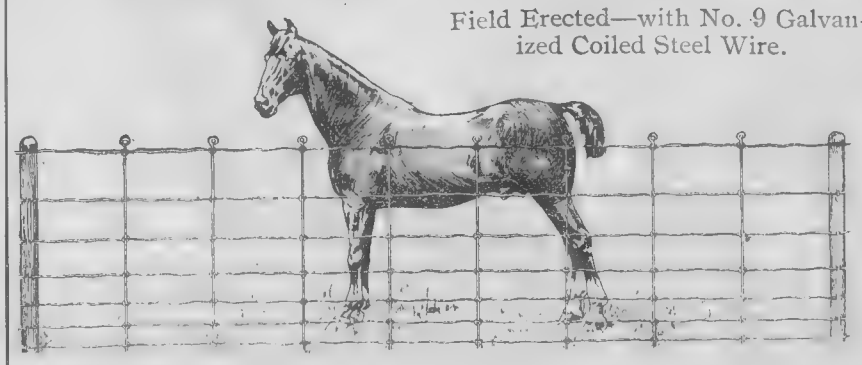
Write for illustrated booklet.

The Morris Piano Co.
S. L. Barrowclough, Western Manager,
228 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Field Erected—with No. 9 Galvanized Coiled Steel Wire.



Heavy coiled steel wire fence, hard steel wire lock that does not rust or slip and kinks both wires. All heavily galvanized and is replacing other makes of fencing using lighter guaged wire. Can be erected as cheaply as barb wire and

DOES NOT INJURE STOCK

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In the meantime we can supply you from our stock.

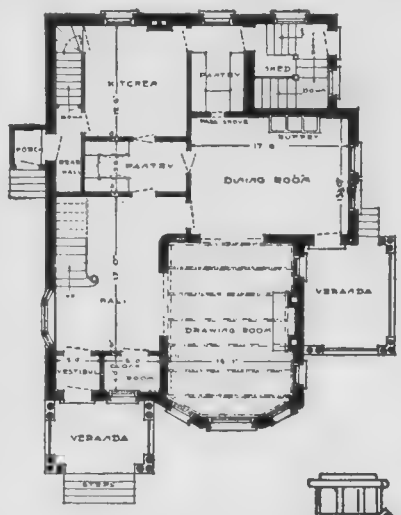
The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Ltd.

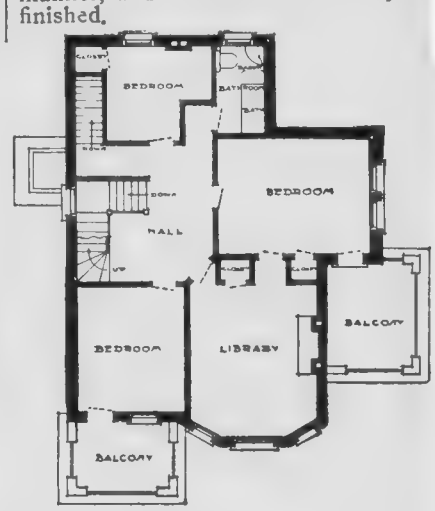
806 UNION BANK BUILDING

WINNIPEG.

ORIGINAL PLANS Prepared by Mr. V. S. Horwood Architect, Winnipeg.

This is a moderate priced and effective residence, and has several distinctive points of interest over other designs which I have submitted. The house is to be erected in brick. It may easily be adapted, with less cost, to frame construction. Brick veneering is about the same cost, and makes a warmer house even than solid brick, unless the brick has air spaces in the walls. The interior has rooms of good size upstairs and down, and the library is on the upstairs plan, as being more private, and next to the main bedroom with its cosy fireplace. The reception hall is spacious with its staircase, and if furnished in weathered oak with a few seats and an archway to the nook, would make a very attractive entrance. From the hall the different rooms are reached, and sliding doors are between drawing-room and dining-room, making the ground floor practically a whole for entertaining purposes. The side verandah and balcony are reached from drawing room and library. The side entrance is convenient, both to front of house and to kitchen, and the cupboards and pantry are very convenient. The back stairs and rear entrance to cellar makes a good arrangement. In the dining-room is a recessed sideboard, which is built as part of the house. The mantels are neat, and may be selected from stock. The bath-room is fitted up in the best manner, and the attic could easily be finished.





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All weights, shades and colors for all kinds of knitting.

At all Dry Goods stores.

Round the Evening Lamp.

Puzzles, Problems, Rebuses, &c.

We purpose conducting an up-to-date problem and puzzle department henceforth to provide amusement of an educational character for our thousands of subscribers and readers. During the long fall and winter evenings this department will furnish food for much wholesome thought, which cannot fail to assist develop one's mental faculties. The answers will be found in the number for the succeeding month. The answer to the puzzles appearing in this number will appear in next month's number.

No. 1—STRANGE TRANSPOSITIONS.

In each sentence fill the two blanks with the same word, used in different senses:

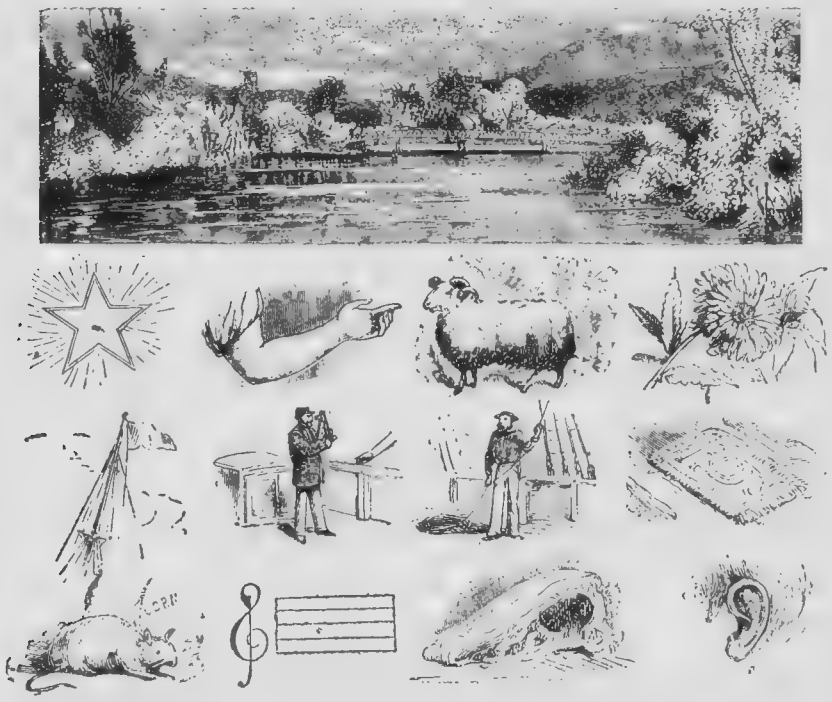
1. The ——— under the floor are of more use to a church than the ——— in the pews.
2. A ——— came down my chimney and took a ——— from my pitcher.
3. I saw the ——— of Tartary riding upon a ——— from South America.

No. 6—STEPS.

The following Steps consist of words of six letters each, the latter half of the first word forming the first half of the second, and so on:

1. A Biblical name.
2. A short poem.
3. Lower.
4. A boy's name.
5. A feed trough.
6. Pertaining to Germany.
7. Noble.
8. A noted American engineer.
9. A gland of the throat.

No. 2—Pictorial Enigma.



The upper picture represents the whole word from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.

No. 3—WORD SQUARE.

A Word Square consists of any number of words of the same length placed one beneath another in such manner that they will read the same across and downwards.

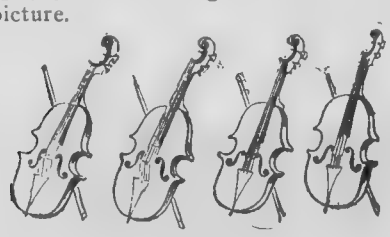
* * * * 1. A small particle.
* * * * 2. A story.
* * * * 3. A girl's name.
* * * * 4. Disagreeable.

No. 4—EXCEPTIONS.

1. From the name of a certain kind of book except the middle letter and leave a mineral.
2. From a word of three letters except the second and leave a preposition.
3. Except the third letter from a garland and leave rage.
4. Except the middle letter from a native of a certain city in Europe and leave a color.
5. Except the third letter from the name of an animal and leave a pipe.

No. 5—PICTORIAL TRANSPOSITION.

Transpose the letters of the two words expressing the number and name of the objects in the picture into a single word which will answer to the definition given below the picture.



Trifling.

10. A metal.
11. Literal.
12. A species of tree.
13. Same as the first.

No. 7—PROBLEM.

A man trundling a wheelbarrow has three miles to go; the wheel of the barrow revolves once every one and a half seconds; he travels at the rate of a mile in two hours. How many revolutions does the wheel make in the whole length of his journey?

No. 8—PROVERB PI.

Out of the following forty-seven words make seven proverbs, using every word, and adding none:

A cat is good and walls.
The stone owl is as hasty as a scalded feast.
She will follow honesty enough to ruin nine ears.
The policy you have can be recalled in time.
Never stitch the best water.
The hasty lead, the cold word saves fears.

No. 9—HIDDEN PRECIOUS STONES.

In each of the following sentences may be found the name of a precious stone:

1. The missionaries start for India Monday next in the steamer "Rose."
2. Who told Edgar netting was Geraldine's favorite work?
3. "Yes! they intend trading flour for corn," Eli answered.
4. For luxury go to palaces.
5. So high a gateway was imposing.

No. 10—OLD STYLE CONUNDRUM.

What color does whipping make a boy?

A Diuretic and an Aperient.

Abbey's Salt has a pronounced and gratifying effect on the kidneys—and is most beneficial in all Kidney Troubles.

It is invaluable in reducing the feverish condition—and in making the bowels move regularly.

Uric Acid affections—Gout—and Rheumatism—promptly disappear under the proper treatment of

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

25c. and 60c. bottles.

STYLE 7

Ornate Colonial design in Mahogany and figured Walnut, 7½ octaves exceedingly elegant.

A FEW STROKES OF THE PEN AND IT'S ALL DONE!

Send us a little note of instructions and we will select, pack and ship to you as satisfactorily as if you did it all in person, one of our superb

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We make it Easy to Pay while you Play. The trifle more the Gourlay Piano costs you won't tax your pocket or entail the slightest extravagance when you know.—

That you may pay any sum from $15.00 to $100.00 down and the rest in monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly payments and take your time up to three years.

That we accept used pianos or organs in part payment.

That you get on such easy terms not merely a first-class piano, but Absolutely the Best Made in Canada in Every Quality.

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Mr. Alfred A. Codd, Winnipeg Manager,

invites all interested in Pianos or Organs, from a purchase or musical standpoint, to inspect the Gourlay Piano at the Winnipeg Warerooms, 279 Donald Street,

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READ CAREFULLY They are licensed and bonded. You take no chances when shipping to them. Write for grain sample bags, shipping bills properly made out, prices, and any information desired. Their card of shipping instructions is valuable and is sent free. Write for it. They are prompt in making settlement, and you can be sure of the very top price at all times. They can handle low grade, smutty and tough wheat to the best advantage as well as the high grades. They are always in the market for Oats, Barley and Flax. Reference: Union Bank of Canada, Winnipeg. You will be pleased with their methods of doing business, and the results of any cars you ship to them. Address: McHUGH CHRISTENSEN Co., 410 Grain Exchange, Winnipeg, Man., P. O. Box 558.

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Consign your grain to us to be sold at best possible prices on arrival or afterwards, as you may elect. Liberal advances on bills of lading. Prompt returns. Reliable work. Futures bought and sold over. Over twenty years' experience in grain commission business.

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Don't take less. Get the Highest Price for your Wheat.

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Fort William or Port Arthur. Send Bill of Lading to our office in Winnipeg

Four years ago we opened our office in Winnipeg. To-day we have the largest number of satisfied customers of any Grain Commission firm in Canada. The reason for this is that we promised certain things, and we have fulfilled these promises.

This is what we promise to do; we get the highest price for your wheat, and give each car our personal attention.

We make you a liberal advance by mail (registered and insured against loss), the same day the bill of lading is received. We attach duplicate Certificates showing grade and weight for car to each account sale.

We send returns to the shipper the same day the weights are received from Fort William.

The balance due on car is sent the same time as the account sale.

Your neighbor has probably shipped wheat to us. Ask him.

As to our financial responsibility, ask any Bank in Canada or any of the Commerical Agencies.

ORDERS IN OPTIONS EXECUTED IN ALL EXCHANGES.

We are continuously represented on the floor of the principal Exchanges:

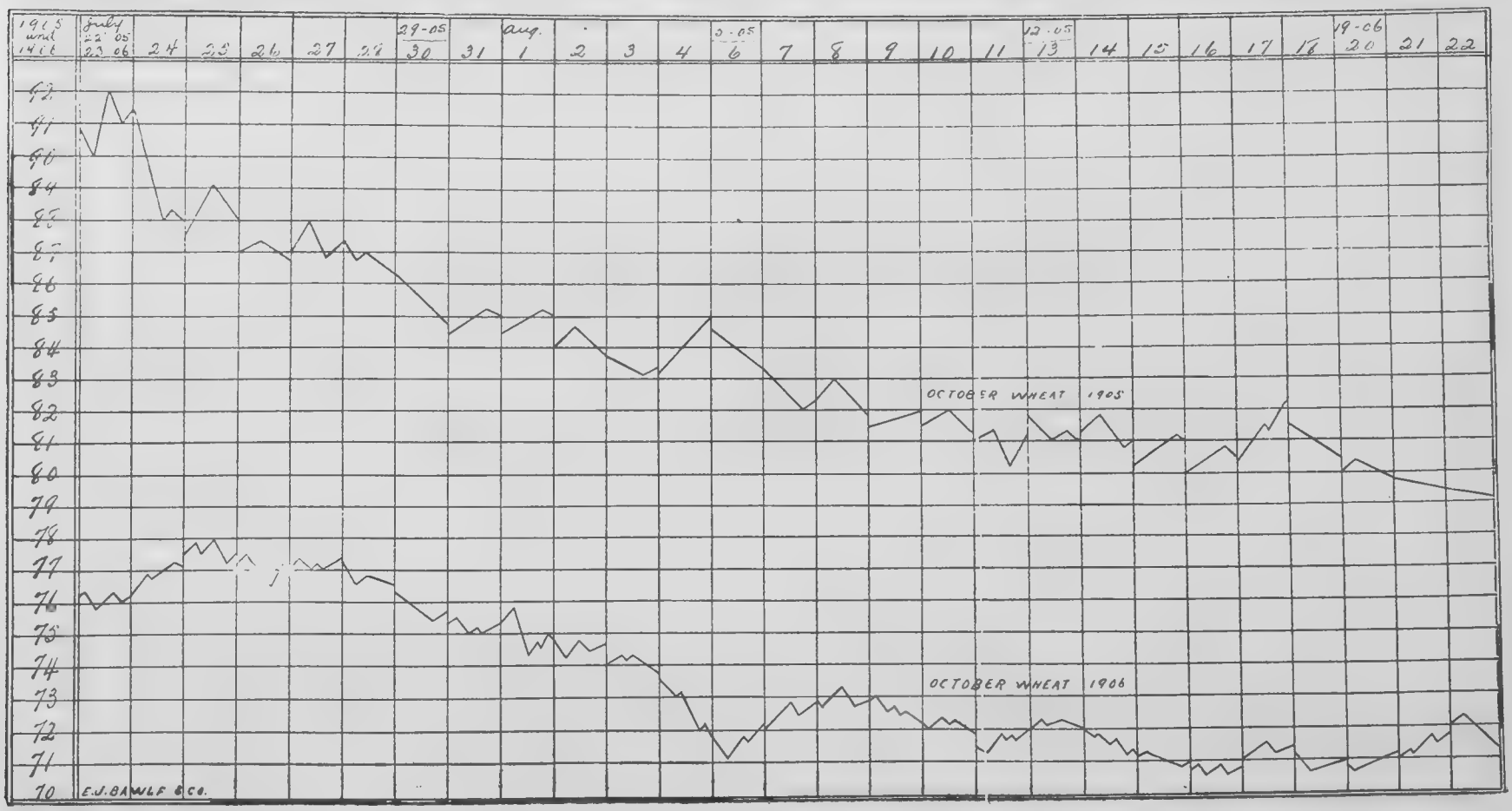
Members of Winnipeg Grain Exchange, Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce, Chicago Board of Trade

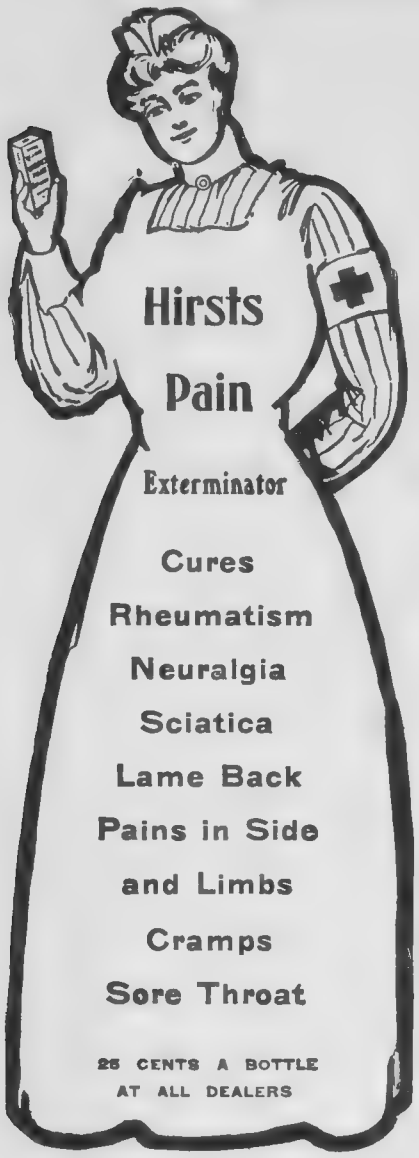
WINNIPEG, CANADA

We have had eighteen years' practical experience in the Grain Business

COMPARATIVE CHART OF WINNIPEG WHEAT PRICES

For month ending Aug. 22, supplied by E. J. Bawlf & Co., Grain Brokers, Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.





Work for Busy Fingers.

Couch Cover.

To save the wear and tear of a good couch or to hide a poor one, a serviceable cover is desirable. Carpet chain in white cannot be surpassed as it is strong, and the more it is laundered the nicer it gets, and it is cheaper than tidy cotton if money is a consideration.

The design illustrated is made in stripes in Afghan stitch running diagonal across the couch. It is started at the top lefthand corner and the rows lengthened until the desired width, then it is started different in the beginning of a row but ended the same until the length is made, then the corner is made by leaving off at the lower end but made the same at the beginning as before.

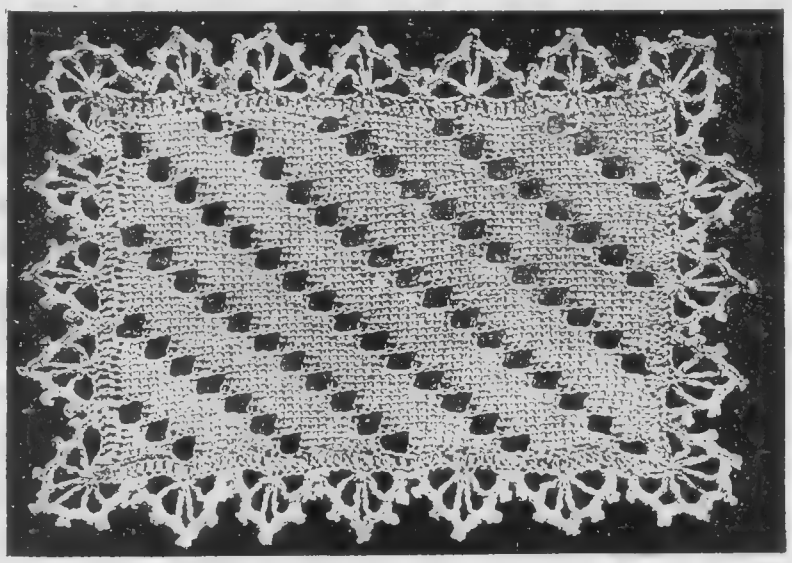
Detailed instructions will be given for the miniature one illustrated, which can be used for any size desired. It is in Afghan stitch, but any crochet needle suitable the cotton can be used, as only nine loops come on the needle at one time. Begin with 12 chain, take up 8 loops through 8 chain, making 9 loops on needle, let the 3 chain hang at the end until called for; work off the loops by twos (pick up 8 loops through the upright loops of first row, work off), repeat once more. Now pick up 6 loops and make 3 rows, now pick up 3 loops and make 3 rows, now 3 chain and cut off. This makes the corner. Mark the end where you started, for this is always the starting place.

2nd Diagonal Row.—Chain 12 and join to the loose 3 chain of starting place, now pick up 8 loops again on the 12 chain, letting 3 hang, work 5 rows, * now 3 chain and join to first corner; to join do like this: take out the needle and insert it in the corner, taking up two loops to make it strong, and draw the last chain through; now pick up 8 loops, 2 on the chain, and 6 on the block, leaving 3 lay; work 3 rows on this and repeat from * until each corner is worked and the loose 3 chain same as a corner. Now work this off in a point or corner, by picking up 6 loops on needle and work 3 times, then 3 loops worked off 3 times, and last make 3 chain and cut cotton. Repeat this row until the width of the couch is reached.

Decreasing Diagonal Row.—Fasten on the 3 chain at the starting end and chain 6 (working a corner is now reversed), take up 3 loops and work off 3 times, 3 chain and fasten on on corner, now take up 9 loops and work off 3 times, 3 chain and fasten on corner, now take up 9 loops and work off 3 times, and work the rest of the row same as before. Repeat this row until the cover is as long as desired.

To fill up the corner, work as before, but leave off by fastening the 3 chain at the last corner and cut.

To work up the loose ends, work around with doubles and work them in. On the edge make open scollops of 4 trebles with 3 chain between fastened on fourth double. Fill the 3 chain with singles, with a 3 chain picot over each space.



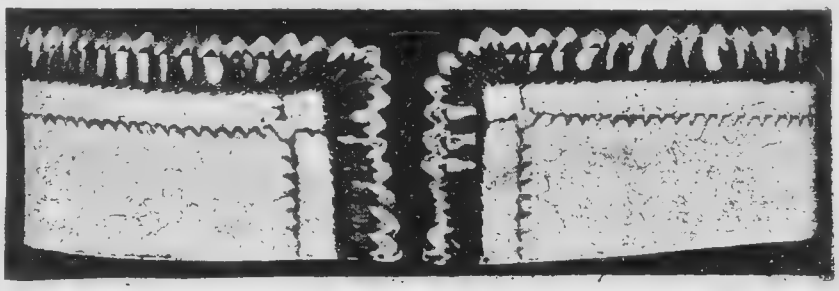
Couch Cover.

Rick-Rack Trimmed Collar.

Cut a piece of cambric about two and one-fourth inches wide and the length desired for the collar. Make a hemstitched hem about one-fourth of an inch from the edge. Loop-edged rick-rack braid is used for the trimming. No. 17 is a good width of braid. Plain-edged rick-rack may be used if the loop-edged is not easily obtained.

Fasten No. 50 thread into a loop; ch. 4, s. c. through the next loop. Repeat across the length necessary to trim the edge of the collar. Hold the crocheted edge a little full at the corners when sewing it on to the hem, or when crocheting the edge omit 2 of the ch. 4 at the corner portions.

Another collar was hemstitched with a fast red crochet thread and finished with white rick-rack and red crochet. Fasten the thread into a point of rick-rack, ch. 6 or 7, d. c. through the next point, ch. 3, d. c. through the next point. Repeat.



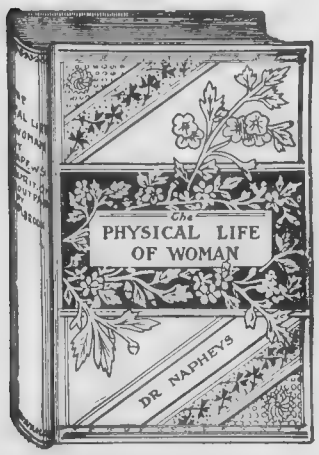
Rick-Rack Trimmed Collar.

Knitted Baby's Sacque.

Procure 1 skein of white and 1 skein of colored two-thread Saxony or Shetland wool. Use No. 12 steel needles.

With white cast on rather loosely 285 stitches, knit across plain, seam back, knit across plain. This will finish 3 purls on the right side.

1.—Join on colored wool. Knit 3 plain, narrow, 4 plain, * make 1, 1



Advice to Maiden Wife and Mother

The Physical Life of Women—This is a plain and practical treatise prepared by a physician of skill and experience, in which he aims to furnish information to women in their peculiar conditions and relations, married and single, so as to enable them to preserve their own health, and perform their duties to themselves and their children. The most delicate subjects are treated in language so chaste as not to offend any pure mind.

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For pain in the back—scanty urine—highly colored urine — irritated bladder — irregular bowels—bad stomach — there is nothing that will bring such quick relief and so certain a cure as FRUIT-A-TIVES.

These marvelous tablets are nature's natural remedy for irritated or weakened kidneys. They act directly on the kidneys—soothe the irritated membranes—clean, heal and strengthen the organs—and help them to new vigor with their work.

Often kidney trouble is not due to any organic defect in the kidneys. If the bowels are constipated—if the skin does not throw off the tissue waste of the body—then these impurities are carried to the kidneys. In a vain endeavor to rid the system of impurities, the kidneys are overworked—the blood vessels are dilated—the nerves inflamed. That causes a host of kidney troubles.

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When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and langour. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz.: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

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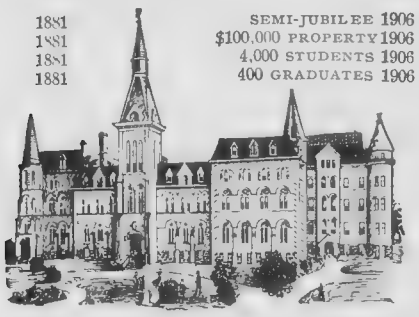

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plain, make 1, 4 plain, narrow, narrow, 4 plain, repeat from * across, till you reach last 6 stitches, these are knitted plain. You have now 22 scollops. Seam back.

2.—6 plain, narrow, 4 plain, repeat as from * in 1st row, seam back.

3.—Join white wool and 6 plain, narrow, 4 plain, repeat from * as in 1st row. You have now finished one shell. Knit back plain, and seam next row, next row plain.

Join on the color and knit the shell as before. Knit 5 shells in this way with the colored wool and white purls between. The rest of the sacque is white.

In the last row of the 6th shell narrow stitches in each scallop as follows: 4 plain, (narrow) 3 times, 2 plain, make 1, 1 plain, make 1, 2 plain, (narrow) 4 times, 2 plain, and so on, until the last scallop, in which you knit 2 together or narrow 3 times. Knit last 4 plain.

Then knit plain across, seam across, plain across so that 3 purls come on the right side.

You now have ten stitches in each scollop instead of 12, so in the next shell you must knit 5 plain at beginning and end of needle, and in the rest of the scollop knit 3 where you knitted 4 before. Knit in this way until you have finished 8 shells. Then commence the armhole. There are 6 scollops in each front and 10 in the back. To form the armhole, knit the first 6 scollops—knitting the last half of the 6th plain in the 1st scollop, then turn and seam back and knit as before until you have made 7 shells, only in the 14th shell you must narrow as in the 6th, by narrowing, 3 times in the first and last scollop, and 4 times in all the rest, which will leave only 8 stitches in each scollop: so that at the beginning and end of the needle you will knit 4 plain, and in the other scollops knit 2 where you knitted 3 before. When you have finished 7 shells in the front, knit the next 10 scollops in the same way for the back; then the other 6 for the front.

In the 16th shell join fronts and backs together, when you knit back plain after the last row of the shell. At each shoulder you must narrow twice every row on the right side—whether in the shells or purls—in this way:

In the 1st shoulder, narrow last 2, in the back the first 2 and last 2, and in the other shoulder the first 2.

In the 17th shell narrow as in the 14th, which will leave 6 stitches in each scollop. Knit until you have finished 5 shells on shoulders. After knitting the purls after the 5th shell knit plain on right side, then on wrong side, 3 plain(over, narrow, 2 plain), repeat between the brackets the whole length of the needles, to make the holes for ribbon or cord.

Next row plain, then knit and seam until you have 3 purls on right side, then bind off. Crochet a little border of scollops down front and around neck.

Sleeve.—Cast on 77 stitches with white, knit 3 purls on right side—join color—narrow, 3 plain, * over, 1 plain, over, 3 plain, narrow, narrow, 3 plain, repeat from * length of needle, and a half scollop will come at each end of needle and 6 scollops between. Seam back; repeat the last row on the right side, seam back.

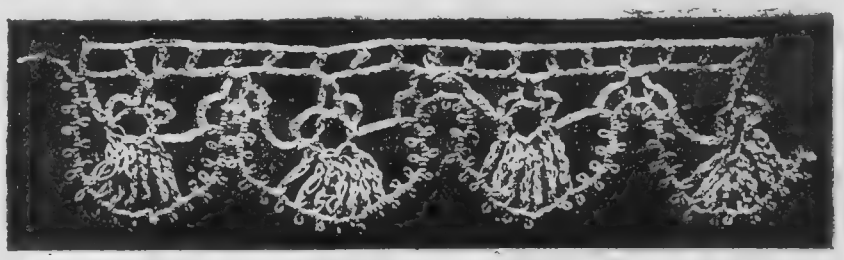
Join on white and knit 3rd row of the shell. Knit 3 purls on right side. Knit on other shell.

Make a row of holes as you did on neck for the cord. Knit 3 purls on right side. Knit 8 shells with 3 purls between and bind off after the last purl. Sew up the sleeve and sew into the arm-hole. Ribbon may be used as a finish.

Feather Edging.

1st Row.—Fasten into the 5th picot of the braid; 5 chain and 1 double crochet into next picot. (Repeat 5 times into 5th picot). Turn with 10 chain short stitch into 1st picot; 6 chain into 3rd stitch. (Repeat twice). 6 chain into 5th picot of braid. 6 chain into picot. (Repeat twice).

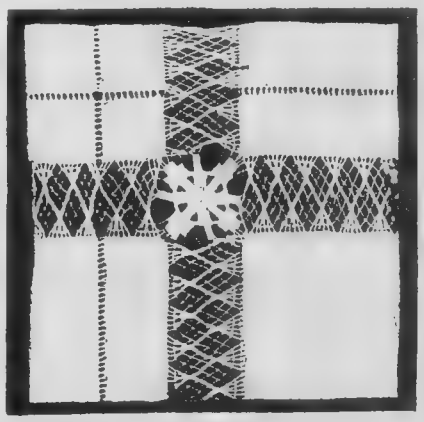
Finishing Row.—1st. Fasten on top picot; 9 chain into the next picot. (Repeat all along the work. 2nd. Turn with 3 chain, 1 treble into 3rd stitch—all along the line.



FEATHER EDGING.

Handkerchief Corner in Drawn-Work.

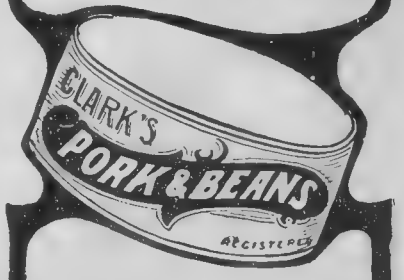
Take a square of linen lawn 12 x 12 inches, or according to size desired. If the handkerchief is to be edged with lace it should, of course, be smaller. One inch from the edge draw 4 or 5 threads, all around; leave ½ inch, and draw ½ inch. Knot both edges of the drawn space, taking 4 to 6 threads at a stitch; turn hem and hemstitch the square neatly. One-third across the drawn space, knot 6 strands together; pass up 3 of these strands, and knot with next 3, 1-3 above last knotting; pass down last 3, knot with next 3, and so on, dividing the space into diamond-shaped figures. The cluster n- to each corner will have but 3 strands on one side. Let the knotting threads cross the corner, to form a foundation for the woven wheel. Beginning with the 1st cluster, knot each strand 1-16 inch from edge; pass up across the 1st diamond, knotting the bar, across 2nd diamond, and knot 2 strands together of next cluster, 1-16 inch above knotting of last row. Pass down across diamond, knot bar, across next diamond, and knot each strand of next cluster like 1st. Continue thus, until each cluster is knotted twice above and below the 1st knotting which divided the space into diamonds, knotting the working threads where they intersect. Fill each corner with the woven wheel shown, or with any other design that may be preferred. A description is unnecessary. Simply draw the foundation threads together in centre of space, as in making a Teneriffe wheel, weave around the centre 4 or 5 times, and form the bars over the foundation threads by weaving back and forth, over and under.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER IN DRAWNWORK.

This design, with wider spaces and on heavy linen, is lovely for a tea-cloth border, the ends of a sideboard or bureau-scarf, etc., or for collar and cuff sets, shirt waist decorations, and a multitude of other purposes. While very simple and easily done, it is lace-like in the extreme.

CLARK'S



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We want you to remember that you can save your railway fare and a good many dollars besides by coming to see us at our yards in Brandon. Our travellers have designs of a large number of stones that will be included in the next car. You are safe in doing business with them, but be sure that they represent Somerville & Co., Brandon, who will give you a square deal.

Men Wanted.

Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, along roads and all conspicuous places; also distributing small advertising matter; salary $900 per year, or $75 per month and expenses, $3 per day. Steady employment to good, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars.

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Hints for the Housewife.

The Old Mill.

The morning rose bright on the clover-clad hill,
And lightly the breezes went by,
As I took the old path leading down to the mill,
That stood where the bluffs beetle high;
The path leading down by the steep to the strand,
Where I loitered a lad in my mirth,
When life was a beautiful rainbow that spanned
That loftiest of valleys on earth.

The bluebird still swung on the sycamore boughs,
The sandpiper rode on the wave,
And still to the pebble-waved ford came the cows
At the noonday, to drink and to lave;
The dam as nigh down, yet the cataract fell
O'er its ledge with a plunge and a roar,
That seemed to my heart, in its tumult, to tell
Of the halcyon summers of yore.

The rock was still there, where we dived in the tide,
And the sands, where we stretched in the sun.
But the many gay fellows that played at our side
Had gone from the valley each one.
The old fishing log, it had floated away,
And over the crumbling canoe
The paddles were locked in a sleep of decay,
Where the mold and the rank mosses grew.

By the dust-girdled doorway, where gabbled the geese,
And the pilfering swine used to stray.
The grass had grown up in an emerald fleece,
That lovingly mantled the way;
I saw not the brown little barefooted maid
Trip down the long path to the spring,
I heard not the sound of her song in the glade,
Nor the light-hearted laugh at the swing.

The mill was as mute as the miller, who lies
In his green-curtained cot on the hill,
But I thought, as the tears gathered into my eyes,
That the dead had come back to the mill;
That I saw the old wagons roll up with their grist,
And again heard the rumble and roar
Of the wheels—but, alas! it was only a mist
Falling over my senses—no more!

Some Useful Hints.

When polishing the finger nails, rub across instead of up and down.

Use lemon juice to remove stains from the hands, and freckles or tan.

A long nap and a hot bath will add to any woman's good looks.

If the nails are filed every day, they may be kept the right length without cutting.

If the nails are brittle, put them in olive oil for a few minutes before manicuring.

Massage the scalp and rub well with olive oil. This will stop the hair from falling and strengthen it.

When bathing the face always rub and make the strokes upward, as the muscles of the face relax downward.

Use an ordinary Turkish wash-cloth when bathing; a sponge for such purposes is not sanitary.

Skin eruptions have been known to be caused by the unsanitary condition of the bath towels and cloths.

For red hands, try washing in tepid water, with almond meal instead of soap.

To remove sunburn or tan, wash the face well, then rub thoroughly with cold cream, just before retiring.

To make the flesh firm and give tone to the muscles, bathe in salt water, and rub vigorously with a coarse towel until in a glow.

For an oily skin, try drinking a cupful of hot water and juice of a half a lemon every morning. Do not add sugar.

If living where hard water is used, add a pinch of borax, or a little almond meal, to the water in which you bathe your face.

Coloring and perfume are often added to soap to disguise impurities, so be careful to select toilet soap without coloring or scent.

Do not go into the open air directly after exercising or taking a bath, as a severe cold is apt to be the result.

Care should be taken not to break the cuticle when manicuring the nails, or the result will be painful and annoying hang-nails.

A teaspoonful of borax added to the water in which you shampoo the hair, will greatly aid the removing of oil from it.

A dirty hair brush is unsanitary and harmful to the scalp. Clean it by dipping the bristles up and down in warm water, to which has been added a few drops of ammonia.

Pure olive oil, well massaged upon the face and neck, is an ideal skin food and a sure preventive of wrinkles. Take a tablespoonful of olive oil, night and morning for ten days, and improve the complexion.

To whiten and beautify the skin, add a few drops of tincture of benzoin to the bath. Cucumber juice is also an excellent complexion beautifier.

The hair holds the deadened particles that the scalp casts off, known as dandruff, and a frequent shampoo is necessary to remove it. Wash the hair with tar soap, rinse well and rub bay rum in the scalp. When the hair has a tendency to fall out, wash once a week in sage tea; this will strengthen it.

Things Worth Knowing.

A simple method of cleaning lamp chimneys—hold in the steam of a kettle and polish with a newspaper.

An old refrigerator which has a lining of tin may be made to look cleaner by applying two coats of white enamel.

Put a few grains of rice in the salt cellars to keep the salt from caking: as the cellar is shaken the rice will keep the salt moving.

Use a small piece of softened white soap with whiting or silver polish to greatly expedite the process of cleaning silver or paint.

To clean a fishy frying pan, fill with cold water and place on the fire to boil. When boiling, put a red-hot cinder in, and then wash in the usual way.

When washing glassware do not put it in hot water bottom first, as it will be liable to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be safely washed in very hot water if slipped in edgewise.

When unfortunate enough to rub or tear a piece from the outer surface of a black kid glove or kid shoe, take a few drops of sweet oil and mix it with an equal amount of black ink. Apply this mixture to the white spot, or any part that may be rubbed, and the spot will be hardly noticeable. This treatment will also freshen an old pair of black kid gloves.

Boys and Girls.

Doughnutting Time.

Wunst w'en our girl wuz makin' pies
an' doughnuts ist a lot—
We stood around with great, big eyes,
'cuz we boys like 'em hot;
An' w'en she dropped 'em in the lard
they sizzled ist like fun,
An' w'en she takes 'em out it's hard to
keep from takin' one.

An' 'en she says: "You boys 'll get all
spattered up with grease,
An' biumby she says she'll let us have
ist one apiece;
So I took one for me an' one for little
James McBride,
The widow's only orfunt son 'at's wait-
in' there outside.

An' Henry, he took one ist for himself
an' Nellie Flynn,
'At's waitin' at the kitchen door an'
dassent to come in
Becuz her mother told her not, an'
Johnny, he took two
'Cuz Amy Brennan likes 'em hot ist
like we chinnern do.

'En Henry happened ist to think he
didn't get a one
For little Ebenezer Brink, the carpet
beater's son,
Who never gets 'em home becuz he says
he ain't quite sure
But thinks perhaps the reason wuz his
folkses are too poor.

An' 'en I give my own away to little
Willie Beggs
'At fell way down his stairs one day
'an give him crooked legs,
'Cuz Willie always seems to know w'en
our girl's goin' to bake.
He wouldn't ast for none—oh, no! But,
my! he's fond of cake.

So I went back again an' got another
one for me
Right out the kettle, smokin' hot an'
brown as it could be,
An' John, he got one, too, becuz he gave
his own to Clare,
An' w'en our own girl, she looked, there
wuz ist two small doughnuts there!

My! She wuz angry w'en she looked
an' saw ist them to there,
And says she knew 'at she had cooked
a crock full an' to spare.
She says it's awful 'scouragin' to bake
an' fret an' fuss
An' w'en she thinks she's got 'em in the
crock—they're all in us!

Stepping-Stones or Make-Shifts.

A young man once graduated from an Eastern college, and feeling that he had fitted himself with all the appliances of a man, began looking about for work.

He was offered a place as cashier in a store, at twelve dollars a week, but only smiled placidly as he refused, with the words, "Much obliged, but anyone could fill that position; I shall look higher."

Next, in turn, he refused the situations of typewriter, bookkeeper, and proofreader, as places beneath him, both in respect to position and salary. Indeed, he argued the case so well as to convince his friends. "For," he would urge, "if I hold myself too cheap, the world will take me at this valuation, and always keep me down. I must look high, and make it respect me." This reasoning contained enough truth to seem unanswerable.

This young man, whom we shall call Eugene, had a friend whose boyhood was not so fortunate. He had no rich father to send him to college, and support him in idleness afterwards while the world was being educated to appreciate him, so he was obliged to begin work early.

His position was a humble one—merely that of a stoker in a machine shop, at five dollars a week. Eugene laughed at him for taking it, but our honest John, though he flushed a little, answered cheerily, "It is a stepping-stone at least!" and spent every leisure hour in a critical study of the engine.

One day the engineer was taken ill, and John was found to be the only person competent to take his place, which he filled so well that he was retained in the position, at an advanced salary.

Here, though much busier, he still studied whenever possible, and soon discovered means of improvement that brought him into notice—more stepping-stones!

It was ten years later before the two met again, and grasped hands with all the old warmth. John was a broad-shouldered, bright-faced, purposeful-looking man; his friend Eugene had care-lines between his eyes, hollows in his cheeks, and a seedy, uncomfortable look throughout.

"You seem prosperous, John," he said, in a cultivated but lazy voice.

"Yes, I'm getting on," was the hearty response, "I am now assistant superintendent of the Phoenix Iron Works, with a fine enough home for any man. How is it with you, Gene?"

"Oh, I've been an unlucky dog!" laughing a little. "The world did not appreciate what I had to give it—had never recognized my talents, in fact I would not, of course, accept of an inferior place, with my attainments, but when father died there was little left, and I've been forced to turn my hand to almost anything—mere make-shifts, you know; nothing I could become interested in, or look upon as a permanency—and it has been a hard struggle—a desperately hard struggle!"

To Make Others Like You.

Be natural, girls. People are quick to discern affectation of any kind and have a contempt for it, so give up affectation. Be neat. There is great charm in neatness. Be affectionate and sympathetic and don't be self-conscious and ashamed to show either quality. Be home-loving and kind to all old people, poor people and children. These are womanly qualities, and all love and admire the womanly girl. Don't have "moods." Avoid the blues. People like to know how to find a girl, not to have to renew her acquaintance every time they meet. Be athletic, as that means health, and healthiness means wholesomeness.

A Little Gentleman.

A small boy was at a table where his mother was not near to take care of him, and a lady next to him volunteered her services.

"Let me cut your steak for you," she said: "if I can cut it the way you like it," she added, with some degree of doubt.

"Thank you," the boy responded, accepting her courtesy; "I shall like it the way you cut it, even if you do not cut it the way I like it."

Teach One Girl to Sew.

It pays where there is a girl or two in the family to apprentice them for a season with a good dressmaker, though they earn not a cent; then let that girl, with the aid of chart or patterns, do the sewing for the family. I have known several families to adopt this plan with a great saving in dressmakers' bills combined with the satisfaction of being well dressed. I know just what an annoying thing it is not to know the popular way of doing little things, such as wearing the tie or arranging the ribbon around the throat, or the proper gloves to wear for certain occasions. But of late years those things are more generally understood, on account of the women's departments and the illustrations in all the publications of the day. Besides, the wise woman anywhere can easily learn to use any of the makeshifts that are always to be had in some form or other.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

Some people go all through life and never know what really good coffee tastes like.—Order Seal Brand Coffee and write Chase & Sanborn, Montreal, for full directions how to make good coffee.

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Courses for University, Royal Military College and Business. Every facility for the cultivation of sports and athletics. Six Entrance Scholarships of $75 each, and six of $3 each; three scholarships in each class being for sons of old pupils. The College will re-open for the Autumn Term on Wednesday, September 12th, 1906, at 10 a. m. Examinations for entrance scholarships, Saturday, September 15th, 1906.

Successes last year; 4 University scholarships; 10 first class honors; 46 passes; 3 passes into Royal Military College.

For Calendar and all other information address:

The Bursar, Upper Canada College

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This drop-oven door can't slam down nor get wobbly on hinges,—patent check-spring stops that. Oven bottom is double—perforated-steel loose bottom over the real oven bottom: level surface, always. Way the fire door's built, and the special draft design, make this the most sensitive of ranges to control,—easy to manage, sure to satisfy. Come and look it over,—you've seen no range like it for the money.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., LIMITED

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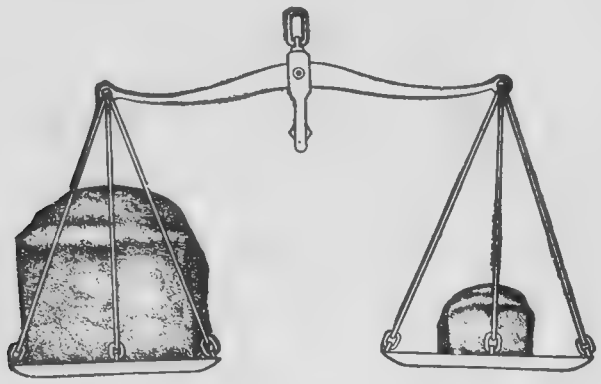

The light bread or the leaden loaf is a matter of *choice*—not luck. Choice of method—choice of yeast—but, above all, in the choice of the *flour*. She who chooses

Royal Household Flour

will not have to bargain with fortune for successful baking.—It is made from the finest, selected Manitoba wheat, which contains more gluten (that quality which makes bread light) than any other wheat.

It is milled under the most sanitary conditions—absolute purity is one very important quality which the Ogilvie System of milling guarantees. There is no other flour in Canada upon which so much is spent to insure its perfect purity.

Ask your grocer for Ogilvie's Royal Household—the flour that makes light bread.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Limited
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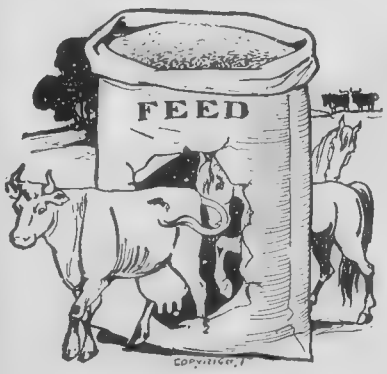
OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

Through Good Feed



and careful attention to your live stock your profits are an assured fact. We're not a bit modest about statements as to the excellence of Carnefac Stock Food for horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and poultry.

Such well-known horsemen as Graham Bros, of Claremont, Ont., Robt. Beith, M.P., of Bowmanville, Ont., and a host of others recommend its use.

Drop a post card for information about Carnefac to

The Carnefac Stock Food Co.,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Woman and the Home.

The Old Motto.

We found it in the attic, where it long
had lain away;
The dust had veiled away the letters
in a shroud of misty gray,
A spider's web was tangled in its old
fantastic weaves
Across the frame whose corners were
hand carved in oaken leaves.
The old, discarded motto—it was
worked in green and red
On peforated cardboard, and "God Bless
Our Home" it said.

Crude, homely and old-fashioned is this
relic of the past;
Once thought a thing of beauty, but
now flung aside at last—
Yet now the faded colors that the
quaint old letters bear
Seem as the afterglowing of the quiet
days that were—
The days whose every twilight from
fretting brought release,
And stars swept through the silence
that held a Sabbath peace.

Again the gate chain rattles, and again
our eyes behold
The little path that found its way
through phlox and marigold,
The broad steps and doorway through
which we used to see
The face of one whose gentle smile
was meant for you and me;
And then the dim old parlor that opened
from the hall
And had the worsted motto swung in
honor on the wall.

"God Bless Our Home"—and loving
hands reach out from all the years,
The hands that always reached to help,
that wiped away our tears;
And now we know full well that when
this motto held its place
They meant the faded prayer that today
we slowly trace;
That every morn of work to do, that
every night of rest,
The good old home was by some mystic
benediction blest.

The Toilet.

Ingrowing Toe-Nails.—Soak the foot in warm water for ten or fifteen minutes, then take a medium-sized file and file off the top of the nail as thin as you can—once a week is often enough. This treatment, if persevered with, will effect a complete cure.

A splendid bleach lotion to whiten a discolored neck is composed of fresh cucumber juice, four ounces; pulverized borax, 125 grains; acetate of soda, 65 grains; tincture of quillaia, 1½ ounces; tincture benzoin, 3 drams; distilled water, 1 gill; alcohol, 1 ounce. Perfume as you please.

Tan and freckles may be removed by washing the face each night with warm water and a good soap, then apply a whitening cream, massaging well into the skin, until all is absorbed. For this purpose cucumber cream will be found whitening. By applying a thick coat of powder to the skin each time before going out of doors the skin will be properly protected and freckles kept in subjection.

Care of the Eyes.—On rising in the morning the eyes should be bathed gently in cold water—twenty passes are said to be decidedly strengthening. While using them closely they should be rested at intervals of an hour or two, for the strain of constant reading, etc., is like that of extending the arms at a certain height immovably. Imagine, then, the taxing of the eyes, which cannot complain save after years of irreparable neglect. When dust settles in the eyes warm water will soothe them of any inflammation.

Saving for Comfort.

There is a whole lot of comfort in saving. Sometimes the actual refraining from spending may be uncomfortable; but comfort comes immediately after the decision is reached not to part with the cash, but to put it with the fund that is accumulating. It is the same comforting satisfaction that is produced when one puts aside temptation of any sort. The first experience is a revelation to anyone; and, to the right-thinking individual, the comfort derived from it makes one want to repeat the operation.

There is no one so poor, but they can get this sort of comfort—a comfort that is comforting to the body, mind and spirit. Yet the comfort derived from the saving of each small part of an accumulation is but a mere fraction of the comfort derived from the knowledge that there is somewhere a fund that may be drawn upon in an emergency. No matter what the catastrophe may be, the money that has been saved is bound to be the best and most comforting friend in the time of need.

A bank account never passes one by in time of adversity. Savings never express verbal sympathy, and do nothing more. Money held in reserve never uses one for a "good thing" and then forgets the benefactor. Cash laid away for future use never costs anything; it always makes one comfortable.

Savings, carefully placed where they draw the largest interest compatible with safety, are ever ready to aid the saver.

A Cheerful Home.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers, which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell.

No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumult of the world, will be the spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death; and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons, who come to wear his mantle and to find his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned, and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the strifes and railings which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home the children gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows," while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men who disturb and distress the world are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation—who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves, and trouble to those around them.

Hints.

To cleanse and brighten China or Japanese matting go over it with a cloth dipped in strong salt water.

When a lamp is not burning keep the wick a little below the top of the tube. This helps to prevent oil from working over the burner and reservoir.

If chiffon is of good quality it may readily be washed in warm soap and water. A poorer quality will be improved by washing in gasoline, but the results will hardly justify the expenditure.

Stains on white flannel are hard to remove. The best way is to mix equal parts of the yolks of eggs and glycerine, apply it to the stains, and allow it to soak for half an hour or so before the article is washed.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS

SUPERVISED BY THE CHEF OF THE MARRIAGGI, WINNIPEG

Almond Pudding.—Boil a pint of milk in a double boiler and stir in a teaspoonful of cornstarch and three tablespoonfuls of sugar beaten with two eggs. As soon as the mixture thickens pour it into a buttered pudding dish and scatter the top thickly with almonds.

Pineapple Pie.—For this delicious dessert merely lay slices of the pineapple, which has been carefully cored and pared, around in a rich pie-crust; sprinkle thickly with sugar and bake. Whipped cream sweetened and flavored may be heaped over the outer crust just before the pie is served.

Escalloped Ham.—Mix three cupfuls of finely chopped ham with the same amount of toasted bread crumbs, add two eggs and one-half cupful of milk; pack in a baking pan, cover the top with cracker crumbs and bake for half an hour. This is nice served as a breakfast dish, with a poached egg on each side.

Myrtle Soup.—Fry three chopped onions in a little beef dripping until they are golden brown; stir in one-fourth of a pound of ground oatmeal; fry that brown; add one quart of water, a half dozen potatoes cut in thin slices; salt and pepper and boil until the potatoes are soft, then strain, set on the stove again to boil for five minutes and serve.

Pineapple Salad.—Shred a ripe pineapple and serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise, or add for one pineapple peeled and shredded one large orange and two mandarins divided into sections, two red bananas, sliced, two dozen Malaga grapes, seeded, and a dozen English walnut meats, divided. Heap all on tender lettuce leaves and serve very cold with mayonnaise.

Lady Dainty Cakes.—Stir to a cream a cupful of fresh or well-washed butter; add slowly a cupful of granulated sugar, three eggs and two cupfuls of finely sifted flour; mix and roll thin, then cut into small round cakes; beat a tablespoonful of powdered sugar into the yolk of an egg and spread the tops of the cakes with it, grate almonds over them and bake a delicate brown.

Stuffed Beefsteak—Prepare a dressing of one cupful of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Trim off the fat from a sirloin steak, spread on the dressing, roll up, skewer or tie to keep it in shape, and bake an hour. Baste often with dripping. When done, remove the skewer carefully that it may not unroll, and serve with brown sauce. Mushrooms may be added to the stuffing if desired.

Sardine Croquettes.—After drawing all oil off, fill a cup with sardines from which skin and bones have been removed; cook half a cupful of grated, stale bread in half a cupful of milk, adding the beaten yolk of one egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, the cooked yolks of three eggs (sifted), and a dash of paprika with the sardine puree; mix thoroughly, shape into ovals, dip in beaten egg and sifted crumbs, and fry in deep fat.

Prune Shape.—Stew one pound of prunes until tender, drain off the juice and remove the pits, and soak one-half package of gelatine in cold water until dissolved; then put the prunes, the juice and the gelatine with one-half cupful of granulated sugar to boil; let it boil five minutes and, just before removing, add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and pour into a mould; let stiffen and serve with whipped cream. It makes a delicious dessert.

Scotch Eggs.—Make a paste of one-half of a cupful of stale bread crumbs cooked until soft in one-third of a cupful of milk; mix with one cupful of minced ham highly seasoned with cayenne and mustard and one raw egg; chop fine six hard-boiled eggs and stir into the mixture; mould into balls, roll in fine bread crumbs and fry in hot fat to a nice brown.

Pineapple Chips.—Select good sized, perfectly sound pineapples; pare them and cut in very thin slices; weigh and allow one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; put these slices on platters and strew thickly with the sugar; let them stand in a warm place for one week, turn the fruit every day until dry; then put them in a hot oven for ten minutes; when cold, put in a tin box in layers with wax paper between. These will keep a long time—all winter.

German Apple Pudding.—Mix five tablespoonfuls of butter with two cupfuls of flour; stir in two even teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a saltspoon of salt; beat an egg until very light, stir it into three-fourths of a cupful of water and then stir into the flour; spread the mixture in a shallow pan previously buttered; pare and slice three or four sour apples and place on the dough; sprinkle this thickly with sugar and bake one-half hour. Serve hot with lemon sauce.

Crabapple Pickles.—Remove the stems and flowers, but leave the fruit whole; wipe with a damp cloth and simmer very gently until tender but not broken; drain in a colander; make sufficient syrup to cover the fruit in the proportion of one pint of vinegar to two pounds of granulated sugar. Use only the best cider vinegar. Put the fruit in the syrup and keep at the boiling point, but not boiling, for ten minutes, then seal boiling hot in self-sealers or jars. These may be spiced if preferred.

Stuffed Onions.—To prepare stuffed onions, remove the skin from six or eight large onions; parboil or drain, then slip out the hearts of each, leaving the firm shell; chop the inner portion; mix it with a little finely minced bacon, a few bread crumbs, a seasoning of salt and pepper, and fill the onions with the stuffing; put them in a baking dish with a little hot water and brown them nicely in the oven, or place them in a saucepan with a little good beef stock, cover and simmer them a few minutes. Serve very hot.

Coffee Jelly.—Cool, easily digested desserts, such as ices and jellies, are always very dainty and acceptable. Not only are they grateful to the palate, but they save the housekeeper a great deal of trouble. Coffee jelly is both economical and easily made. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in a quarter of a pint of cold water and add to it three-quarters of a pint of strong, hot coffee and two ounces of sugar; stir until all is dissolved and then strain into a mould; when cold, serve with whipped cream. It makes a pretty as well as delicious dish.

Stuffed Early Cabbage.—Select a crisp young early cabbage and cut off the stalk very close and spread apart the outside leaves, so that the heart can be cut out, leaving a small natural cup to be filled; the piece you have removed is to be chopped up fine with a green pepper (from which the seeds have been taken) and a few nuts, English walnuts if you can get them; moisten all this with cream, and fill the cup of the cabbage with it; tie the outside leaves closely around it while it steams in a double boiler. Cook slowly until thoroughly done, and serve with butter sauce.

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The men you sell to and buy from may be honest, but their scales may be "a little off" without anyone knowing it.

Weigh all you sell and all you buy—on your own scales—then you will know.

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Now is the time for **Grain Growers' Associations** to make contracts for reliable twine. Write to **us,** we can supply your needs.

You will require a **soil packer** this spring; let us have a chance to talk to you. We have the old reliable **McColm,** and the price is right. Send us **$9.50** and we will ship you a **harrow cart.** You need not walk after the harrow any more. **Light Steel Harrows, $3.50** per section.

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Let us assist you in disposing of your grain this year. We have been handling Western Canada grain for nearly twenty-five years, and you can have the benefit of our experience. If you intend shipping your Wheat, Oats, Barley or Flax this fall it will pay you to write for our letter about "Selling Grain to Advantage."

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About the Farm.

Milking-Time.

"I tell you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts o' milk,
And isn't yet five year old.

"I see young White a-comin' now;
He wants her, I know that.
Be careful, girl, you're spillin' it!
An' save some for the cat.

"Good-evenin', Richard, step right in";
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
I've just come down"—"I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her.

"She's kind an' gentle as a lamb,
Jest where I go she follers;
And though it's cheap, I'll let her go;
She's your'n for thirty dollars.

"You'll know her clar across the farm
By them two milk white stars;
You needn't drive her home at night,
But jest le' down the bars.

"Then, when you've owned her, say, a month,
And learnt her, as it were,
I'll bet—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
"'Taint her I want—it's—*her!*"

"What? not the girl! well, I'll be bless'd!—
There, Kate, don't drop that pan.
You've took me mightily aback,
But then a man's a man.

"She's your'n, my boy, but one word more;
Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll foller you the whole world round,
For nothin' else but love.

"But never try to drive the lass;
Her natur's like her ma's.
I've allus found it worked the best
To jest le' down the bars."

Poultry Pointers.

Water is as necessary as food for growing chicks.

Growing pullets will be depended on for next winter's eggs. See that they have plenty of food of the right kind.

Be sure that the fowls and chicks have clean water where they can reach it at all times, especially during the hot weather. The supply should be replenished at least twice each day.

The flock must have shade to protect them from the heat of the summer sun. If there are no trees or shrubs under which they can find shade, it pays to build some sort of shelter; for example, a tent made of bran sacks or a shelter of boards.

Do not use one kind of food exclusively during the summer, for even though the fowls and chicks if on free range can obtain many good things to eat, the supplied ration should be varied somewhat. Corn, oats, and wheat with an occasional feed of barley are the best grains to feed.

With good care hens should be profitable all summer. Keep the hen house clean, and the nests filled with clean straw. Watch for lice and spider mites, and keep them down. You will find the hens will pay you for all the trouble by an increased production of eggs.

Milk is one of the best of poultry foods and may be fed sweet, sour or clabbered. It should always be given in a separate dish, not in the regular water dish or fountain, and the dish should be cleaned every day and scalded occasionally. Milk will not take the place of water for drink, and the latter must also be supplied.

If the fowls have their liberty they will pick up bugs and worms which are a substantial aid to good living and which reduce considerably the cost of feeding the flock. Frequently by devouring these forms of animal life the fowls do trees, shrubs and crops a great favor, for many of the bugs, worms, and insects which they capture damage plant life if allowed to live.

When the fowls and chicks must be confined in yards, clean food is even more necessary in summer than in winter, and the owner should cut short, tender grass or clover each morning before the dew is off and give the birds all they will eat. Cull vegetables from the garden are also acceptable to most flocks. Damp mashes are not necessary for the well being of the flock that has its liberty on the farm. It is easier to feed dry grains, and the results from their use are as satisfactory as when one takes the trouble to mix a damp mash of ground meals every morning.

In the Dairy.

In the best of the pasture season, when the cows have sufficient range, little grain feed is necessary. The grain feed will no doubt keep the cows in a little better vitality, but the increased milk yield will not pay for the grain feed as a rule. However, as soon as pastures begin to fail, the cows should have either a plentiful supply of some soiling crop such as fresh, sweet or field corn or else grain feeding should commence.

Keep the fresh cows up to their milk yield. This season of the year is the time milk yields are lost never to be regained until the next freshening. A little extra feed and attention will be well repaid.

Milk and butter take up odors more readily than other food products. Don't keep the milk any place near bad odors.

Regular feed, regular times of milking, and regular kind treatment are the chief factors in bringing in regular profits from the milk cows.

Wash all vessels containing milk as soon as possible after they are emptied. Rinse first with luke-warm water, not hot water, as the latter tends to cook the milk to the tin. Then wash with hot water, using soda or washing powder. Soap leaves odors, so it is best not to use it. Use a brush, not a dirty rag in washing the vessels. Lastly scald with boiling water and set the vessels in the sun to dry. The sunshine completes the work of cleaning and disinfecting.

Washing the Separator.

The Kansas Experiment Station recently issued a bulletin on the care of the hand separator, from which the following conclusions are drawn:

"A cream separator should be thoroughly washed every time after using. A brush should be used on every part and piece, using 5 per cent. solution of borax or other good washing powder. Rinse in hot water, or steam, if possible. They should then be left to dry while hot. Wiping with an ordinary clean cloth contaminates utensils with innumerable bacteria.

The bacteria contamination in milk is increased from three to five times by running through a separator bowl which has been used and only flushed and left standing several hours. If only flushed while using, for several days, the contamination increases several times more, and such milk would be likely to be detrimental if fed to calves.

The use of washing powder in flush water reduces the number of bacteria in the following batch of milk that is run through, and cleanses the separator more than hot water alone, but not sufficiently to warrant that method of cleaning.

The use of a clean separator that is thoroughly washed reduces the number of bacteria in milk one-fifth to one-fourth.

Improper cleaning is detrimental to a separator on account of the rust that accumulates on dirty or damp places. This may shorten the life of the machine many months, depending on the degree of cleanliness employed.

Running milk through a dirty separator is similar to running it through a dirty strainer, with all of the filth of the previous milking left

in it from twelve to twenty-four hours. The millions of undesirable bacteria from dirt, manure and slime lodged in the separator bowl spoil all the milk, to a greater or lesser degree, that passes through the machine."

Building Wire Fence.

Every farmer has seen any amount of barb wire fence so poorly constructed that it becomes a nuisance, rather than a fence that will turn stock. Much of the wire netting fence that is being so extensively used at present, is often so carelessly put up that it presents an unsightly appearance to the passer by and does not serve its purpose one half as well as where it is properly used.

One of the most common errors in making wire fence is in not setting good, substantial corner posts. When the corner posts loosen, the whole fence is a failure, hence the necessity of taking great care in using good, heavy, long corner posts and then setting them very substantially. Nothing less than eight-inch posts, eight feet long, should be used for this purpose. These are set in the ground about three and one-half feet deep; dig the hole three feet across and fill in around with alternate layers of stone and earth well pounded down. It would be better still to fill the hole with stone and cement made into a very thin mortar. This would soon harden and make a perfect job, and with cement at present prices it would not be very expensive either. A post so set would last a life-time nearly, and would be as secure as a tree.

With these substantial corners it is an easy matter to erect a fence that will not only look right, but be right. The top wire should always be tightened first in using barb wire, as the lower wire should be the tightest, and the wire stretched last is invariably the one that has the most tension. In using wire netting fence, the posts should be of sufficient length to admit of a barb wire being put above so that stock will not reach over and sag the fence. Do not stretch this wire so tightly as to allow the netting to sag. Where the netting fence is used, it would be decidedly preferable to have the posts set the fall before and stretch the netting in the spring on a warm day before the ground thaws out, when every post stands as solid as a tree; but where this is not done, the next best thing is to set the corner posts doubly secure. Try setting a few corners as suggested, when you make that new fence, even if it does take an hour to set a post; you will be better pleased with the job.

Horses.

Oats is the ideal summer grain feed.

Be careful about putting strange horses into barn stalls where your own horses are kept. Pink-eye, influenza, glanders and other contagious horse diseases are very prevalent at this time of year.

Keeping the horses in good condition is time and money well spent. Many a pound of grain and forage for winter feed depends on the condition of your horse power right now. Curry well, feed well, rest well, and work well.

If there are three or four colts on the farm a colt creep is an excellent device. Surround a feeding box, somewhere in the shade if possible, with a fence just high enough to let the colts in and keep the mares out. Keep in the feed box salt and good clean oats. The colts will soon learn to take advantage of the extra feed. Young colts will not overfeed.

See that the colt gets enough milk from its dam. Some mares don't give sumcient nourishment unless given extra grain feed. To insure the well being of the colt give the mother this extra feed or else feed the colt extra milk. Skim milk makes good feed in the hands of a careful feeder. But too much of it upsets digestion and does the colt more harm than good. Start feeding a very small amount and increase gradually as the colt seems to thrive upon it. No specific rules can be laid down as each colt differs in its requirements.

Cribbing Horses.

A subscriber writes:—

"I would like to ask whether there is any effective way of curing a colt two years old of the habit of crib-biting."

Crib-biting is a bad habit, sometimes learned from other horses, but usually caused by defective teeth; the horse bites at the manger or fence for the purpose of relieving the pain. Colts that have been raised by hand sometimes learn it through the habit of wind-sucking. Wind-sucking and crib-biting are two different habits, but are often associated together. In the case of this colt he will probably go out to pasture in a short time and is very likely to forget the habit before taken up in the fall. In the case of an older horse, smearing the manger with bitter drugs, such as aloes, is helpful; also covering the front of the manger with tin or sheet-iron to prevent the horse from getting hold. In some cases a roller is put in the front of the manger so that when the horse takes hold of it the teeth will slip. A good plan where horses are confined in stalls is to put them in a box stall without any feed box: feed the hay on the floor and feed the grain out of a box or bucket, removing it immediately after the horse has finished eating. In confirmed cases the only thing to do is to use a wire muzzle, removing it only for them to eat.

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a widespread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

More Money for Your Grain
If You use my Chatham Fanning Mill
Pay Me as It Saves For You

You can get a Chatham Fanning Mill and pay for it as it saves for you.

I sell on liberal long time terms to all responsible parties.

You can get first price for your grain if you clean it with a CHATHAM FANNING MILL. It will weigh more to the bushel.

A CHATHAM FANNING MILL takes Cockle and Oats out of Wheat, or any one kind of grain from another.

It takes all chaff, weed seed and withered kernels out of seed-grain.

You don't get "mixed crops" nor "sow weeds" if you clean your seed with a CHATHAM FANNING MILL.

It will save you money and become a source of profit, for you can sell seed grain to others instead of buying it yourself.

A CHATHAM FANNING MILL will clean Barley, Wheat, Oats, Timothy, Clover, Millet, Flax, Peas, Beans, Grass Seed, Alsike, Blue Grass, Red Top, Buckwheat, and everything of this kind.

My FREE Book

"How to Make Dollars Out of Wind" tells all about the CHATHAM FANNING MILL and how it puts money in your pocket.

It tells about my factory and how I have been making CHATHAM FANNING MILLS for many years.

The book tells all about these mills—how I make them and why they are best.

It tells why I sell on time and how I can afford to do it.

But send for the book today and read the interesting story for yourself.

Your name and address on a post card mailed at once gets it by return mail postpaid.

I have responsible agents nearly everywhere in Canada.

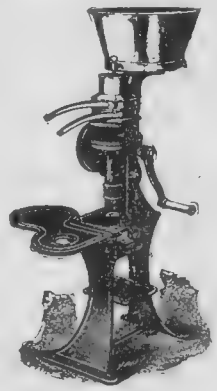
If I have no agent near you, I will tell you how you can get a mill direct from the factory, or from one of our warehouses at Brandon, Regina, Calgary, Montreal or Halifax; shipped freight prepaid to your Railroad Station. Is that fair?

Send for my book at once.

Read the dollar making facts with which it is filled from cover to cover.

Write me today.

Address all mail to
MANSON CAMPBELL CO., Ltd.
Dept. 7B, Chatham, Ontario.



DE LAVAL SEPARATORS

Have You a Baby?

A DE LAVAL "BABY"

"BABY" Separators are the children of the "separator family" and are counterparts on a smaller scale of the De LAVAL machines, which are used almost exclusively in creamery work.

You may trust the creameryman's judgment when it comes to choosing a separator. He knows.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.
WINNIPEG
Montreal Toronto Vancouver New York Philadelphia Chicago
San Francisco Portland Seattle

Ship Your Grain

G. B. Murphy & Co.
WINNIPEG

Will get the Highest Prices.

References Eastern Townships or Union Banks.

TORONTO KINGSTON WINNIPEG

WE ARE IN THE MARKET

for all kinds of grain the year round. Wheat, Oats, Barley, Flax. Write for our market letters and shipping instructions. Prompt settlements a specialty.

REFERENCE: ANY FINANCIAL AGENCY.

JAS. RICHARDSON & SONS
WINNIPEG, MAN.

THE NEW HOME OF
THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONTARIO.

Canada's Greatest School of Business.

The school, which, for the past 30 years, has been growing in greatness and increasing in strength and popularity, until it was found necessary to erect this splendid building and equip it with magnificent furnishings and grounds at a cost of nearly $30,000 THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

College reopened for the 31st school year in the new premises Tuesday, Sept. 4 with students registering from Newfoundland on the East to British Columbia on the West.

The English Speaking World is our Field.

Manitoba and the North West provinces sent twelve and province of Quebec sent six to Chatham last year, while a very large number in same territories took our Home Training Courses in Book-keeping, Shorthand and Penmanship.

Our beautiful catalogue will tell you much about this high class business school and the grand work it has accomplished during the past 30 years.

Our Home Training Department.

We can give you instruction at your home in Bookkeeping, Shorthand or Penmanship.

If you cannot come to Chatham write for—Catalogue C which tells you all about our home courses.

If you wish to attend at Chatham write for Catalogue H.

We allow railway fare up to $8 to students from a distance

Good board and room with private families at $2.50 to $2.75 per week.

Write for the catalogue you want, addressing:

D. McLACHLAN & CO., CHATHAM, ONT.

CUT THIS OUT
Send me advice for care of hair also latest fashions in hair dressing
Name.....
Address

SWITCHES! SWITCHES!! SWITCHES!!!

You have perhaps heard the story of the young fellow who fell asleep at the switch. However, that is another story. We wish to tell you the story of a switch that will make you so enticing that no man, young or old, could fall asleep while in your company. You are aware that our stock is the largest in Western Canada and where the largest stock is there you will be able to get the best choice. Send for our booklet on hair goods, and here are our prices on switches:

	straight	wavy
16 inches long	$1 to $1.50	$2
18 "	$1.50 to $2.50	$3
20 "	$2.50 to 3.50	$4
22 "	$3.50	$5
24 "	$5	$6
26 "	$7	$7
30 "	$10	$10

When ordering, send sample of hair, state length of switch wanted, and whether curly or straight.

Our stock of Transformations, Gloria Curls, Pompadours and Bangs is one of quality.

We also make switches from your own combings.

The New York Hair Store,
SEAMAN & PETERSON
Y.M.C.A. BLOCK, WINNIPEG.

$ 34.50 for this Steel Range

This magnificent Steel Range, lined throughout with asbestos improved fire box, burns coal or wood equally as well, ventilated fire back which insures an even degree of heat through the oven at all times. This is a feature which is not found in the ordinary stove or range, but which is so necessary to give satisfactory results in baking. It is fitted with a splendid 15 gallon reservoir. Altogether this is a range that would sell by the ordinary dealer at from $45.00 to $50.00. Our price only $34.50. Weight complete crated for shipment 500 pounds. If after you have given this range a fair trial in your home, you find that it does not fully meet your every expectation, ship it back to us and we will at once return your money together with freight charges both ways.

Send for our New Fall and Winter catalogue, it will be mailed free.

THE MACDONALD MAIL ORDER, Limited
662 Pacific Ave. Winnipeg, Can.
"DEP'T M"

In Lighter Vein.

Beauty.

By Lloyd Mifflin.

Foredoomed am I to serve her. Where she glows,
There is my heaven. These famished lips are fain
To kiss her naked feet, altho' in vain—
The Nymph illusive comes, elusive goes:
I reach to fold her to my heart,—she flows
Wave-like away, and with a sweet disdain
Beckons me on to where I see remain,
Rising resilient from her step, the rose:
So, panting after Beauty all my days,
I trace her footings o'er the wind-swayed wheat,
Drawn by her blown hair fluttering in the glades,
Or white arms luring down Idalian ways.
I am her thrall, and she, a splendid cheat,
Fadeth forever, tho' she never fades.

—From Everybody's Magazine.

Be Like the Sun.

Be like the constant sun and shine;
Be like unfermented wine;
Be like rosy morning's glow;
Be like light on drifts of snow;
For all this means your mind of cheer
Will scatter joy throughout the year.

Fulfil your duties with a smile;
When over-tired rest a while.
Speak gently both to friend and foe;
'Tis better thus through life to go.
For all this means your mind of cheer
Will scatter joy throughout the year.

Helen Van-Anderson.

A Reverie.

I see myself in a garden,
Where all things fair have birth;
Where bloom and fragrance mingle and meet—
Heaven's heritage to Earth:
In the midst of encircling beauty
Where waves of fragrance flow;
And messages divine are borne—
The unseen undertow.

I feast my eyes on the color
That burns like a lake of fire,
That gleams and glows and shimmers
And quivering throbs as lyre:
While the incense rises upward,
Mounts to the dreamy sky—

Conundrums.

Why is the theatre like a bird? Because it has wings and flies.

What is that which Adam never had, never saw, yet left two to each of his children? Parents.

What is the difference between a young baby and a nightcap? One is born to wed, and the other is worn to bed.

Why is the letter "I" never too late? Because it is always in time.

What insect does the blacksmith manufacture? He makes the fire-fly.

Why is a ship the politest thing in the world? Because she always advances with a bow.

Why is a telephone like a good little boy? It speaks only when it is spoken to.

Why is life the greatest of all riddles? Because all must give it up.

What's the difference between the Prince of Wales and a jet of water? One is heir to the throne and the other is thrown into the air.

What is the difference between a sailor shut up in jail and a blind man? One can't see to go, and the other can't go to see.

When do one's teeth usurp the function of the tongue? When they are chattering.

What flies forever and rests never? The wind.

When is the newspaper the sharpest? When it is filed.

As It Appeared to Bobby.

The day of the annual intercollegiate football game was approaching, and for the last week or two Bobby had heard little else talked of among his older brothers and sisters. Sunday came and Bobby was taken to church. In the course of the service the pastor, as usual, gave out the parochial notices for the following week and, having concluded, was about to announce a hymn to be sung when Bobby, who had been listening intently, piped forth to the edification of the devout:

"Oh, mamma, he didn't give out the football game!"

His Answer.

"John," exclaimed the indignant other half of the combination, "do you see this blond hair on your coat just where one of the buttons is missing?"

"Yes, my dear," meekly replied John.

"Well, sir?" she queried in a tone that demanded an explanation.

"Oh, it's all right," answered the head of the house, as he winked at the cat. "I put the hair where you found it for the purpose of attracting your attention to the button which has been missing for nearly a week."

The Extent of His Sorrow.

Irishman (to shopman): "I want somethin' for mournin' wear, but I don't know exactly what the coostum is. What do they be wearin' now for mournin'?"

Shopman: "It depends a little on how near the relative is for whom you wish to show this mark of respect. For a very near relative you should have a black suit, a black band on your hat, and black gloves. For some one not so near and dear you may have a broad band of black on your left arm, or a somewhat narrower one for somebody more distant."

Irishman: "Och, is that it? Well, then, gimme a shoestring. It's me woife's mother!"

Bald Attempt.

At one of his gatherings during an electoral campaign, the late Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett was frequently interrupted by a man in the body of the hall, who resented his uncompromising remarks upon political opponents.

The knight bore his trial with admirable good humor till, seeing an opening for scoring a point, he said:

"Now I'm going to tell you something about the late Liberal Government that will make my friend's hair stand on end," indicating with a smiling nod, the vigorous critic in the body of the hall.

"Wrong again!" shouted the irrepressible one, removing his cap and displaying a head smooth as a billiard ball. "It can't be done, boss!"

Out of Joint.

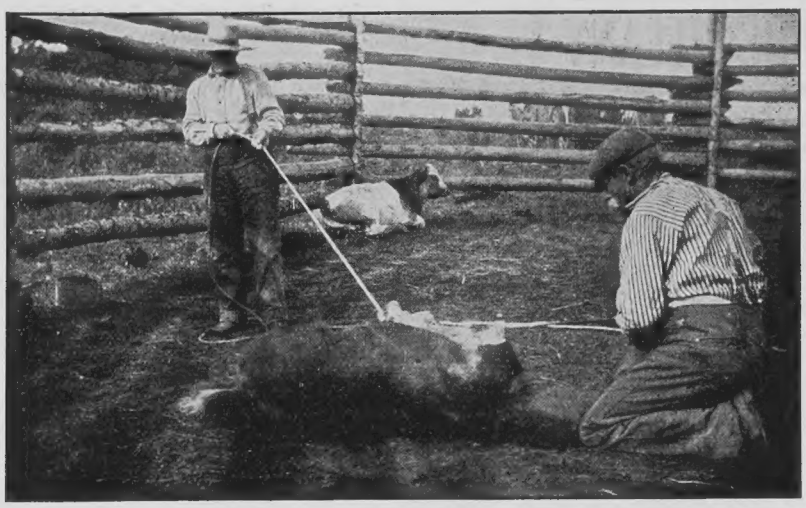
Mrs. Gregson had not been able to patronize the poulterer's this year, but she did not on that account mean to leave herself entirely at the tender mercies of the local butcher. Hence the visit of her youngest son.

"Mother's compliments," said the latter, "and she's sent me to show you the big bone you sent with the meat this morning."

"Tell your mother," said the man of meat sarcastically, "that the next time I kills a bullock without bones in it I'll make her a present of a joint."

The boy trotted off with the message, and presently returned.

"Mother's compliments," he said breathlessly, "and she says that the next time you find a bit of sirloin of beef with a shoulder of mutton bone in it she'd like to buy the whole carcass as a curiosity!"



Branding Colts.

A Preacher Hushed.

During the heat of the anti-slavery agitation, while on a railroad train, Wendell Phillips was thus addressed by a clergyman: "Mr. Phillips, why do you and your associates continue to excite our people of the north when no slavery exists here? Why do you not go to the south where slavery does exist and stop the importation of slaves?" I believe you are a minister of the gospel,' said Phillips. "That is my vocation," replied the clergyman." And your mission is to save souls from hell?" "That is my mission," replied the other. "Then," replied Phillips, "why do you not go there and stop the importation of souls?"

Worldly Wisdom.

There is a young minister in Philadelphia who has been remarkably successful in paying off the debts of the various churches to which he has been assigned from time to time. A brother minister, who was laboring earnestly by means of bazaars, fairs, and other affairs to accomplish a like happy result at his own church, went to him and inquired the secret of his success.

"And I observe that you never have to resort to my present methods," he concluded.

The successful one smiled.

"No," he replied. "You see, when we need money, some good sister suggests a bazaar. Then I call on the husbands of the married ladies of the membership and explain to them that in order to raise a certain sum we are finding it necessary to hold a bazaar. We have never had to actually bring the affair off."

Competition Too Keen for Him.

A farmer during a long-continued drought invented a machine for watering his fields. The very first day that he tried it there suddenly came a downpour of rain. He put away his machine. "It's no use," he said, "ye can dae naething nooadays without competition."

"Isn't that a pretty book?"

"Charming."

"I am sure Ella would like that." Then to the clerk, "I'll take this book."

As the clerk was wrapping it up she added: "What is it, by the way? I didn't look."

Lady's Retort.

At a contest a ready answer secured one lady canvasser a Conservative vote. She had fluently advanced several reasons in favor of her candidate to a grumpy elector, who told her that she could talk the hind leg off a donkey.

"Well," she replied, "it would give me much more pleasure to drive you to the polling-station than to the hospital!"

The retort so tickled the voter that he promised to support her side.

No Need to Prove It.

A Manchester paper tells this story, which is appropriate to the season, and shows how Irishmen are gifted with discretion.

One morning Mrs. Murphy, a customer, came into the tailor-shop and found the tailor busy with pencil and paper. She asked him what he was doing.

"Oi'm makin' a lisht av the min in this block who Oi kin lick," said he.

"Hev ye got Murphy's name down?" asked she.

"Murphy heads me lisht."

Home flew Mrs. Murphy and broke the news to her man.

He was in the tailor-shop in a jiffy. "Me woman tells me that ye're afther making a memorial tablet uv the min that yiz kin lick, and that ye've got me at the head of it. Is that true?"

"Shure, an' it's true. What of it?" said the tailor.

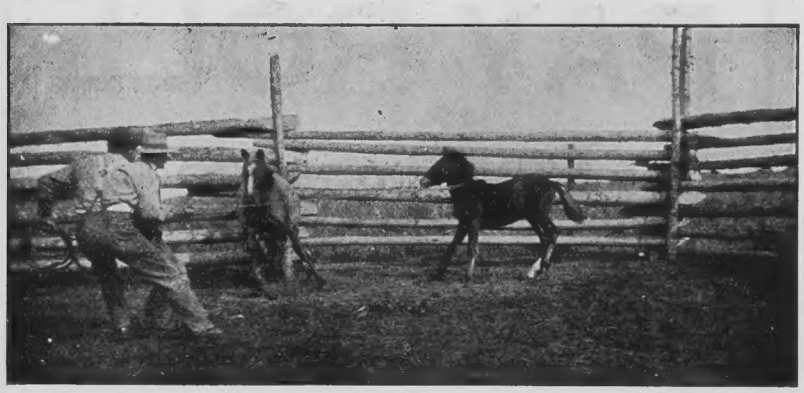
"You good-for-nothin' little grasshopper, I could commit suicide on yez with me little finger. I could wipe up the flure wid yez with me hands tied behind me."

"Are ye sure of that?" asked the tailor.

"Shure? I'm shure about it."

"Well, then," said the tailor, "if ye're shure of it, I'll scratch ye off the lisht."

"I thought," said her mother, "that I heard you and Mr. Rockingham quarreling down in the parlor last night." "Ye-es; but we made up before he went away." "What was the matter?" "He said when he was holding my hand that it was like a little bird fluttering in a cage, and I insisted that it was like a little mouse in a trap. We just had an awful time for a while."



Caught!!!

Shooting Outfit

No. 21w.

PRICE $18.50 With express charges prepaid.

Is a genuine bargain, and an outfit that we guarantee to give absolute satisfaction to the purchaser. It consists of the following:—A double barrel 12 gauge breech-loading shot gun with **interchangeable parts** Damascus barrels, top lever and a reinforced breech. It is fitted with the celebrated Greener cross-bolt, and has rebounding locks and a pistol grip. The left barrel is choke bored, which makes it a splendid gun for long range shooting. With this gun goes a complete reloading outfit comprising crimper, rammer and block, and powder and shot measure. A box of 25 Normal smokeless loaded shells is also included, and we will forward the whole outfit *WITH EXPRESS CHARGES PAID* to any railroad point in Canada on receipt of $18.50. If you are not absolutely satisfied you have the privilege of returning it to us and your money will be refunded.

THE HINGSTON-SMITH ARMS CO., LTD.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

McClary's

ALL Kootenay Steel Range wearing parts are made extra heavy

Kootenay Range

London~Toronto~Montreal

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DIAMOND DYES

DEAR TO THE HEART OF EVERY WOMAN AND GIRL.

BEWARE OF IMITATION AND ADULTERATED PACKAGE DYES.

ASK FOR THE "DIAMOND"

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
DIABETES
Because discontinued the use of our pills. The public may rely on our package. Sold only in boxes. Beware of imitations.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
Trafalgar Castle.

And ONTARIO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND ART
Whitby, Ont., Can.
Palatial Buildings, beautiful grounds, helpful, social and religious influences, and the best facilities for the study of Literature, Music, Art, Elocution, Commercial and Domestic Science.
Large Pipe Organ, Concert Grand Pianos, and the most complete modern equipment in every department.
Undoubtedly the best of its kind in Canada.
Will reopen Sept. 10. Send for Calendar to REV. J. J. HARE, Ph. D., Principal.

The Berliner Gram-o-phone.

VICTOR JUNIOR GRAM-O-PHONE for $12.50

You know the reputation of Victor and Berliner Gram-o-phones—the only Talking Machines worthy of the name—and the only ones that accurately reproduce the voice and all musical instruments.

The VICTOR JUNIOR is mechanically faultless—and will faithfully reproduce the Victor Records.

Price only $12.50. Sold on easy payments if desired. Catalogue of 3,000 records sent free on request.

THE BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Nordheimer Piano

Quality Counts in a Piano, and the Nordheimer is considered by connoisseurs the equal of any and superior to many makes in the market.

It has a pure, sympathetic, powerful tone, of matchless volume and resonance which has made the Nordheimer famous.

Write for illustrated booklet with all information.

NORDHEIMER PIANO CO.
The Pulford Block
Donald St., - - WINNIPEG, MAN.

ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY

VARIOUS SUBJECTS CLEVERLY TREATED

My Mother's Hands.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small,
And you, I know, would scarcely think,
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands,
Most beautiful to me!

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad;
These patient hands keep toiling on
That children might be glad.
I almost weep, as, looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

But, oh! beyond this shadow land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well those dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
Where crystal streams through endless time
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

Health Notes.

A very simple method of inducing sleep in cases of persistent insomnia, and one that has succeeded where many drugs have failed, is, simply administer a moderate amount of liquid food before the patient goes to bed. This diverts the blood from the brain to the abdominal organs, and takes away the cerebral excitement that precludes sleep.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

Too much cannot be said to warn mothers not to take babies out on the street in go-carts. The muscles of the back are not strong enough to support the body for any length of time, especially as the cart jolts over the unevenness of pavements, and until children can walk without tottering, they cannot help themselves with the foot rest

On the Trail of the Kangaroo.

Hunting the kangaroo is a decidedly dangerous sport. It requires a man who has a good nerve, a fine eye and all those essentials required of one who has to ride at full speed through dense scrub, heavy timber, lumpy, rocky ground, where logs are to be found at every turn, fallen monarchs of the forest hidden by an indescribable maze of other branches, semi-tropical growth, and rope-like creepers. It is all as hard work as riding to foxhounds in any country, while you have not only to keep a sharp eye open for what is before you, but that which is overhead or at your side. The horses have wonderful eyes and sense; so used are they to the bush that it is often better for an inexperienced hunter to give his mount his head, when he will swing around stumps, avoid trees, and take a log at the right place. While the rider is watching overhead branches and swaying thorn branches aside with uplifted arm, the nag is generally looking after what is underfoot. The Australian is a born horseman; he lives in the saddle. It is true that the wayback man is from childhood on the back of a horse, while even in the oldest and most important city in Australia—Sydney—today the postman in the suburbs delivers letters on horseback, the pillar boxes in the city are cleared by mounted men, and the lamplighter goes about his work in a like way. All this is mentioned to emphasize the fact that the horse is part and parcel of the life of the often reckless, hard-riding and hard-swearing colonial of the Southern seas.

There are two kinds of kangaroo hunting; where the kangaroo dogs are used and where beagles are employed. The first named is the old style, while the latter may be only called into use in the case of the smaller kangaroos such as the brush-tail, that stands perhaps about three feet six inches, or at times four feet. In the old sport, we find the greater dash, for there is a great deal of difference in following a deer-hound that runs at sight and the small hound that puts his nose to the ground and gradually wears down his quarry. The kangaroo dog is a gaze-hound all out, and, running mute, he endeavors to catch by the aid of his limbs that which he can see with his eyes. Always running about the station and following the mounted hands, he is full of dash and muscle; his sinews are as of steel, while his feet are sound and tough enough for any ground—in short, he knows his work, and that is his occupation.

White Fly.

A white fly, scarcely larger than a gnat, has become troublesome among house plants in many sections. They are mostly found and propagate upon the under side of the leaves, and vacate as soon as the plants are disturbed. They are difficult to get rid of, as tobacco smoke or tea or emulsions have no effect upon them. The best remedy for the amateur to use is pyrethrum powder, which is dusted freely in the air and upon the under side of the leaves. That it may be effective the plants should be covered before applying to prevent the insects from escaping, and to concentrate the powder where it will do its intended work.

Pigeon-Toed Colts.

A correspondent writes:
"We have a number of colts and some three or four are inclined to be a trifle pigeon-toed. I would like to ask whether we can straighten them permanently by rasping off the feet, or is it a case of heredity?"

In a great many cases this trouble can be averted by proper care of the feet, and we would advise our correspondent to treat these colts. The feet should be kept level and straight. Many careful horsemen examine their colts' feet at least four times a year, and in some cases oftener, and give them such treatment as may be necessary.

French Schools of Aeronautics.

So great is the interest in aerial navigaton in Paris that recently there have been founded two schools which will be devoted exclusively to this subject, and will give instruction in the theory and practice of airships, their design and construction. One of these schools is to have its aerodome on a site near the Porte Maillot, formerly occupied by the Columbia Theater, and its equipment will include captive balloons which can ascend to heights of from 1200 to 1500 feet, and be used for practical experiments by the students.

The latter, it may be said, will be comprised in a large part of amateurs interested in aeronautics, and every facility will be provided for teaching theoretical areonautics as well as for original experimentation and the testing of new ideas and apparatus. As if this were not enough in the way of aeronautical instruction, there is also "The Normal College of Aerial Navigation," which has been sanctioned by the Minister of the Interior, and is designed for those desiring to qualify professionally in aeronautics and to make it their calling. In this school there will be lectures and examinations, as well as experimental work, and diplomas will be conferred which will render the holders eligible for membership in the Military Corps of Aerial Navigation.

Phlox Drummondi.

One of the best of all bedding annuals is the phlox drummondi. It surpasses almost everything else in dazzling brilliancy, and flower lovers who do not plant liberally of it each year miss a great floral treat. The plants are very easy to start from seeds in a hot-bed or window box, and transplant well and soon commence blooming. Some of my plants this year blossomed when only four inches high, and from that time until hard frost. One is sure of a wealth of bloom. The colors range from white to the deepest red, and the flowers are fine for cutting.

Making or Spoiling a Man.

One can but pity the child born with a nervous temperament, much as such a temperament is to be desired, if the parents do not know how to bring out the best that is in him. The future of no child is more absolutely in the keeping of its parents than is that of a "nervous" child, and his well-being and usefulness to the world is made or marred by the training he receives. Such a child is usually misunderstood by the average parent, and by injudicious treatment he may grow up a physical and moral wreck, even though the mentality may not be dwarfed or warped. A warped disposition will cause him to be a very Ishmael among his kind, at odds with everything he

Chew
PAY ROLL
Plug Tobacco
10c. PER CUT

meets, while the proper treatment will give to the world a most lovable man or woman, affectionate, gentle, sensitive, sympathetic and intelligent.

The nervous child is often of a very strong character, wilful and seemingly headstrong, because his brain power gives him a feeling of self-reliance, and he is generally difficult to manage, especially if the parents be impatient and unreasonable in their demands. Scolding only adds to nervous tension, fault-finding irritates and discourages, and severer punishment, such as whippings and shutting in a dark room, are cruel and useless. Corporal punishment should never be resorted to in the case of such a child, as he is usually amenable to reason, and tractable to kindness. Being above the average as to intelligence, he should at all times be treated as an intelligent being. A nervous child must be guided, he can seldom be driven. Loud, harsh commands are as bad as blows, and unreasoning opposition only serves to make him more obstinate in his ways. Such a child is usually of strong likes and dislikes, and an act of injustice is not often forgotten or easily forgiven, and harshness or forceful demands only serve to drive him from the companionship of those who so use him. Let the parent of such a child learn first to govern him or herself before undertaking to enforce obedience from the little soul who is often wiser than is the parent to whom it is intrusted.

Hints.

A few drops of vinegar added to the water for poaching eggs makes them set properly and keeps the whites from spreading.

The application of a bit of soap on the point of a lead pencil to a creaky hinge will cure its stiffness and silence its complaints.

A thin coating made of three parts lard, melted with one part resin, and applied to stoves and grates, will prevent them rusting when not in use.

Don't scrape a burnt saucepan. Fill it with cold water, put in a bit of soda, heat slowly, and let boil gently for some time. Then scrub with a saucepan brush.

To clean silver easily, dissolve three teasponfuls of baking soda in a quart of boiling water, put in the silver, let it remain five or ten minutes and then rinse in hot water and wipe it.

When washing flannel no soda should be used. The water must be lukewarm and well lathered with soap. Again, it is most important that good flannel should be neither mangled nor ironed.

Materials that have become faded and discolored are often restored by being packed away in a dark closet or chest where no light can penetrate. Layers of tissue paper will aid in the process.

Wet umbrellas should be stood on their handles to dry. This allows the water to run out of them, instead of into the part where the ribs and the silk meet, thus causing the metal to rust and the silk to rot.

To keep the bread in a nice condition, take a fair-sized potato, wash it, and place in the pan where the bread is kept. Moisture is given off by this vegetable, which prevents the bread from getting dry, and yet there is not sufficient moisture to cause any mildew. The bread-pan should be washed out weekly and thoroughly aired. The lid should be kept a little open, so that the air may circulate freely. If these little hints are followed the bread will always be in nice condition.

Plants in Hot Weather.

Tender plants received or repotted during hot weather should be placed in the cellar for a week until revived. If you have no cellar try the fireplace in a north room, placing the fire screen back close, or a dark cool closet. Do not deluge the plants with water.

Election Canvasser—What does your husband think of the fiscal question, Mrs. Hodge? Mrs. Hodge—Weell, s'r, when 'e's a talking to a protectionist 'e's a freetrader, and when 'e's talking to a freetrader 'e's a protectionist, and when 'e's talking to me 'e's a raving lunatic!

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.
79 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by:
Sir R. W. Meredith, Chief Justice.
Hon. G. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario.
Rev. John Potts, D.D., Victoria College.

Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure.

Consultation or correspondence invited.

When Writing Advertisers Kindly Mention The Western Home Monthly.

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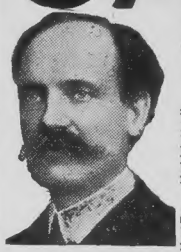

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BULBS For Winter Blooming in the Home.

There is no class of plants that gives more satisfaction for indoor culture than bulbs, and with so little skill gives such magnificent results. A few pots of our specially selected flowering bulbs planted in the fall will give a lovely display of luxuriant blooms all the winter; brightening the home and purifying the air with their delightful fragrance. We give free with every order pamphlet, "How to grow Bulbs," containing full cultural directions which are surprisingly easy to follow.

"JEWEL" COLLECTION 25c.

TEN ELEGANT FLOWERING BULBS. ALL DIFFERENT

This offer is made especially to encourage new beginners to try a few bulbs in the house for winter blooming. We send ten different and beautiful sorts, all suitable for winter blooming, labelled and boxed, for only 25c. postpaid to any address. Is this not cheap enough? Order it for your children and let them see what lovely flowers they can have in mid-winter. Do not fail to try and get your friends to do the same. Bulbs will be of our selection, extra fine in every respect.

SURPRISE COLLECTIONS

Owing to the large and ever increasing demand we have for our high class bulbs, we find it necessary to import a large surplus supply to cover ourselves against any emergency. Towards the end of the season we make this surplus up into "Surprise Collections," ranging in price from 50 cents up to any amount the purchaser may desire. These collections are all carefully selected and contain a splendid variety of excellent flowering bulbs worth many times the low price at which they are offered.

Note:—All orders for Surprise Collections will be shipped early in November, but we cannot accept orders for this special offer after Nov. 10th.

LOW PRICE COLLECTIONS

No. C.-For House Culture
Collection of 37 Bulbs for 50c
1 Chinese Sacred Lily
2 Dutch Hyacinths
2 Roman Hyacinths
4 Narcissus, assorted
2 Paper White Narcissus
6 Freesias
2 Alliums
5 Tulips, single mixed
1 Easter Lily
12 Crocus, mixed

No. D.-For Outdoor Culture
Collection of 97 Bulbs for $1.00
6 Hyacinths, Dutch, mixed
24 Tulips, mixed
1 Lilium Candidum
36 Crocus, all colors
6 Snowdrops, single
12 Narcissus, mixed
6 Scilla Siberica
6 Glory of the Snow

No. E.-For Outdoor Culture
Collection of 46 Bulbs for 50c.
3 Hyacinths, Dutch, mixed
12 Tulips, single, mixed
3 Snowdrops, single
3 Narcissus, mixed
18 Crocus, all colors
3 Scilla Siberica
3 Glory of the Snow
1 Lilium Candidum

We send Free, with every order, Pamphlet "How to Grow Bulbs."

WILLIAM RENNIE CO. Limited
850 Main Street, WINNIPEG

I Give My Belt Free Until I Cure You

That's a fair and square proposition—FREE UNTIL I CURE YOU. No man can make it unless he knows what he can do. I'm no novice in the business of curing men. I've been at the business 24 years, and in that time have learned that Electricity will cure hundreds of cases where nothing else will.

I know what kind of cases I can cure, and will not take a case that I can't. When I found that I could feel sure of success in certain cases, I saw then that it was possible to make this proposition—no pay unless I cured you.

There may be some people who would not pay me when I cured them. I can take chances on those, as there are very few men who when they feel the exhilaration from my Belt will not be glad to pay the small price it costs them.

I cure some men for $5. My $5 Belt cured one man of lame back who had not been able to bend over to unlace his shoes for five years.

You pay a doctor a little money every month, and a druggist some more for the stuff he sells you to dope your stomach. It's no fun to look back after you have taken the stuff for years and are just as bad off as when you started—and your stomach the worse from the poison you have put into it.

Dear Sir: I have used your Belt for three months. I am now free from Rheumatism. It has done its work well. I am satisfied it is the only cure for that disease.—J. H. SAGER. Okotoks, Alta.

Dear Sir: I have tried your Belt and it has cured me of Constipation. I have not had it since I put it on the second time. Yours truly, J. McIntyre, Crossfield, Alta.

Dear Sir: As to the benefit received from the use of your Belt in the last thirty days. I can say that it has been most satisfactory. My body is free of pain and I am feeling much better. Hoping you the best of success, I remain, yours truly. F. Fleming. Grande Pointe, Man.

Dear Sir: I purchased one of your Belts some time ago and it has done me a great deal of good. I did not think anything could help me as it has done. I have told nearly every one I know of your wonderful Belt and a great many have purchased and are not dissapointed. Yours truly, Mrs. T. Whyte. Island Lake, Alta.

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THE BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISERS!!
The Western Home Monthly

WIT, HUMOR AND FUN

LIFE'S COMIC SIDE TREATED BY CLEVER PENS

The Lone Fisherman.

Settin' in a leaky boat,
Jest a-watchin' line an' float;
Waitin' fur a bite, oh, gee!
That is fun enough fur me.
Settin' out here on the crick,
Where the perch is bitin' slick,
An' the punkin'-seeds—well, say!
You can't coax me off ter-day.

Ol' pipe's drawin' like a flue,
An' the smoke is risin' blue;
Water's calm an' weather's fine,
An' they's somethin' on my line.
Wouldn't leave ol' "Lizzard" now
Fur a house an' farm, I vow!
Jest go 'way an' let me be—
This is good enough fur me.

—Joe Cone, in Judge.

Marjorie—Daddy, it's raining.
Daddy—Well, let it rain.
Marjorie—I was going to, daddy.

You get near the real valuation of a man when you see him put a penny in the offering while he sings, "Take My Life."

We have seen many a woman iron a man's shirt as if she were wishing she was using the iron on him instead.

Grace—Teacher says we must always do our duty. What is duty?
Bobbie—It's the thing we ought to do when we want to do something else.

While a woman likes to have a man tell her that he knows her like a book, she is apt to get furious if he says he can read her face between the lines.

"I wonder who invented the phrase, ''Silence is golden''?" "Probably some poor beggar who had a wife, a parrot, a ten-year-old boy, a phonograph and a barber."

Minister—"Are you sure you know your catechism, my boy?" Boy—"Sure! Dere's four ink-spots on de front cover an' de back's tore off. I'd know it anywhere."

Mrs. Kratchett—"Bridget, I don't like the looks of that man who called to see you last night." Bridget—"Well, well, ain't it funny, ma'am? He said the same about you."

"Why is Harkins rushing around so excitedly?" "Why, he says his baby is financially embarrassed." "Get out! How could a baby be financially embarrassed?" "Oh, he swallowed a cent, you know."

New Englander (visiting in Kansas)—"Why don't you raise punkins out here?" Kansan—"We tried it, but the soil is too rich for 'em. The vines grew so fast that the punkins got all skinned up dragging over the ground."

The Spinster—"How many lodges did you say your husband belonged to?" The Wife—"Fifteen." The Spinster—"My goodness! just think of a man being out fifteen nights a week! Well, I'm glad that I'm an old maid."

He fell at her feet. "My sweet and precious one!" he cried, "life in your presence is as a rose tinged with the glorious crimson fretting of a soul whch knoweth no love so——" "Oh, Harry," she said, "how you do smell of tobacco!"

"Is your mistress at home?" inquired Mrs. Borem, standing in the shadow of the doorway. "I don't know, ma'am." replied the servant. "Can't tell whether she's at home or not till I git a look at ye. If ye hov a wart on the side o' yer nose, ma'am, she ain't."

The best banks are in heaven; but the receiving tellers are likely to be in some back alleys here.

Waiter—"Do you wish soup?"
Guest—"Is it free with a dinner?"
Waiter—"Yes, sir."
Guest—"No, thank you."

She—So these are the china bargains you advertised?
Dealer—Yes, ma'am, and they're going for little or nothing.
She—All right. I'll take that blue going for little or nothing.

This is not only important, but it is true: If a husband and wife are good to each other, the children are more sure to grow up good and honorable citizens than if the parents wrangle.

Teacher—Here's a little sum in addition for you. If your father gave you 10 cents and your mother gave you five, what would you then have?
Jimmy—I'd have a fit.

Sly Sam smoked a ton of Perique,
And he didn't feel right for a wique;
If he'd smoked any more,
There'd be crape on our door—
And the cause wouldn't be far to sique!

Mrs. Destyle—"Husband, I just must have a new gown."
Mr. Destyle—"And for what?"
Mrs. Destyle—"The new cook is coming to-morrow and I have nothing to receive her in."

Mrs. Josh—"I know these rooms are very small, George, but we can get along, at least for a time. There is no use in complaining. Can't you see the funny side of it, and make a joke?"
Mr. John—"I don't see where I could put it if I did."

"I'd like to pay a fitting tribute to your husband's memory," said a minister to a woman whose husband had recently died.
"He didn't have any memory," was the unexpected reply. "He couldn't even remember to mail a letter."

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing an' the smiles ye wear
That's amaking the sun shine everywhere."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

He (on his knees)—Darling, I love you with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all the strength of my being.
She—Are you in earnest, Clarence?
He (reproachfully) — In earnest? Do you think I am bagging my trousers in this way for fun?

Mrs. M.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had a habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress, giving her a severe look, said: "Mary, your mouth is open." "Yessum," replied Mary, "I opened it."

A city young lady, on a visit to a country town, was impressed by the variety and extent of the stock kept at the village store. One day, to satisfy her curiosity, she asked the clerk if they had Browning. He stared at her a second, then went off and looked under the counters and on the shelves. Presently he came back and said: "No, miss, we ain't got none. We got blackin' an' we got bluin, an' we got whitin', but we ain't got a bit o' brownin' in the store."

The TWENTY PAYMENT LIFE POLICY

issued by The Great-West Life is a most popular form of Insurance. It combines the advantages of both protection and profitable investment.

For example — the cost for $1000 at age 26 next birthday is $29.10 per annum, for twenty years.

$1000 is payable at death. At the end of twenty years the insured ceases to pay premiums, and draws profits estimated at $249.00.

Or if it is desired to close the Insurance at the end of twenty years, the full cash value of the Policy is paid to the insured, viz: $776.00. That is, he gets back all his premiums, with a clear profit of $194.00.
There are, moreover, several other privileges.

Ask for rates at YOUR OWN age.

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Head Office - - WINNIPEG

Ask for a Pocket Map of your Province free on request.

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